Outdoor America

Part One
APRIL
1929

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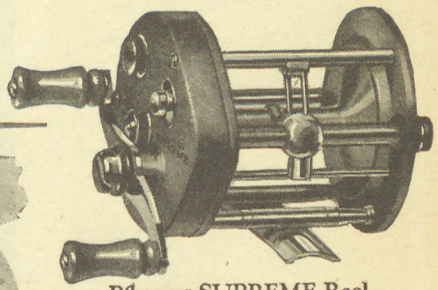

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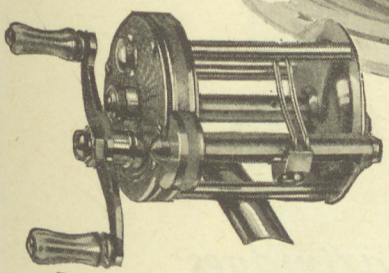

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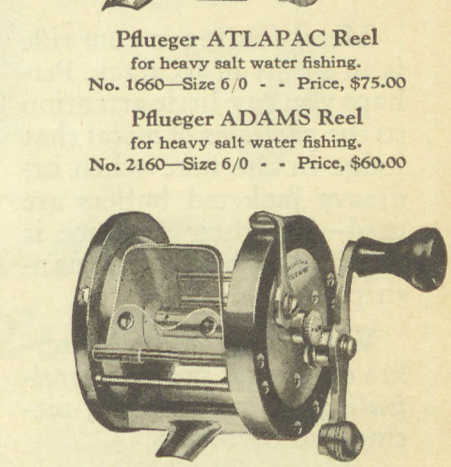

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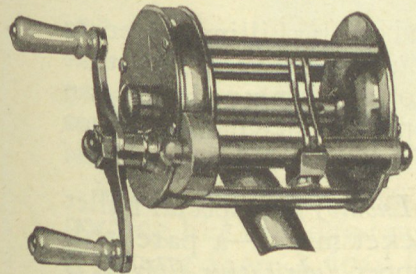

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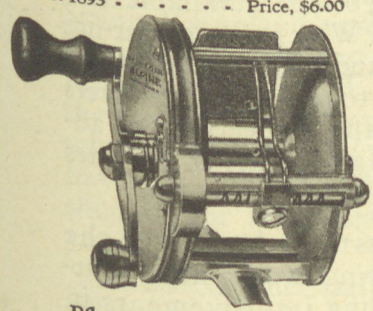

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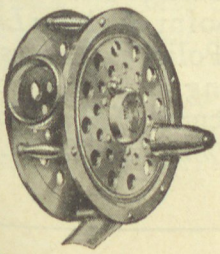

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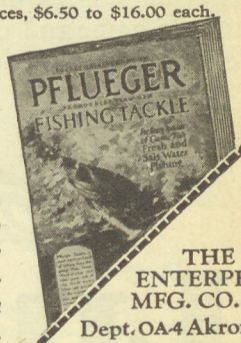

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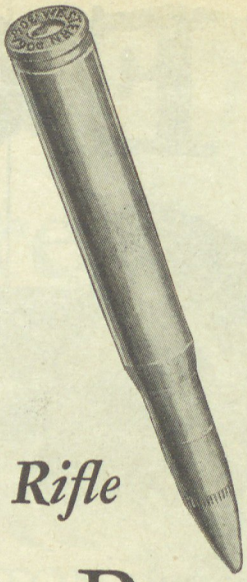

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FAVORITE CARTOON

ONE day a great American statesman was sitting in the study of his home conversing with a leader of the Senate. The conversation became a discussion, then an argument. The men paced the floor in their excitement. Suddenly the statesman grasped the Senator by his coat lapel and fairly pulled him across the room. With trembling forefinger he pointed to a cartoon that had been framed and hung on the wall.

"The fine old fellow in that cartoon," he shouted, "represents the American people! When I am thinking of legislation I come over here, stand in front of him, look him full in the face, and say, 'I wonder if you would approve?' From him I get my answer. And there have been many of them, 'yes' and 'no'!"

* * *

The statesman was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. The cartoon was the only original American one that ever hung in his home at Oyster Bay. "Your cartoon has been a source of real comfort and strength to me" he wrote the man who drew it.

* * *

The man to whom he wrote this, the man who drew the cartoon, was Everett E. Lowry, famed political cartoonist.

* * *

There are few mediums so effective as cartoons in depicting a situation, in pounding home a point, in arousing the public. When the Izaak Walton League was organized and this magazine was first published, the whole idea was to do just that, as swiftly and as vigorously as possible. It happened that among the original fifty-four members of the League, those who first met and discussed it and then helped to start the movement, was Everett E. Lowry.

* * *

Mr. Lowry's cartoons against pollution have been an outstanding feature of the history of this magazine. They have become famous. They tell the story of pollution as it could be told in no other way.

* * *

Mr. Lowry made these cartoons without any remuneration other than the satisfaction of helping a cause in which he truly believed. His service was outstanding, but it was not alone. The most famous writers and artists in America have rallied to the support of this magazine as they have done to no other, simply because its appeal was based on a real purpose and because its need in the field of conservation was so obvious.

* * *

Emerson Hough, Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, Irvin Cobb, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Gene Stratton-Porter, David Starr Jordan, James Oliver Curwood, Robert H. Davis and Robert W. Chambers were some of the early writers who took an immediate interest in the magazine and made its cause their own. They wrote editorials that still remain classics of their kind; they gave the best efforts of their pens to this journal in its fight. Everett Lowry, Frank Stick with his splendid cover paintings, Frank B. Hoffman with his illustrations, William Schmedtgen, who paints pictures of ducks and fishes as few others do, Percy Couse and W. H. D. Koerner, Saturday Evening Post favorites, Charles Livingston Bull; all pitched in and helped.

* * *

Many of them still continue their work for Outdoor America, others have passed the sword on to other craftsmen who are rising in popular favor. All of them together have given to Outdoor America a background which has made working for it a hobby among America's foremost writers and artists, and which has placed it among the really important publications in the United States.

* * *

Outdoor America is published not only to entertain its readers, but to lead them in a great campaign for the public good. Those whose work appears in the official organ of the I. W. L. A. are truly in the front line trenches of constructive conservation in America.

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The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
Founded by WILL H. DILG
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Tel. Central 5550

CHAS. P. CATLIN, *Business Manager*
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago
A. J. STOCKER, *Eastern Manager*,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Issued Monthly. Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage, Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume VII **APRIL, 1929** **Number 9**

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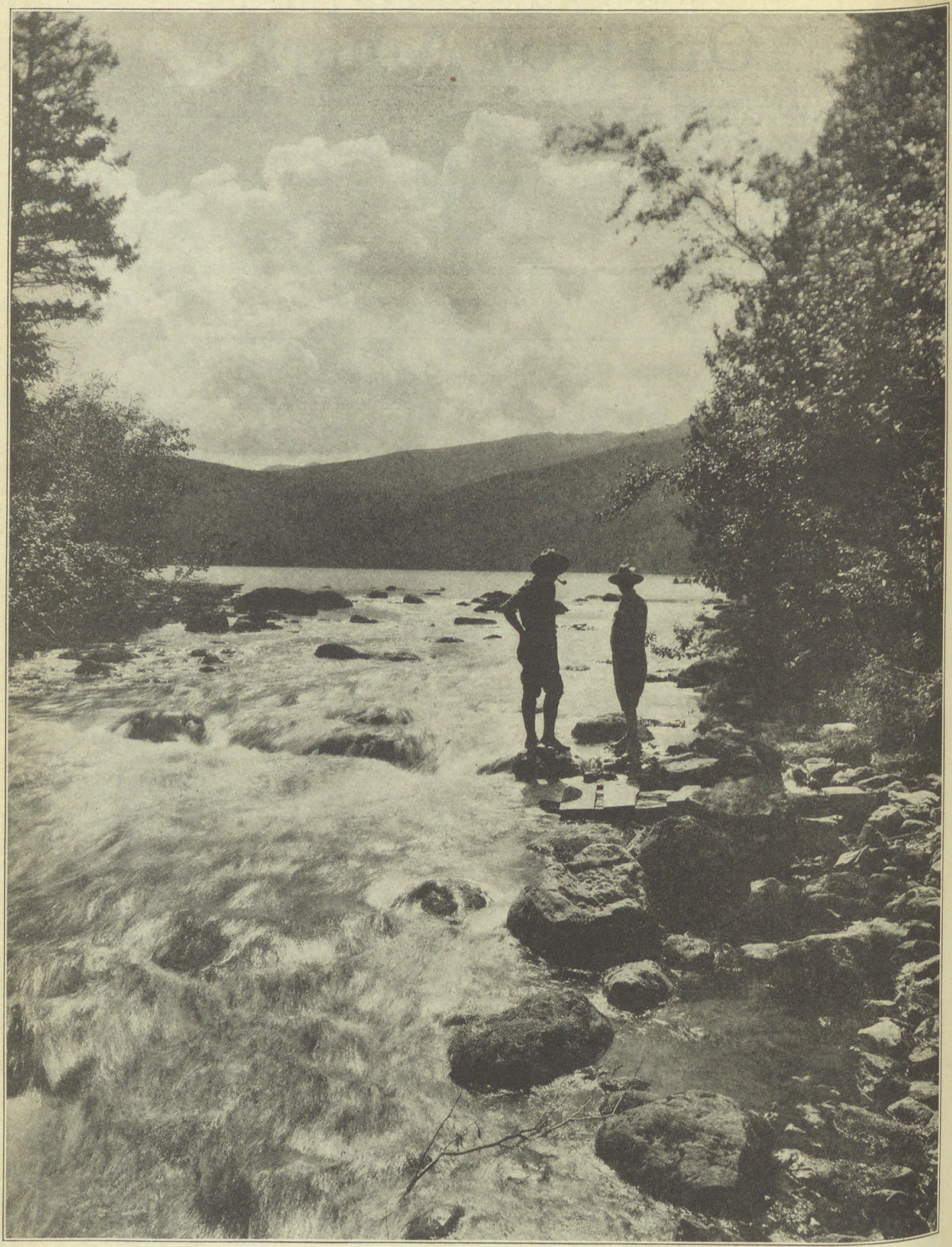


Bert L. Brown

Beautiful Lindbergh Lake located at the foot of Mission Range, Montana.

The Wrath of the Raped

By

MACKINLAY KANTOR

Author of "Diversey"
Drawings by R. Fayerweather Babcock

I ARRANGED to spend the week end with Aunt Thesnelda in Eagle Falls—to eat the bacon gravy and plum preserves which were always on her table, to sleep in the too-short walnut bed where I had slept so many times before, to stroll with her around the tiny garden and hear lamentations concerning the elm which shaded her nasturtium plot, and the dog from next-door which carried on sundry excavations amid her moss-roses.

All of these events took place according to schedule, and as I hadn't intended driving on until Tuesday morning I took a solitary jaunt in my car on Monday afternoon, driving over forgotten hill roads along the Eagle river.

The hill roads were not as forgotten as I had thought. I remembered them as cart paths, clustered with brier bushes and crab trees, where the grass switched high enough between the wheel ruts to kiss a wagon axle. Now one of the lanes had been made into a primary road, with embankments chopped away, raw culverts lifting their concrete ridges on either side. Taut fences of rust-proof wire stretched beside the fields, and several times I caught a sparkling flash from the roadside which could mean only one thing—an empty gin bottle. . . . . A new race had inhabited the valley of the Eagle, and I felt my kinship dwindling.

But when I had parked the car near the old Burgess farm, and wandered down across the hill pasture, something of the ancient lure and contentment sang in my ears again. This was the same field—the creek had cut a little deeper, roadside trees had been chopped down—but undeniably it was the same field. Scrub red cattle grazing near the river cotton-woods were doubtless the legitimate descendants of the cows that wandered there so long before. And overhead was the same sky, washed to a porcelain blue and filmed with puffing clouds that broke from the prairie beyond the river.

One stubborn smoke-stack emerged from the green haze at an upper bend of the river. There had been no smoke-stack there twenty years before, but I felt that no one should begrudge Eagle Falls whatever bustling institution was giving birth to that thin strand of black smoke.

UP a canyon, on a crystal river,
I was born.
In the springtime its waters,
Mixed with sunshine and shadows,
Tumbled like a man intoxicated
Always laughing;
Gliding over boulders,
Through the pools and riffles.
It was full of trout:
Strong, fat, glistening, hard fish.
And this river, as though weary of rolling
And reeling and falling forever downward,
Finally sprawled itself into a valley
And lay there sleeping.

IN the crisp of the morning, bereft of my plumage
I dived like the kingfisher
Into the cool embrace
Of the life-giving waters.
I swam from shore to shore and back again,
Sleeping upon its velvet banks
The sleep of sweet exhaustion.

Time flies on the wings of youth.
Three score years roll by,
Though I forget not the canyon,
Or the river, or the sleeping pool.
I hear their whispered allure.
Perchance I have remained away too long;
Tomorrow—I am returning.

BACK again! Home again! Life again!
Breasting the rarefied air of the mountains,
With my rod in my hand,
And a creel on my hip,
And a dozen or so of friendly old flies—
A heart full of hope, and the passion that burns
In the breast of the prodigal son who returns . . .

Where are the landmarks?
Why broods the mountain?
Has the world grown old?
Is the timber thin on the hill-top?
Has the warm south wind grown cold?
I plunge through the dusty bracken
With insatiable hunger.

WITH muted lips and panicked heart I see,
Through tears that blind my eyes,
A ravished landscape, and a ruined stream.
My still beloved hills denuded,
And the canyon—where once a myriad living springs
Wept in ecstasy—now parched and dry.
Chaos only reigns supreme;
Nightmare's slaughter of a dream.
Forest and stream in grief had died,
By the vandals crucified.

Portions of the famous poem, The Rape of the River, by Robert H. Davis, published in the first number of the League's magazine in 1922.

Once along the river, I wandered in a daze. A fallen cotton-wood, holding a dry drift of polished sticks, should have been there. I should have observed a gaping hole in the high bank opposite the first bend, and there should have been a muskrat rippling doggedly among the quiet shadows. . . . . Drift, hole and muskrat—all were gone. The bank had caved alarmingly, and the huge pink boulder which used to bulge in the center of the narrows, was high and dry on the opposite shore. Even the river had moved itself during twenty years.

However, I strolled north through the thin fringe of undergrowth; a distant crow squawled peevishly, and I smiled as I remembered how Georgie Terrell and I had lain in wait for hours, concealed near a bait of corn and hoping with futile confidence to club marauding crows.

Georgie Terrell, I recalled, had been able to stay under water longer than anyone else. He could plunge from an arching elm branch, and go down, down in the glassy greenness, until only bubbles broke the sheer surface and you'd think he was gone for good. . . . . Sadly enough, this accomplishment had availed him little when the *Tuscania* rolled beneath wintry waters. The Irish sea was not like Howard's Hole on the Eagle river.

Somewhere in the woods ahead of me I heard a shrill, wavering cry that brought a sudden ripple under my skin. It might have been the naked ghost of Georgie Terrell, calling to me that the water was over his head and hand. . . . . And then I smiled ruefully, and with sudden thanksgiving. Georgie's name was on a bronze tablet in the courthouse, but still there were boys to splash the dim waters of Howard's Hole, and scramble up the bank in wet, pink skins.

Little boys. Noisy boys. I could hear them now, singing and whooping, talking with the blasphemous assurance of boys who are alone.

"Duck him, Gorsey!" one of them was yelling, and "Sit on him, Skeet!" shrilled another.

Their damp bedlam was suddenly stilled when I came out on the bank above their heads. Yes, the boys were still swimming in Howard's Hole. The broad pool had shrunk to a narrow ribbon, and areas of greasy mud clotted along the opposite shore, but the same trees still swung above the dark mirror. Somehow, the mirror did not seem so freshly green as I remembered it.

The boys watched me; four of them, their slick, wet heads bobbing quietly on the surface.

"How's the water?" I asked bromidically.

"All right." They watched me with suspicion; they seemed to feel that I might interfere with their splashing riot; I could not help knowing that they wished I hadn't come.

But I clung fiercely to those vestiges of a quiet past which were lifting in my mind. "How deep?" I asked.

To my surprise, one of the boys suddenly emerged from the water to a point at his nipples, and remained mutely standing for my delectation.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that it's only rib deep in there?"

They stared, wide-eyed. "Why, this is pretty deep, ain't it?" one of them asked cautiously. "Last summer it was only up to my belly, sometimes."

I sat down stupidly on the bank. "It's tough, to see that," I told them. "When I used to go swimming here it was always over my head and hand, in the deep hole."

It was a fairy story to them. "Gosh!" they exploded. "When was that?"

"Oh, twenty years ago," I had to tell them in confusion. "Don't mind me, boys. Go ahead and swim. I'm just going to sit here and smoke awhile."

They began to move about, cautiously and reluctantly, but gaining in freedom as they observed that my thoughts were evidently far removed from them. Before long they were tumbling about—swimming a few strokes, dog-paddling, wrestling in the water like a troup of maudlin puppies.

I bit down fiercely on my pipe, but was unable to see where I could have improved matters. The river was there; the farmers owned the land; if they wanted to cut down trees until the banks caved, if they wanted to drain their corn-bottom silt into the stream and clog the channel, there were little I could do about it.

One of the boys stepped on a piece of glass and came clambering up the bank to examine his wound. It was not a bad cut, and he sat there hugging his glistening knees while we talked together.

"What's that stuff on your shoulder?" I asked curiously.

He turned, and with a careless gesture brushed off a string of matted filth. "It's in the water. See, there's some more just going by." He pointed to another putrescent object slowly turning in the sluggish current.

I sniffed. There was an odor, too, sour and sickening. "Where does it come from?"

"Rendering plant. It's up the river a ways."

"And is this stuff in the river all the time?"

"Sure." He looked at me indignantly. "Wasn't there

"The boys were still swimming in Howard's Hole, but the broad pool had shrunk—and did not seem so freshly green as I remembered it."

any rendering plant when you lived here?"

"No, praise be to God," I replied fervently. "I don't see how you can swim in that filth. I don't think you ought to."

"Where'd we swim, then?" he countered belligerently.

That was right. "Nowhere, I guess," I admitted.

He forgave me kindly. "Aw, we don't mind it so much. It isn't real bad unless you get it in your mouth. . . . . We can all swim fine."

"Can you?" absently.

"Sure. Gorsey—" he pointed to a yellow head between two brown ones in the water—"he can swim better'n any of the other guys. He can stay under water the longest, too."

So Georgie Terrell's laurels were endangered by the advance of a new champion. "What's his name?"

"Gorsey. Joe Gorse. He can swim good!"

My companion began to pull on his shirt, whistling shrilly and somewhat off key. I put my pipe in my pocket, called a goodbye to the swimmers, and began to pick my way through the undergrowth back to the open pasture. I broke off a maple sprout and flicked my leg as I walked. . . . . Once in awhile I forgot myself and became an unconscious masochist; the skin was black and blue when I removed my clothes that night.

TWO weeks in Omaha, Sioux Falls, Minneapolis and Mason City. Two weeks of customers and order-blanks and restaurant fare. Then I swung back to Eagle Falls for another night at Aunt Thesnelda's before I returned to the main office in Chicago. But misfortune lay in wait for me.

Aunt Nelda has no garage, or need for one, unless it would be as quarters for her tom-cat, and who ever kept a tom-cat in a garage? . . . . I parked my car in front of the old house that night, and long before morning some thrice-condemned son of Satan, driving without lights, smashed into the front of it. Dawn showed a shattered wheel, a bent axle and a twisted radiator. Also, to my malicious joy, a great deal of broken glass which proved that the malefactor had not escaped undamaged.

There was nothing for it but to leave the car in a local garage for repairs, and take the afternoon train to Chicago.

Thirty seconds after I had seated myself in the observation car of the Limited, a fat, beaming-eyed gentleman puffed into a chair beside me. He was the only other parlor-car passenger from Eagle Falls.

"Going far?" he bubbled.

"Chicago."

"Waterloo's my home," he offered expansively. "Name's Madger. Julius R. Madger."

Wearily enough, I told him my name. I had hoped for a drowsy afternoon, filled with relaxation from the strain of driving, but this was not to be.

He spouted effusively as the train sped across the railroad bridge and up the long grade.

"Eagle Falls . . . . nice little burg . . . . good, live town. Things going good, now."

"They are?"

"Sure. Banking slump hit them rather hard but they're making things hum again. Not your home, huh?"

"I've been visiting a relative," I said.

"Oh, I see. Don't know many people there, huh? Know Gorse?"

Gorse, Gorse. The name lodged in my mind. . . . . Then I remembered: the boy, the golden-head, the contender for George Terrell's forgotten honors. "I met a boy—" I began, but he was already giving me the history of the Gorse fortunes.

" . . . . Didn't do so well at Waterloo. Came out there from Chicago; used to be with a soap company; company went broke and he was out. Tried one thing and then another. Finally his wife's old man died and that gave him a little capital."

He waggled his cigar with emphatic punctuation.

"Now, here's the point I'd like to bring out. My friend Gorse took advantage of an opportunity that no one else had touched. He went to Eagle Falls and established his business. Virgin territory. Chance for anybody with the guts to do it." He chuckled suddenly. "That was a pun, by golly—guts!"

"When I used to go swimming here," I said, "it was always over my head and hand in the deep hole."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Dead animals! Dead animals, that people burn or bury or drag away to let them rot. Always wasted before. You wouldn't think of that, see?"

I agreed. "No, I wouldn't."

"Well, that's the kind of a fellow Gorse is. He's got a man-size plant there at Eagle Falls, now. A lot of employees. Drive around in trucks—cover more than a thousand square miles of territory. Dead cows, pigs, horses,

(Continued on page 61)

My Souvenirs

By

PORTER WITTICH

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

THERE are my souvenirs, piled in a heap; discarded now and not much to look at. Wading boots and a battered duck call; twelve-gauge pump and half a case of shells; faded pants, ripped up the side where the barbed-wire caught; remains of a felt hat which cost eight dollars in its day; musty socks and a torn shirt with three buttons gone; a pack of soggy cigarettes, veterans of a wet trip, and a 1928 hunting license, blurred beyond recognition and utterly useless now. Those are my souvenirs.

They present a forlorn, a very lifeless heap; a trifle pitiful in their obscurity and a little brave as they hold their place in the household, knowing their day is over. Someday I'll throw them away, but I can't quite arouse the courage to do that now. They have been on too many trips and through too many hardships to be chucked into the alley.

Cold mornings when the rain came down, and warm days when we sweated; wet days when the ducks came in, flying low, and warm days when nothing stirred; brisk mornings in October when Indian summer dawns burst red in the east, and dreary days in November when daylight slipped unnoticed from a somber sky.

Four o'clock alarms that jarred us from warm sleep to cold reality, and a muffled yearning to remain in bed; hot coffee and a ride through the night; a silent vigil in a blind, and the wind blowing through, whisking smoke a little way out to the lake; the first streak of light and many times the whistle of wings; and splashes in the lake.

That soaked pack of cigarettes and the torn shirt could tell more tales of ducks, of thrills and disappointments, of good trips and bad, than the average hunter remembers. Twice to Oklahoma; a half-dozen times 75 miles and back. Many, many times 20, 30, 40 miles. The hours lost of sleep; the hours of waiting in cold blinds with water half up to the knees; once with the snow drifting in. The shots I took at mallards and the shots I missed.

* * *

THE CIGARETTES

I ALWAYS had held rather a skeptical view of Oklahoma in regard to ducks. In the first place the state to me was synonymous with oil wells, prairies and Indian reservations, and a place which any duck in its right mind would visit under no circumstance.

But the imagination of a hunter outdoes itself when the season is young, and Bus and I had waited three weeks for a cold spell. And we pulled out one morning when the stars were out, with nothing but a forecast of "rain tomorrow and Friday and possibly colder in south portion" by which to be guided.

We drove through the southwestern part of Missouri, the southeastern section of Kansas and ended up in the northeastern portion of Oklahoma, within sight of mine derricks, at the end of a deep-rutted road, with two guns and a few live callers. English callers, Bus said they were, and he seemed to think they could do wonders, even in Oklahoma. I was still dubious about Oklahoma ducks and had I been guided by my better judgment would have remained in bed.

The stars were beginning to fade when we reached the lake's edge, a large body of water in the middle of a wide, wanton stretch of grass-land with a little fringe of trees on the banks. The blind was half filled with rain water, and my boots had drained a certain portion of the lake when I got in too deep after placing Bus' English callers.

It was warm and we sat in meditative (at least I was meditating) silence in shirt sleeves, smoking a lot and saying little. The first streak of ruddy dawn revealed nothing, nothing except our live decoys, a few lily pads and a body of water which looked very, very large. A dark bank of clouds hung low in the northwest, and Bus remarked casually that it was an approaching storm. I put little stock in his surmise, but the clouds did hold promise.

They held more than that. They held buckets of water, and an hour after sunup were drenching everything out-of-doors in northeast Oklahoma with deliciously cold drops, bigger than any I ever had seen in Missouri. Our blind leaked in places, extremely inconvenient places, and it was cold.

But with the wind whipping over the lake, the rain splashing into our inadequate covering and ourselves hovered closely together, the ducks came over. Not large bunches, but singles and pairs and an occasional flock of fifteen or so.

Straight out of the north they came and straight into the south they went, flying high, ever so high, and not even looking at our English callers, and they were squawking loud and frequently.

It was more than discouraging, and when, at last, I poked my gun through the scanty covering and blazed into a string of high-flying teal it was only as a last protest against adverse conditions. I fired and the ducks climbed higher, and Bus sat back and smoked, watching the proceedings with a cynical expression. He chuckled.

But when a load of No. 6 sent a black jack wobbling down into the reeds across the lake, Bus sat up and took his gun from its corner, poked an opening through the straw and waited with me for the next bunch.

We took cracks at them all, sometimes pulling down a duck from a speeding flock, sometimes dragging down a single, but mostly causing only a more hurried exit from northeast Oklahoma.

Only two bunches circled that morning, and from the first, which swung down low directly over the blind and out to the decoys, into which Bus and I both fired, there dropped four teal, just beyond the English callers. The few we had plucked out of the rain clouds were scattered over a wider range.

And I, with a loaded gun and a lack of common sense, which even a duck hunter should try to develop to some degree, went wading into the Oklahoma lake to bring them in. I had gathered two when a whistle of wings overhead, bearing down from the west and in a dead line with the blind, caused me to all but dive into the lake. The water was up to my knees and I got as far under as my boots and my caution would allow—which was not far enough.

A swish and the ducks were gone. I glanced sideways from my cramped position to see them veering off to the right, ready to circle again. Down I went again, this time a little deeper because my boots had sunk into the mud. I heard their wings beating over my back.

I was in a precarious position. There were thirteen ducks—I had counted them—not ten feet over my curved back, and there was an anxious and doubtlessly impatient gunner not fifty yards away, with an itching trigger finger. And to make matters worse, the ducks had their wings set and were coming down. All around me, as though I were a stump or something. I raised up and let them have it. Once, twice, three times I fired and missed them all. That swung around to the left to get one beating away. That was a mistake. I can see that now. I never should have turned. The mud had crept up almost to my knees. I felt

myself going over. There was nothing I could do about it. I seemed to be standing in cement. I saw Bus knock down the duck just before I went under. The water was very cold and I had a hard time getting out of the lake.

I missed my cigarettes terribly.

* * *

THE TORN PANTS

THE Oklahoma trip was just a start. But it was a good start. Later on I was to come back entirely empty handed.

Later in the season the mallards started coming. Many mornings we let whole bunches of teal sit on the lake, afraid to shoot for fear of chasing away mallards. Sometimes we had good luck with mallards. Sometimes we didn't. It all depended.

On the border-line of Kansas and Missouri there is a chain of lakes, a series of ponds—and they are nothing more than that—which is attractive to ducks, to say nothing of hunters. When a good duck day comes around that certain area sounds like a battle front. The thing is to get the ducks before the other fellow does. It teaches hair-trigger alertness.

We had been sitting in a blind on the water's edge for an hour with only the crows flapping over. Don, a brother journalist, was with me. He never learned to keep his head in the blind. It is a bad thing to stick your head out of the blind in that certain section. There are too many careless hunters. But Don was a wonder at shooting. He could get in five shots at a duck before it got away without ever dropping a feather. I hope he doesn't see this.

This particular lake—and I say particular because there are twenty just like it—had the remains of a barbed-wire fence straggling through it. Some horse's neck had put it there for some reason or other or else the lake had flooded the field it was on originally.

Don—and he had his head stuck out the blind as usual—saw something on the water. It was near the fence. He said it was a duck. I said it was a mud hen. He insisted it was a duck. I insisted, more emphatically, that it was a mud hen. So he stood up in the blind and shot it. It was knocked over on its back, dead, and a bunch of fifteen mallards kept flying south.

"All right, silly, look what you've done." I pointed to the flying ducks.

"I got it, didn't I?"

There was no logic to that, and to show him it was a mud hen—which it didn't turn out to be—I waded out to get it. It seems I always was wading out to get the ducks. I should have known better by that time. But I didn't.

I waded out in line with the fence. The duck floated to the far side. If you ever tried to cross a half-sunken barbed-wire fence you know what a job I had. I had no idea the blind was so far off, and to myself I congratulated Don on his shot.

The fence shook. It shook terribly. I thought for a time it was coming down with me on it. I had one leg over the top wire, my gun stuck under my arm, when Don unloosed a barrage from the blind. I was in no position to be unnerved, and I didn't have the faintest idea in which direction Don was firing. My leg got hung on the fence. And I had no idea how I was going to get it loose. It seems I always was getting into difficulties. I should have stayed in the blind. If a lone duck had not gone over at that moment I would have called for help. But I didn't. Instead I took a crack at the duck. With one of my legs caught on the top wire. That was something else I should not have done. But I killed the duck. I didn't know my gun had such a kick. I ripped my pants when it knocked me off the fence. And cut my leg. And tore my shirt. But I killed the duck.

"and to make matters worse the ducks had their wings set and were coming down"—

THE DUCK CALL

MINE was an unusual duck call. It had a number of purposes. By holding it just right and exercising the right amount of wind I could make it sound like a mallard hen; I could sound the feed call; I could sound like a drake coming in low over the lake at evening. Even in the morning.

Then, too, my ingenious mind revealed the fact that by blowing hard on it I could call crows. I had much success at calling crows. I would call them over the blind, and then, when they were ten feet over our heads, pulverize them. It was great fun. Later in the year I took the duck call on my quail hunting trips and killed more crows.

I became proficient, but my proficiency proved to be fatal on this one occasion. I never will forget it. Neither will Bus. Neither would you had you been there. I became vain of my efforts as a duck calling expert, and many mornings I would sit snug in my corner of the blind and toot extravagantly on my black and green caller, whether it attracted ducks or not.

One morning in particular I had good luck. Whether the ducks were hungry and wanted to feed, whether they were tired and desired to rest their weary wings, or whether they were lonely and wished the company of a lone duck—that was me, and I really sounded genuine that morning—I don't know, but at daybreak about twenty-five big mallards dropped out of the sky, just beyond the decoys.

It was too dark to distinguish decoys from ducks and Bus thought a couple of more calls wouldn't do any harm.

"Wank, wank," as much like a mallard hen as it was possible for me to produce.

The ducks remained stationary.

"They're just out of range—fifty of 'em," whispered Bus, who had his head stuck much too far out of the blind. "I can see 'em. Just one more call."

"Wank."

The lake got up and flew off.

"What the hell?" From me.

"They flew away," said Bus.

"Gone?"

"Gone." Finality.

We pushed our bodies through the straw covering. There, not ten feet away, the water still was ruffled from where the ducks had risen.

"You scared them away with your call." That from Bus, instigator of the silly idea of another call.

"Scared them away?" I was sore. "If they'd come any closer they'd have had to climb in the blind."

And, in respect to my duck calling ability and Bus' lack of common sense, that was true. At least I have tried to think it was true.

* * *

Those are my souvenirs, the soaked cigarettes, the torn pants and the duck call; so are my wading boots, which so often drained water off the lake; my felt hat, which cost eight dollars in its day, my torn shirt and the others. Piled in a heap, very much in the way, but rather priceless, too.

And there were other incidents which should bear printing. Such as the time when I took along the girl friend and she got six ducks and I got none, and she had a .410. Or when—but why continue?

My Souvenirs

THERE'S nothing left for me
Of days that used to be.
I live in memory
Among my souvenirs.

A FLANNEL shirt in rags,
A hunting coat that sags,
A pair of sleeping bags
Among my souvenirs.

AN empty shell or two,
A picture of a slough
With mallards flying through,
Among my souvenirs.

A FEW more relics lay
In dust from day to day,
And though they're in the way
They bring me consolation.

I COUNT them one by one,
The things that brought me fun,
And find a broken gun
Among my souvenirs.

Florida's Remnant of Frontierism

By
ERLE KAUFFMAN

Florida's unpardonable sin. This pays, Floridians hold, because the grass is a little greener for the cows after the piny woods are burned over.

MY old friend assured me as we rolled along over the paved road between Jacksonville and Tampa, that for those who do not know it already and for those who like to hear it repeated, Florida is the most progressive state in the country. "Strange and wonderful things happen in Florida," he said, grunting an apology for dropping cigarette ashes in my lap, "a strange and wonderful state."

The third member of the party, a native Californian, flushed with anger.

"Since when have charred pines and destitute soil been wonderful?" he questioned savagely.

"You westerners are prejudiced," my friend yawned. "The natural resources of Florida equal that of any state in the country."

The Californian puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a moment, his critical eye surveying the panorama of pines, palmetto and wire grass along the roadway. "It seems incredible," he broke out finally.

"Sure it does," my friend put in, "that is why Florida is strange and wonderful."

"It seems incredible," the westerner continued, ignoring the interruption, "that in this day of scientifically-trained minds and machine-like systems, and other palliatives to the discomfort of whimsical indulgence, that less than one one-hundredth of the country's population, occupying about one-fiftieth of the country's area, are responsible for one-fourth of the nation's forest fires every year."

"Forest fires!" snorted the Floridian, glancing disdainfully at the Californian. "Florida has not had a serious forest fire in half a century. In thirty years I have never seen anything like the forest fires I witnessed out on the Coast last summer. Forest fires! Huh! That's California propaganda."

"Fires are not so spectacular in Florida," I offended my friend, "but if my memory serves me right, the area burned over in Florida last year was greater than that of the entire Pacific Coast."

"Impossible!" glowered my friend at me. "That involves millions of acres of pine forests."

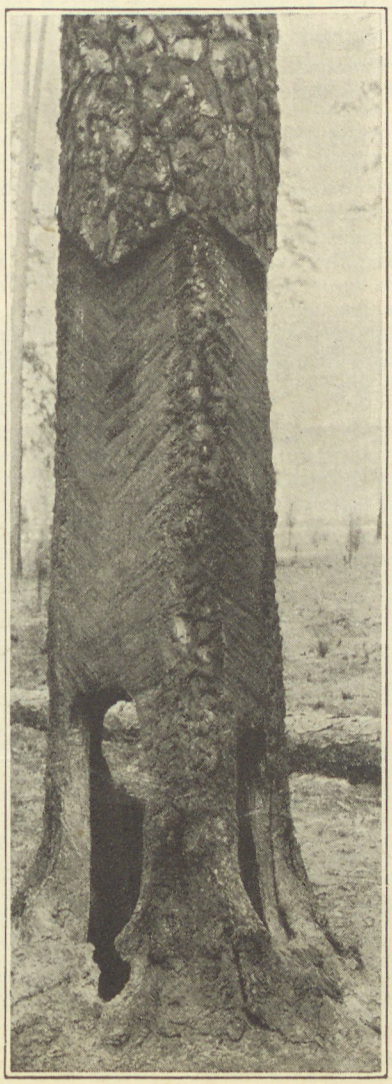
"To be exact," I informed him, "thirteen million."

"As to about two million acres in California," interrupted the Californian joyously.

The mustache of my friend bristled. "One minute! There are only eighteen million acres of pine forest in Florida."

"And fifteen thousand forest fires each year," I backed up.

And here is one of the tombstones. Fire has killed this once valuable pine.



The Californian, educated to forest fire prevention and suppression and evidently still pondering the question as to why Floridians allowed fire to eat through their piney woods, turned to me.

"What are the chief causes of these fires? In a land of domestic placidity and big money, the figures you mention seem incredible."

"Ninety-seven per cent are man-caused and preventable," I informed him. "Three per cent result from lightning and other causes."

My friend, the Floridian, eyed me with suspicious mien. "That proves nothing. To appraise the situation correctly, a great percentage of the fires you have so contemptuously termed man-caused are, no doubt, set fires. It is an ancient practice in Florida, throughout the South for that matter, to clear land with fire. Cattlemen are accustomed to improve their grazing lands by burning off the dead grass in winter; turpentine operators, likewise, feel it necessary to protect their cupped trees from fire by light burning of the woods. It reduces the fire danger.

"Fire set to reduce fire hazards is a gesture at fire prevention, yet you belittle it. Campers and smokers are responsible for many fires in the piney woods of Florida, but before you throw rocks at us, show me a state where this condition does not exist. But what if we do sacrifice a little timber? We gain in other resources by so doing."

The Californian was silent, pondering perhaps, over the Floridian's strange reasoning. To me, this bit of information was not a revelation, for I was only too well aware that so long as firing the piney woods was the order of the day, the Floridian was remarkable for a studious application to the matter in hand.

"Your gain is your loss," I made my friend understand. "Fires that burn off dead grass may provide better grazing next year, but ten or fifteen years from now the soil will be burned out, become impoverished, and there will be no grass. The mature cupped trees your turpentine operators seek to protect from fire by burning the soil and young growth, will not last forever. You may profit by such a practice next year, but what about the future?"

"Future?" cut in the Californian. "There can be no future for people who violate the fundamental principle of life by burning up organic matter needlessly."

The Floridian turned on him with scorn. "Your predictions are not impres-

sive. On the contrary, Florida's future is assured by this organic matter in the soil. Another thing, Florida is not on the outskirts of civilization as you Californians would have it. The first settlement in the United States was at St. Augustine, and the prosperity of the state has been mounting in magnitude steadily since then. Future! Bah! Cut Florida off from the rest of the world and it will continue to grow.

"A span of years does not necessarily mean civilization," I cut in critically. "As a point of fact, civilization and growth are not measured by population, but by the development of ideals and methods. Look at China, centuries old, millions of people, but stagnant, without a future, and measured by our standards, uncivilized."

Recently burned slash on newly lumbered area, showing number of small and defective trees left.

I paused for a moment, believing I had made an impression. "The Chinese have used, and still do use the red torch. Our pioneers resorted to the use of fire for expansion. They used it to push back the frontier of civilization. It typified frontierism, and its practice resulted from thinking in terms of immediate benefits rather than regard for the future. Florida has never outgrown this frontierism where her most sacred heritage, her forests, is concerned. In this respect it is still a frontier state."

We rode along for a few moments in the steam heat of the Floridian's indignation. His native terrain, somehow or other, had been defiled.

"What about our great cities?" he asked finally. "They reflect prosperity. No evidence of frontierism there. The finest homes in the world. What about our industries—incomparable in the South."

"Yes, but endangered," I put in. "Your forest fire problem affects sixteen industries and trades in Florida, which represents more than $100,000,000 a year to the state. It affects 71,000 wage-earners and their dependents. Your cities, even now, are dependent upon raw materials from North and West. Man-caused fires, burning the average year, destroy enough timber in Florida to build 100,000 homes. This represents more timber than is consumed yearly in Florida. Get it right! Florida burns up more timber every year than is necessary to meet state consumption. Frontierism there, thinking in terms of immediate benefits rather than future prosperity."

"Your assertions seem rather fanciful," my friend shot at me. "But granting they are true, it is the price we must pay for progress. Development demands greater production and it seems to be necessary, at least in Florida, to utilize the torch for this development. But this distress is not characteristic of Florida alone, it is so in every state where the forests are a factor in expansion."

The Californian was thoughtful. "No man with a grain of proper feeling in him can make such an assertion and mean it. We of California do not utilize the torch and we are moving ahead. The trouble with the people of Florida is that their ideals are wrapped around their cities, their resorts, their golf courses. They seem willing to sacrifice the very life of their state for these ideals."

He paused, his fine eyes sparkling. "There may be those who in ignorance of paradise will take issue with me, but in their march to magnificent cities, fabulous wealth and polished notoriety, Floridians are desecrating their most glorious asset, the picturesque and valuable wild life and their haunts. In my opinion, that is your contribution to frontierism. You may cut your forests for the prosperity of your great cities, and borrow from your neighboring states, but you cannot borrow wild life once you have wiped out their native haunts with the primitive torch. Once this is done you pay the price. It is a grimace that is never healing. That, sir, is your remnant of frontierism, your scorched wild life."

The Floridian twisted his lips in amusement. "You do not know whereof you speak. Florida is a fisherman's paradise, has been for centuries, and no one can say but it always will be. Every river in the state, every lake, every pool offers the outdoorsman his chance. Deep sea fishing in Florida is incomparable. The tarpon and sailfish thrill sportsmen as no other fish does. Our inland king, the big mouth bass, will make you forget about California. Just take your pick, barracuda, pompano, red snapper bonita, channel bass, or the sunfishes. Frontierism, eh! Well, it may be, but we of Florida like that sort of frontierism."

He shook a finger across at the Californian. "Did you ever hunt in Florida? No? Well, I thought not. Where in California have you the wild turkeys and doves that haunt our backwoods—yes, they have been burnt over, hundreds of times. Ducks, geese, snipe and plover afford the hunters a world of adventure with a gun. Add to this cottontails, marsh rabbits, foxes, deer, bears, raccoons, squirrels and, yes—your favorite California big game, deer and panther. Then if you want them there are alligators and crocodiles. And to show you that California is not so exclusive, we can throw in rattlesnakes."

The Californian settled back in his seat with a look of hopelessness playing around his fine eyes. "It is singularly and unaccountably unpleasant to hear one pop, flare and gyrate in such a manner. You, sir, have confirmed my suspicions. You fail to see the disaster in your march, or the meaning of your words. You have only proven that Florida is a frontier state. You speak of your wild

The American Forestry Association has been aroused by Florida's continued attack upon her piney woods with the red torch. Here is one of the educational trucks traversing the rural districts of the state, in an effort to curb this practice through education.

Once burned over several times a year, fire has been kept out of these woods for several years.

life in terms of immediate benefit rather than the future. So long as you can fish and hunt you think little of the future and apparently care less. You do not seem to fit in with the ideals of conservation, but that is an attribute of frontierism."

"You sentimentalists are discouraging," the Floridian retorted. "Your song of conservation is nothing new. We have heard it in Florida for years. Sentiment and conservation, my friend, are balanced by intelligent progress. It is a game of give and take, with Florida doing the taking and nature the giving. That's Florida! Others cannot understand it, because, as I have told you before, Florida is a strange and wonderful state. We know that we are using much timber and killing our wild life, but we know at the same time that trees will grow remarkably fast in Florida, and that where there are forests there we will find our wild life."

The Californian was resolute. "I do not discount in any way the remarkable climatic benefits of Florida, and I am not a sentimentalist or conservationist whose eye is jaundiced by the lethargy of miserly instincts. But I see in clear and pure streams and lakes blithe and buoyant game fish and in the wilderness the whistle of the stag. I see in healthy forests a parish of the wild places where the effective realism of life is intriguing.

"But without healthy forests there can be no clear and pure streams; without healthy forests the whistle of the stag is gone forever. The forests of Florida are not healthy, even your new forests, and the remedy for them is most assuredly not fire."

The Floridian was thoughtful for a moment. "But," he argued, "this depletion is the price we must pay for progress. Development demands greater production and consumption. This distress is not characteristic of Florida alone, it is so in every state where the forests are a factor in development."

"Quite true," the Californian admitted, "but thirty-nine of these states are well on their way to forest restoration and game preservation. What does this profit a state? It means greater and scientific administration of timber lands; it means healthy and perpetual wild life; it means greater production, greater consumption, prosperity. It means the state has passed the frontier stage; it means health, happiness and a future."

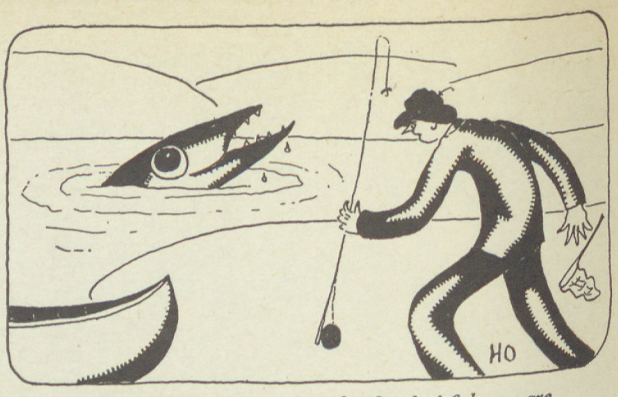
"But," the Floridian growled, "a board of forestry has been created in Florida. We have a technically trained forester and forest fire laws fixing responsibility for fires and affording landowners redress for damages when fires are maliciously, negligently, or carelessly turned loose in the woods."

"This I will grant," the Californian let him know, "and it is significant of a step in the right direction. But it is not conclusive. It is only half done. A State Board of Forestry cannot function properly without the aid of the people, the very people who burn the woods. A fire law is necessary, but unless most of the people are sympathetic with it, it is more or less a useless instrument. A technical forester cannot help those who will not be helped. What Floridians need is to be fused with the spirit of the thing, to appreciate that their tactics are wholly destructive to economic prosperity and social advancement. They must be made to

(Continued on page 61)

A bit of Florida's wild life charm. Egrets on their nests near Monticello, Florida. One or two fires and these beautiful birds would vanish.

"Poring over maps, catalogues, instruction books . . . ."



"You should first consider what kind of fish you are after . . . ."

Where—Why—What?

By
RICHARD ROWLAND

Sketches by
DONALD HOUGH

ALONG about this time of year the popular indoor sport among seasoned outdoor people is to go over plans and equipment for the coming season; and the year's recruits to the ranks are for the first time poring over maps, catalogues, instruction books, and various lists.

The beginning outdoorsman, whether he is a youth just taking the leap from the Boy Scout stage or a grown man who has suddenly discovered the forests and streams and is about to venture forth his immediate relatives in the family car, usually has three points to cogitate on. First, the matter of equipment, second, how to use the equipment, and third, where to go to use it.

This article is written for the novice who is just getting together his first of a long string of outfits, and who is taking his first look at the outdoors as a place in which to play. It is an effort to lay down a few very broad and general rules which may save a lot of expense and some disappointment.

The first question to decide (not the last, as so many consider it) is where to go. In deciding this you will naturally consider what appeals to you most in the way of sport. If you decide to fish, you must first of all decide what kind of fish you want to go after, and then find out whether you can get that kind in the place you have in mind, at the time you plan on going.

The usual way the novice goes about selecting his camping equipment is to gather together catalogues and books on how to do things outdoors, then build up around his projected trip an ideal setting, a visionary paradise, in which he can fish for trout, bass, muskies, and salmon at will; can set up an ideal camp, such, perhaps, as he sees depicted in the window of a sporting goods store, and engage in all of the things that the outdoors has to offer. Yet if he were to step into a store and buy, en masse, an ideal camping set-up as it is laid out in the window, nine times out of ten he couldn't use half of the equipment where he finally lands for his vacation, and would have to buy more equipment of the proper kind for that locality.

So when selecting your proposed equipment, don't fail to keep in mind every minute, not the good points of the items in a general way, but their actual application to the place or places for which you are headed.

Take the matter of fishing. Don't make the mistake of going into a tackle store and laying in a supply of fishing tackle calculated to see you through all the rest of your fishing days, no matter how varied, how large, or how ferocious the fish may be. You should first consider where you are going, if that is the dominating influence, or what kind of fish you are after, if that is what determines your vacation. If it is the place that is paramount, you must find out not only what kind of fish are there, but whether or not they are available at the time you are going there, and, in a general way, what they will bite on at that time. Then buy your tackle.

Many times I have seen men come into a bass country loaded with fly rods and trout equipment. There wasn't a trout within many miles. But they simply had decided to take up trout fishing, and were under the impression that wherever there were woods and waters, there would naturally be trout.

Once I was living at a small town which served as the "jumping off place" for a large region of wilderness near the Canadian boundary in Minnesota. There I had a good idea of the way people equip themselves for their trips, and I learned that the only sensible way to outfit is to take just your personal and basic accoutrements with you into the country of your choice, and then buy the actual camping or fishing equipment on the spot.

At the place in question a good two-thirds of the equipment that was brought by people who never had been in the country had to be left behind—and this applied to old experienced campers as well as to novices. For example, there was always a heap of discarded frying pans when a party left in their canoes for the vacation trip. Over soft wood, with its big flame, the only frying pans that can be used are those which have no handles, but are equipped with a square collar into which a long pole can be stuck. The short handled pans are entirely useless, since the cook can't get close enough to them, as a rule, to take hold of the burning hot handle.

That was just an example. Another was the fact that because of the narrow trails the single pack sack was the only practical means of carrying equipment. The two-handled "duffle bags" and other contrivances were entirely useless. Since the country was nearly all rock, the small tent pegs used in a sod country were out of the question. Also, shoes had to be hobnailed to give traction on the rocks. The most practical tents were those made of silkolene, because of their being light weight, and being fitted for tying to ridge poles. Tents made to be pitched between trees by means of a rope were merely a bother.

Perfectly good equipment by the ton came into that town and was finally left behind or was a nuisance on the trip. Therefore, especially in these days of commercial enterprise when standard equipment and a wide selection of good merchandise can be found in the most out of the way places, the best practice in the long run is to buy your equipment, your specialized equipment, where you intend to use it.

The question naturally arises, Will we have to buy a new outfit every time we go into a different kind of country? Of course not. After a little experience you will find that there are certain items of equipment which change as the country changes, but there are also certain items which

are basic in nature and which are good every place, and which will constitute the backbone of your camping outfit.

A good fly rod is good any place a fly rod can be used. So is a good casting rod. A line is as good one place as another. You never will go any place you can't wear a stag shirt or a soft leather jacket. An air mattress is always a godsend, and a light eider-down robe will constitute the nucleus of your night covering in almost every climate at most times of the year. But don't go into a tackle store and select a couple of dozen kinds of baits just because you want a "complete outfit," and don't buy boots and various kinds of breeches and sweaters, etc., just because you figure they'll "come in handy." The average salesman in a tackle store is familiar with the things required for his immediate vicinity. In most cases his judgment beyond that is merely an exercise in imagination or in salesmanship.

"You can pick up incidental equipment on the way . . . . "

It is well, in this connection, to bear in mind the expense of shipping equipment or the inconvenience of carrying it with you. Carry your basic equipment along, but plan on buying nearly everything you will need for that particular trip at the place where your vacation begins. Nowadays you can get good standard equipment any place, and usually at a lower price in the smaller places, and always adapted to the needs of that particular region.

I remember once I spent my noon hours for some weeks before taking an extended canoe trip in the north looking for desiccated food supplies and other items, and had only moderate luck. I took all I could find, only to discover that in the little town in the north I could purchase every article of food on the market intended for saving weight. That food was the kind made necessary by the nature of the region, and it was as staple there as it was rare in the city.

The grocer in that town as a matter of practice put up everything in cloth bags, ready for the trip. He never wrapped up anything in paper. Items that came in paper cartons were dumped into the bags. When you left that store your food supplies were ready for the packsack and the canoe.

This is a big country and ranges from mountains to marshes and from north woods to bayous. Transportation is rapid, highways are good. On a single vacation a man can enter and leave more different kinds of country than his grandfather would get around to in the course of a lifetime. This is what complicates the equipment question. Which brings us to the matter of auto touring, when you go into many kinds of country on a single trip.

In the first place don't buy too much to start with. Take what you actually need for the start. You must have a tent, and in selecting it don't take anything that depends on a given circumstance to be useful. For example, the tent that pitches against the car is excellent for touring the eastern or middle western motor camps, but when you leave these and strike out into the west or into the north you will undoubtedly have to pitch your tent many times away from the car. You can pick up incidental equipment as you go along and as you see the need for it.

The matter of clothing is especially important. The general rule is, if you are going to a certain locality, to wear the clothes you have on your back, with the exception of such basic things as leather jackets, flannel shirts, etc., and buy everything else when you get there. In some places high laced boots are fine, in others they are merely a bother. Thick soled shoes are best for certain localities. In some regions you should wear woolen trousers, in others you want khaki ones, or khaki breeches.

Articles in the magazines and elsewhere that tell you what equipment to take should be disregarded unless written from the standpoint of a particular section of the country. Clothing and equipment designated simply as "for canoeing" or "for motor camping" or "for fishing" should be looked upon with just suspicion until its place in your own scheme of things has been determined.

Take, for example, the matter of outfitting for duck shooting. In some places you can wear leather boots, but mostly you will want rubber ones that come to the hip. If you are going to shoot over decoys you will want very different clothing from the kind you would use in jump shooting or even pass shooting. Many men when taking up hunting are inclined to buy an outfit which makes them look as nearly as possible like the men they see in pictures or in catalogues and who are simply "hunters." Hunting does not require a uniform. It requires a selection of clothes to fit the job, whatever it may be.

There is a tendency among people purchasing outdoor equipment to buy too much, but the reverse of this is also true; many, to avoid being thought tenderfeet, bend over backward in their effort to purchase the traditional "pinch of salt and a blanket" that the real campers are supposed, in some mysterious way, to exist on. Carrying a lot of useless equipment is a common fault, but carrying too much good suitable equipment is not an attribute of many campers.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead. Condemn nothing because it will add to your enjoyment of the trip. Strange as it may seem, many campers, especially beginners, often refuse to take equipment which is not "necessary." Older campers know that the "unnecessary" things are the most necessary after all. The things you really need constitute the basis of your outfit, but the things you can get along without constitute the outfit and will require much more thought in purchasing than the others.

Just as it is said a man can be judged by the way he uses his spare time, so may a camper be judged by what he takes along above the fundamental necessary equipment—by the way he uses his spare space. I have known a pillow to add more to a trip than all the rest of the outfit combined. A forest ranger I know takes along a dozen oranges whenever he can find a corner of a packsack empty. He lugs them over portages gladly. He is so fond of oranges that he is willing to do this. Thus taking the oranges indicates good judgment on the part of the ranger.

Usually this individual baggage will be built up over a period of years. No lists can be made for it, because no two persons are alike in their tastes.

There is just one rule to go by: take as much as you can conveniently tote. Don't skimp on comfort. After all, you are going on a vacation, and a vacation is not supposed to be an ordeal or an endurance contest. If the old sourdough gets along on little it's because that's all he has. Or else it's because he's a sourdough. Which you are not. Not yet. Furthermore, camping is his business, while it's your pleasure—or is supposed to be.

A Modern Ulysses

Who Will Continue His Journey at 70

By

ARTHUR P. WIESNER

IF you had gone to sea when 16, sailed on a decrepit Spanish barque with a mixed crew of Spaniards, Filipinos, and Frenchmen, had been shanghaied by a gang of rollicking cut-throats who were smugglers in the Caribbean, been shipwrecked three times, had been alone in an open boat 1,000 miles off the Philippines for 21 days, would you not be content, at 64, to turn over these seething pages of your life and fill in those remaining with the more prosaic routine of an old man's calmer days?

Or, if this did not satisfy your thirst for adventure, would you not be content to settle down, if in addition to these experiences, you had cruised the southern seas in a whaler, had tramped the Chaco jungles in South America, had fought the Masai tribes in East Africa and lain wounded in the bush one whole night with the hyenas and jackals for company, and had climaxed these little jaunts with an outdoor man's tour of the North American continent from Alaska to Florida, and from New York to California? Would you be satisfied?

"WHEN I am seventy," says Ernest Untermann, "I am going again into the wild, where there is no road and where there is only you and nature, and you must understand her to survive."

You probably would, but the Skipper is not. First, because he is far from an old man, even though 64, and second, because he is one of those men to whom the call of the wild will ever be an irresistible siren song.

I shall refer to him merely as "Skipper" hereafter, for by that name, a tribute to his accomplishments as a sailor, he is known to many of his friends and associates in Milwaukee.

* Skipper Ernest Untermann, newspaper man, author, economist, painter, and biologist, appears quite the domestic soul as he goes about his duties, "but," says he, "when I am 70, then I'm going again, with my son and his wife, into the wild, where there is no road and where there is only you and nature, and you must understand her to survive."

And as I looked up at him, hale and hearty, a healthy glow on his weatherbeaten face, his watery blue eyes seemed to gaze miles beyond the confines of his little room which was almost covered with his canvases of landscapes and prehistoric animals.

I saw him already in his oilskins at the helm of his little yacht in which he plans to sail to Africa, the spray dashing over the bow, whipping his face and covering him from head to foot.

From East Africa he will strike out for Kilmanjare and Ngoro-Ngoro, an extinct volcano 12 miles in diameter, with walls 2,000 feet high and almost perfectly perpendicular.

"This crater," he informed me, "was filled in 1888 and 1889 with a dense mass of zebra, eland, gnu, giraffes, and lions. The geology and beauty of the region interested me and it is chiefly to study the formation of this crater that I am going back there."

Another region Skipper will visit is the canyon of the Colorado, with which he became acquainted while working as a geologist. Here he plans to study the processes that cut those deep, narrow rifts into the heart of the earth. His son and daughter-in-law, who will accompany him, are now studying geology at the University of Southern California. The trip will be a post graduate course!

True to his methodical German training, Skipper began, when I asked him to tell me about himself, "well, I guess we'd better start at the beginning." He did, and unfolded for me the amazing story of his life. To go into detail would extend this article far beyond my allotted space, so I will endeavor to cover only the highlights.

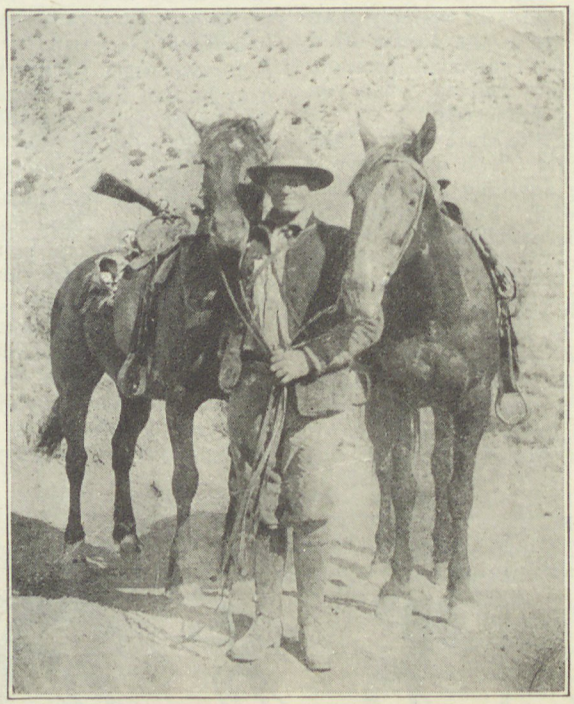
"My parents were Germans and therefore it wasn't unusual that they should want me to choose the army for a career," he began, "but to me science was of greater interest. And when I had graduated from the gymnasium, or high school, at 16, I decided to see for myself the places of which I had read and to observe first hand their biology and geology.

"After shipping to New York on a Lloyd steamer as forecastle boy in 1881 before I was 17, I decided I must sail before the mast before I could be a real sailor, so when I had the opportunity to ship on a miserable looking Spanish barque with a crew of Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Filipinos, I took a berth as ordinary seaman.

"What a ship! The ropes were made of Mexican grass, the sails were all patched, and when we scraped her we would puncture her iron hull. The food was the worst I have ever eaten in my life. It consisted of rice, beans, codfish, codfish oil, and bread, nothing else, except a murky fluid that was something like weak tea and very much like dishwater. The bread was so full of worms we had to knock it against the tables to dislodge them. It was no uncommon sight to see them swimming in our tea—we had to dip the bread into it to soften it.

"I had enough of that hulk when we arrived at Trinidad, Cuba, so when I met up with a rowdy but jolly crew of whites, negroes, and Chinese, I decided to ship with them when they said they needed men. Also, they said they made lots of money.

"Ah, that was a nice lot of cut-throats! The next morning, after carousing with them, I awoke on their ship. I suppose you might say I was shanghaied, as I had not told them I would ship with them. They proved to be smugglers, and you can imagine how a 17-year-old boy, al-



"Skipper" Untermann with his horses near his camp in the Uintah Mountains, Utah, while on a geological survey.

* This name was given him by Leo P. Wolfsohn, managing editor of the Milwaukee Leader, and it has stuck to him for more than ten years.

THIS man has not only had a thrilling life, but has extremely interesting opinions and exact information on wild life in the Chaco region of South America, has lived for months at a time with Jack London, is mentioned in the book by London's wife, Charmion; cruised the Florida coast, took up a homestead in California, tramped in Alaska, lectured in every state in the union, and at present paints prehistoric life sets for Milwaukee schools. He is intensely interested in biology and archæology also has a thorough education in biology and geology.

So you see it was difficult for me to come to a decision on the best angle from which to write his story—pure adventure, the hunting and fishing side, the London angle, or complete and biographical.

I experienced considerable difficulty in "boiling" down all this into my allotted space in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *You cannot imagine the great mass of stuff—accounts of adventures, scientific matter and reminiscences that I gathered and discarded.*

AUTHOR.

"Skipper" Untermann

On a thirty mile hike in Utah.

most fresh from home, would feel on being thrown into the midst of such a mob. But what could I do?

"What I knew must happen came soon enough. We were sighted by a Spanish revenue cutter on one of our trips, from Cuba to Florida, the ship was shot full of holes, and we took to the boats just before she sank. We escaped and reached Cuba safely.

"Came a chance to ship on my first Yankee ship, the Adam M. Simpson, bound for Kobe, Japan, with a cargo of the Standard Oil Co. I took it.

"About a day's sail from Java Head we were astounded to see a milk white sea. We had been able barely to head our ship into a great wave which we could see coming from a great distance, when it broke over the decks and almost swamped us. This great wave turned out to have been the tidal wave caused by the volcanic eruption that submerged half of the island of Cracatoa in 1883, and brought death to 50,000 people. We had planned to stop at Anger, Java, but were unable to do so, as the waves had wrecked the harbor and the post office where we expected to get some mail.

"Two years later, in Berlin, I received the letters that had been waiting for me there in Java that day. For years after this eruption we picked up massive pieces of pumice stone which had been cast up by the volcano.

"My second shipwreck occurred near the island of Palawan, the most southerly of the Philippines. We struck a coral reef and as we did so a rumble like empty barrels rolling about in the hold came to our ears. The bottom was ripped out but we managed to make the boats and arrived at Puerto Princesa on Palawan Island, about four miles from where we struck.

"I could have taunted fate once more in another old tub, but I am glad I didn't. We were anchored three miles out of Manila Bay and I was holding down the anchor watch, when I noticed that, although she had been pumped

dry that day, she had six feet of water in the hold. I told the crew and we escaped to shore. Most of those who left were arrested and placed in irons, but thanks to friends of mine in Manila who hid me in a casco, a lighter which carried cargoes to the ships from the Pasig River, I escaped. Later, this ship from which I escaped, which was the Sovereign and sailed under the British flag, foundered and six men drowned.

"After sailing back and forth from the United States to the south seas in 1884 and 1885, I got my first berth on a whaler which I met while it was at anchor in Apia harbor, Samoa. She was a dirty barque with the name 'Wanderer' painted on her, but under the faded paint I could faintly see letters that spelled New Bedford, so I took her to have been a New England whaler.

"The captain of this ship had his own code of whaling ethics. While it was an unwritten law that a whale, containing the harpoon of another vessel, belonged to that ship, this fellow picked up such an animal without any thought of even sharing the profits with the party considered its rightful owner.

"Between Samoa and Japan we killed some potwhales, 50 to 75 feet long. On one occasion, after we had sunk our harpoon into a big one, we were towed out of sight of our ship for two days."

Here Skipper paused to reflect on the discomforts, work, and dangers of that hardy trade—and its recompenses.

"If we took two whales at about the same time, as we sometimes did, we had to forego sleep for as long as two weeks, until every valuable part of the monsters was stowed away. We had our boats capsized when a whale turned on us, and after every killing and 'boiling' the ship stunk terribly from kitchen to bunks, but—"

And those watery blue eyes of his took on an eager light and his broad shoulders braced visibly.

"When you've gone through a test like that and survived, you are ready to tackle anything. You feel that you have conquered the sea and other tasks appear insignificant in comparison. You are ready to face the world."

That training must have steeled his mind as well as his muscles, as he was called upon to face many dangers after those whaling days; dangers that did compare favorably with those he experienced on the raging seas. Still, it remained for the sea to give him his greatest adventure.

In 1885, near the end of the first night watch, he was awakened by a grinding noise that had for him a familiarly sinister sound. It was that ripping and tearing at the ship's bottom that he had heard before when he was forced to take to a boat near Palawan Island.

In a flash he knew they had struck a reef or a derelict—he never found out which. A stiff sea and a murky sky made it hazardous to lower the boats. The starboard bow was stove in and the water was rushing into the hold. It was impossible to get the weather boats out and the ship was rapidly turning on its side. The water was almost level with the decks.

While other members of the crew were frantically trying to get into the No. 3 boat on the lee side, Skipper grabbed a sweater, jumped into the captain's boat, and managed to get it off. The boat contained 12 cans of beans and salmon, some hardtack, and a keg of water, placed there for just such an emergency.

Here he was, a lad of 21 years old, in an open boat fully 1,000 miles from the Philippine Islands. He had the advantages of a strong, clear mind, however, also the training of five years of shifting for himself. After taking inventory of his meager stores, he took the compass, which fortunately for him, he found in the boat, and headed southeast toward Asia. After 21 days of sailing and drifting, and with his carefully measured out stores practically exhausted, he landed on the sands of a lagoon on the east coast of Mindanao.

It might be stated here that Skipper has always been deeply interested in sociology and political economy and has had three of his books on these subjects published: The World's Revolutions, Science and Revolution, and Marxian Economics. Lest these titles mislead any readers, I'll add that Mr. Untermann is not an apostle of violent political upheavals, but holds that the reforms to which he has devoted many years of his life should be brought about gradually and be introduced when the majority of the people of a commonwealth are ready for them.

But to get back to that little sail in the Pacific.

(Continued on page 67)

The "Skipper" at Donner Lake, Utah, while on a thousand mile tour with his son from the Green River to the west coast. This trip was made practically on foot, and took sixty days.

Tyee! Tyee!!

By

COL. HARRY VANDERBILT WÜRDEMANN

Author and 62½ pound King Salmon, Campbell River, Vancouver Island.

HEAR the call of the Siwash as he hooks the King salmon, feeling the pull of the giant fish, which before the kill may tow his boat one, two or three miles down or across the rapid run of the tide. He draws in the heavy hand line hand over hand, but is forced to let it slip through his hard and horny hands in the mad rushes of the King, perhaps a hundred yards. Finally it is at the boat, gasping on its side from the last supreme effort. Then comes the impact of the club on its cranium, the fish comes over the side. Again, the cry, "Tyee! Tyee!!" The spoon is over again and the line out ready for another.

C'est la methode sauvage.

The sportsman, however, takes the King by the rod and reel and a thin but strong line, using as does the Indian, the same type of large slithering spoon for a lure.

The King, like the other members of the oncorhynchus family, starts as a fertilized egg, becomes a fry as he absorbs the egg sac, then eating the insects of the brook slowly grows to a parr with banded markings, is able then to capture smaller fishes, and being cannibalistic, eats hundreds of other smaller fry, developing after some eighteen months into a silvery smolt with the first taste of salt water, as he has dropped with the current down the brook, and the river to the brackish water. Then entering the sea he feeds voraciously upon the candle fish, the smelts and the shrimp gaining an inch a month, becoming the grilse, or in the case of the King, the "black mouth" or larger salmon trout of a couple of pounds. Where he goes from there is not definitely known, but some return in their third year as immature fish of five or more pounds, following the spawning salmon but not ascending the streams. Then if they are lucky in escaping the hair seals and the dogfish they return the fourth year full grown to forty, fifty or more pounds and are known as Tyee or King salmon.

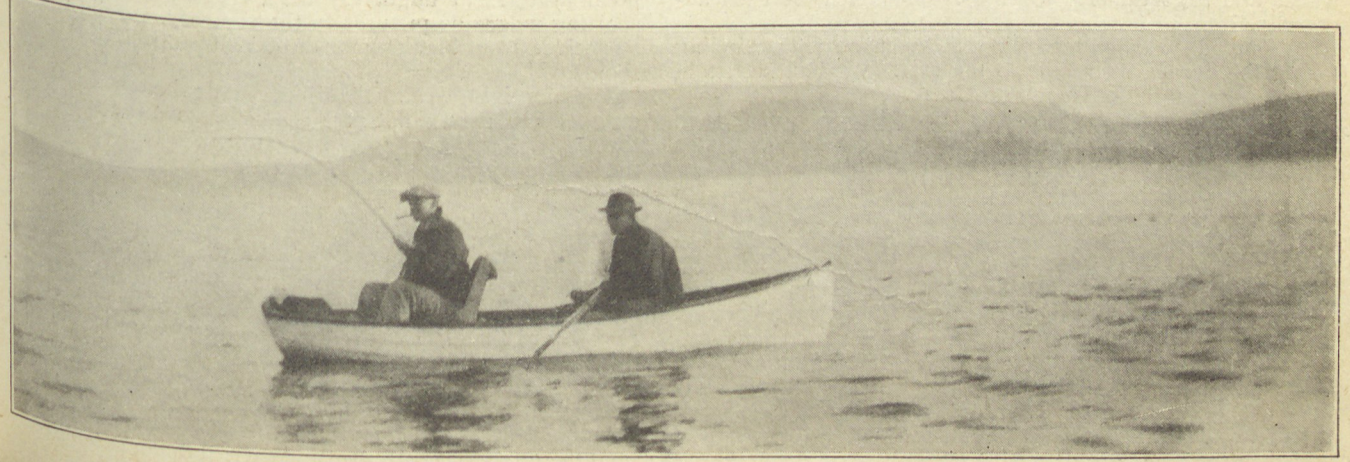
While the King may be taken in Seattle Harbor, Bellingham Bay and the bays off Vancouver City; the tide rips of Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia are the best localities near these large cities. The largest and gamiest fish are, however, to be found further north, in British Columbia and in lower Alaska waters.

Two famous places are about one hundred miles north of Vancouver. The one, the headquarters of the Tyee Club, where there are hotel accommodations, boats and guides, reachable by road, and the other at Euclataw Rapids, but a few miles away in another tide pass, which has no accommodations for "dudes"; to which one must proceed in a commercial fishing boat or a yacht. In either the tyee average close to forty pounds and the cohoe or silver salmon also run quite large.

Hundreds of piscatorial sportsmen stop at the Willows Hotel, Campbell River, each year and fish the tide rips off this estuary. The list of Tyee members comprises the names of many eminent persons from England, Canada and many of the states of the American Union.

A considerable part of the fall income of the natives is derived from these visitants. It costs money to go big game hunting and the tyee is one of the biggest of game fish, so we each pay out for transportation and subsistence as well as indulge ourselves in expensive fishing tackle. We take out a B. C. fishing license at $10.00 for the season or a dollar a day for less time, pay $2.50 a day for the boat and $10.00 a day for the boatman or guide. The latter is really essential, for he knows the grounds and the tides. In the event of a big fish being hooked with only one man in the boat he may be carried by the tidal current miles away from

(Continued on page 53)

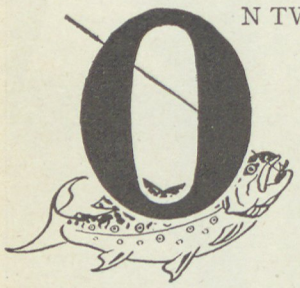


Salmon Fishing de luxe.

He Spat on His Bait?

By
GROVER C. McLAREN

Drawings by Dell Coleman



ON TWO deck chairs balanced on their hind legs, our feet against the rail, puffing at a couple of Pittsburgh stogies, sat Frank Poe and I, just two Chicago business men running away from work. We were at the stern of the good old lake steamer, Alabama, lying alongside the Municipal Pier.

She glided from the pier and through the breakwater. It was clear and calm. It was beautiful. Neither spoke. We just puffed contentedly.

Our coupe packed with tent, tent stove, blankets, hip boots, trout rods, flies, et cetera, was tucked away on the automobile deck—we were headed for Algoma and Speckled Beauties.

CAME THE DAWN! (italics ours). Breakfast on board. Promptly at 7:00 we slipped alongside the Muskegon Pier and were off along the Michigan shore. It was blossom time in Michigan. Acre upon acre, mile after mile, of pink and white as we rolled toward the northland.

Five or six hours later we arrived at Mackinaw City on the Straits, to find the St. Ignace ferry gone a half hour and a three hours' wait till the next one. It began raining. We waited. We crossed. Arrived in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, it still rained steadily. Ferried across St. Mary's River to Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, where we met our guides, it continued to rain.

The next morning, still raining. We were to start early with our car and the guide's Ford for a point about seventy-five miles northeast of the Soo. Eight o'clock came and no guides. Finally Lloyd Melville, the canniest Scot in all Algoma, and the best guide, came strolling in dejectedly. The other guide, possessor of the Ford that we needed, had imbibed too freely, wrecked his car and put himself in the hospital, while Lloyd slept. No substitute could be found.

We would have to go by rail, portage and canoe. Fine, I had stumbled over Canadian portages these many years. A train left in one hour. We made it, canoe, camp equipment, supplies and a can of a hundred and fifty worms, bound for "Mile 64" and the bush.

After four hours' enjoyment of such scenic beauty as is seldom enjoyed from a train window, our special stopped at mile post 64. We tumbled off and our canoe, tent, pack sacks and bags tumbled after us. "Tumbled" is used advisedly.

We stood casually regarding the portage path winding along the burned over hills to the east. We had been told it was a half mile to Thompson Creek.

Lloyd swung the canoe on his back; Frank, a pack sack and duffle bag; I, a pack sack and box of groceries on top of it, and over we started. We slipped on rocks, stubbed our toes on roots, went knee deep into the muskeg. Finally one leg went in almost over my hip boot and I had to unload, pull my leg out of the boot, then pull the boot out of the muck.

I saw the tip of a canoe appear over a rise ahead, then a pair of legs under it, like a ship appearing on the horizon. It was red, with a white band, a Canadian fire ranger, I opined. "How long is this portage, Mister?" asked I. "About a mile and three quarters," came the answer. He didn't stop, turn his head, nor miss a step. I began to feel around way down low for my heart beat. That blow almost killed father.

Two trips each and we were over. We were borne down Thompson Creek by a gentle current between hedges of bush, almost shutting from view the surrounding muskeg. In and out, round curves and turns for miles and miles we glided. The canoe nosed into an old beaver dam, there was the ripple of a cascade below and before us lay island studded Gavor Lake. It was misty with a few snow flakes and cold.

We made camp alongside the little cascade on a rocky promontory covered with spruce, pine and balsam. Our collapsible tent stove became our most cherished possession.

While Lloyd busied himself with supper, out came the trout rods. We couldn't wait. We whipped that shore line for half an hour with brand new, pretty, glossy flies, but not a strike.

Came supper, dark, and our Hudson Bays.

The next day, Monday, was blue indeed, or rather gray. It was cold and drear with steady rain, and snow flakes for trimming. We decided to fish in the pool below the cascade until the rain should cease. Frank, a sensitive sportsman, stuck to his flies. I decided on worms. I had not used them since as a boy I fished for catfish in the old Kaskaskia River in Southern Illinois, and in those good old days when we impaled a nice juicy worm upon a hook we always spat on it, just why I don't know, a custom, perhaps a superstition.

I put a nice juicy worm on my hook and unthinkingly spat on the bait. Frank was watching and yelled, "Hey, Lloyd, here's a bird spitting on his bait. What do you think of that? Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!"

I felt a bit foolish, but there was nothing to say, so I sailed the worm out over the pool and allowed it to sink gently toward the bottom, repeating the process several times, when "ping" I had one, a nice ten-inch speckled beauty. Frank didn't get a strike on his fly assortment, but, die-hard that he is, he changed to a Colorado spinner, but with no better success.

This being my first speckled trout in a great many years, I fondled it with considerable delight. I squeezed it to make it open its mouth, when to my surprise out came three good sized minnows, fresh and entirely undigested. Ah ha! a clue; they were feeding on minnows. I was careful to keep my find out of sight.

Quickly putting the largest minnow on my hook I very loudly spat on it twice. Frank looked at me pityingly. I sailed it out over the pool. It struck the water and "bang," the line sang as it cut the water. The fish dived for the deepest place, then to one side and the other. He did everything a respectable trout is supposed to do except break water. (I might say here, that in spite of all the sporting magazine pictures to the contrary, we did not see a speckled trout break water during our entire trip.) Amid shouts of "Don't give him any slack," "Give him some line," "Hold him tight," etc., I tired him out, or thought I had, and dragged him upon a flat rock scarcely above the surface of the water. The landing net was still at the tent. I dropped the rod in a crevice in the rocks and scrambled down to capture my prize, when just as I reached for him, he became fully recovered from his fatigue, squirmed into the water and was gone like a shot. I heard a "crack" and about half my rod went into the pool after him. It had caught in the rocky crevice and broken at the ferrule. "Hurray! Ha! Ha! Go get him, Mac!" You should have heard them. Murder is a serious offense in Canada; otherwise, there would have been two galoots missing, to-wit, one bum trout fisherman and one Scotch guide.

But that trout was still on. I grabbed the line, and hand over hand dragged him out on the rock, clutched him behind the gills in a death grip and carried him a safe distance from the water. Twenty inches of dynamite. It was my

time to laugh. Score 2 to 0 in my favor, I checked up.

A squeeze of my second trout netted four more minnows, which I secretly wrapped in leaves for use on the morrow.

The rain and snow grew steadily worse. We spent the rest of the day by the tent stove, swapping yarns, and learning all the reasons why one should not spit on his bait.

Tuesday morn dawned cold and gray with overhanging clouds, but the rain had ceased. We did justice to a breakfast of bacon, speckled trout, hot tea and flapjacks with maple sirup. Of course you couldn't expect much more from a Scotch guide.

We decided to try out the lake, and paddled along the shore, Frank trying out his flies. I chose not to fish until we came to a rocky ledge where the water was very deep. We went ashore. Frank chose his spot and again tried his flies. I went to the other end of the ledge and put on a minnow, spitting on it loudly. Frank glanced in my direction scornfully. I sailed the minnow out, allowed it to sink gently, and "ping" I had a strike. Frank changed to his Colorado spinner. Lloyd suggested, "They're not rising, better try worms," and "spit on your bait," I added. Frank just puffed at his pipe and cast his spinner viciously. I continued with my minnows and soon had six nice trout averaging fifteen inches. By this time Lloyd had been watching and was wise.

Frank condescended to put a worm on the hook of his spinner. "Won't do any good Frank, unless you spit on it," I warned. He merely snorted and bit another dent in his pipe stem. But Frank was just unlucky, pure and simple.

I thought it had gone far enough and confessed the whole thing. We immediately planned to improvise a minnow net out of a landing net and a piece of mosquito bar, then get live minnows up Thompson Creek.

We were successful in obtaining minnows and later all the trout we could eat. Our bacon gone, we had a steady diet of speckled trout fried in butter—not so bad at that.

Frank obstinately refused to spit on his bait and necessarily met with indifferent success.

We had one more day left before surrendering ourselves back into slavery. Lloyd knew a small lake called North Lake, reached by crossing Gavor Lake, portaging into the Little Chippewa, following it through Red Pine Lake, then portaging about a quarter of a mile through the timber, there being no marked portage. (Follow these directions and you'll find it—perhaps.) We decided to go there and stay over night to get the evening and morning fishing. We took a cold lunch, a pail for hot tea, our blankets and an 8x10 ground cloth for shelter.

This lake is a real little gem in the forest. We arrived about two hours before sunset. I was fishing off a rocky ledge of a little island, which was barely fifty yards from the main shore, when back of me in the direction of the mainland, I heard a crashing and breaking of dead branches. A moose I thought. I carefully sneaked up the rocky ledge until I could see over, and there stretched upon the trunk of a dead tree which had fallen into the lake was a black bear. He had broken away sufficient branches to clear a place upon the trunk, the length of his body and lay there, evidently intensely interested in something in the water near the tree. All was deathly still as I watched him, then suddenly, "slap," his front paw went into the water alongside the log. At intervals this was repeated several times. Then Frank and Lloyd appearing around the point in the canoe, Mr. Bear scurried off through the timber, and if he was after fish, he was as unlucky as Frank. He didn't get one.

The morning of our last day in camp dawned clear. We had time for a couple hours' fishing before the homeward trek.

Frank decided to fish off a rocky ledge on an island nearby. I fished near camp while Lloyd packed up. By the time he had finished and loaded the canoe, it was time to go. We paddled over to the island to pick up Frank. I jumped out, ran over the rocks and when I reached him I thought I was seeing double several times over. There lying upon the rock side by side in a beautiful row lay eleven speckled beauties, every one well over twenty inches long. *(Continued on page 49)*

"Amid shouts of 'Don't give him any slack', 'Give him some line,' 'Hold him tight,' etc.—"

CONVENTION

WAR ON WASTE
FEDERAL CONTROL TO PROTECT AND CONSERVE OUR FORESTS
OUTDOOR RECREATION FOR YOUTH
BAD SPORTSMANSHIP
POACHER
GAME HOG
WATER POLLUTER
FOREST EXPLOITER
OPPOSITION TO INJURIOUS DRAINAGE
UNREMITTING OPPOSITION TO ILLEGAL, DESTRUCTIVE AND UNFAIR METHODS IN HUNTING AND FISHING
GAME FARMS AND FISH HATCHERIES FOR INCREASED PROPAGATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF FISH AND GAME
McCUTCHEON

To all Waltonians

The time has come to rally 'round the flag of the League — It is the duty and the privilege of all to attend the Seventh Annual Convention in Chicago April 18, 19, 20, 1929 —

Henry Baldwin Ward

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

The Call to Arms

ONCE again the legions of conservation are lining up in battle formation, and the eyes of the outdoor world are focusing on the Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, which for six consecutive years has been heralded as the world's greatest and most powerful assemblage of outdoor people ever in conclave on the face of this earth—and which each year has more than fulfilled its promise, more than justified its commanding position, until today, on the eve of the seventh gathering of America's Waltonians, the national importance and the undisputed leadership of this body is conceded by all.

The Seventh Convention will be held in Chicago on April 18, 19 and 20, at the largest hotel in the world—The Stevens. That the largest hotel will play host to the largest Walton convention ever assembled is assured. The same spirit that has made each convention greater than its predecessor is carrying through. This spirit is that of public service—of unselfish endeavor for one's neighbors and one's fellow countrymen. It is the spirit of Waltonism, without which the League never would have forged ahead into the ranks of the leaders in community service in America, and with which its opportunities are boundless and its future without limit.

The Walton conventions are unique in the annals of conservation and the outdoors in this country. Here are gathered the outdoor leaders in America—both on the floor of the convention and on the speakers' platform. The federal government sends its bureau chiefs from Washington to tell the Waltonians what official America is doing to supplement and guide the work of unofficial America along the lines of constructive conservation—the kind of conservation that builds, creates, propagates, makes a greater outdoors for all.

Leaders of national thought attend these conventions: such men as Herbert Hoover, William E. Borah, Finis Garrett, Stephen Mather; civilian conservation leaders as Henry van Dyke, Jack Miner, Henry Baldwin Ward, George E. Scott; from the states come the heads of the fish and game departments to give their experiences, to exchange ideas; officers of the Walton League, men who head state divisions, who take part in the councils of the national organization, come to this great annual get-together.

At the convention are found the men whom more than a hundred thousand readers of this magazine have come to know through their stories, their pictures. The Walton convention is the gathering place for the outdoor writers and artists of the country, and this year the national convention of the Outdoor Writers Association of America will be held simultaneously with the convention.

Good fellowship is the rule. Here gather hundreds of people, from all parts of the country, who have the same thing in common: love of the outdoors, love of the sports of field and stream, and the final uniting bond of brotherhood under the banner of the League and its ideals.

Second only to the convention in interest is the International Sports Goods Show. Here you meet the advertisers in OUTDOOR AMERICA and see exhibitions of their products. This Show is to the field of outdoor equipment what the National Automobile Show is to the transportation world. New models of everything from reels to outboard motors are on display—many of them for the first time. It has become the rule to introduce new devices for the outdoorsman at the OUTDOOR AMERICA show. Last year this show occupied the entire municipal Auditorium at Omaha, and it attracted an attendance of 30,000 people and definitely took the leadership of the world in outdoor equipment expositions.

Entertainment features are another magnet of the convention. Such famous experts as Bob Limbert, world's champion trick pistol shot, and leaders in other exhibition fields will be on hand.

The pick of the world's outdoor motion pictures always are a feature of Walton conventions.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE has become the greatest force in the country for the protection and development of opportunities for outdoor life. And we need more of it. We need every encroachment upon it stopped. As our people increase in numbers and in leisure we must have stimulation to health, and above all the moral value that comes from association with nature. Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation.

Herbert Hoover

The Reply

THE call to the convention has been sounded. Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward has given the word. Every Waltonian in the country who can possibly do so has been urged to take part in this greatest outdoor and conservation event of the year.

To all who carry the message of the League in their hearts, to all who feel the urge to meet and know and listen to the pick of the nation's outdoorsmen and conservationists, there is only one possible reply.

Foundation

To insure the continuation of the League's valuable work, the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation has been established.

This Foundation, sponsored by some of the most distinguished and public spirited men and women in America, is a magnificent proof of the faith of these people in the efficacy of the Izaak Walton League to carry out its splendid purposes; to restore for posterity the outdoor America of our ancestors and to make a better America for Americans and better Americans for America.

Each one of us can help in the great task that has been undertaken by those who have established the Foundation, perhaps not by large gifts or bequests, but we can each do our share by joining the League and spreading its message and inducing all the outdoor lovers we know to do likewise.

The supplement mailed with this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA tells eloquently the splendid ideals and principles of the Izaak Walton League and the fine purpose of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation.

Reading it, all those who cherish the outdoors will be inspired and spurred to added effort to make the League the mighty invincible power it must be to protect and restore America's outdoorland.

The "Ghost" of Mrs. Spooner

Being further adventures of Satrun and Monsoon

By

HOWARD J. WOOD

Drawings by Ferd Himme

EATING victuals was Satrun J. Spooner's second best habit. Fishing was his first. But flood waters had muddied up his fishing hole and Ida, his wife, was still peeved at him. Hence, Satrun couldn't fish, and what was worse, he was afraid to go home to eat.

The woman-harangued black boy wasn't alone in his misery, either. Because Monsoon K. Porter, also of color, found himself in a similar predicament. Monsoon wasn't hobbled up by any nuptial knots—but he was broke!

Propped comfortably against a cypress stump, he grunted to the picture of contentment curled up under a log nearby, "Satrun, lissen heah! You is free-bawn, ain't you? You is got yo' health, ain't you? You is on de verge o' sta'vation, is you not?"

Satrun opened one eye. "Yas-suh, Monsoon, I rekin I is all dat an' mo' too."

"Den git ajile!" Monsoon was peeved. "Snap yo'se'f fum hib'nation. You ain't no b'ar, an' us needs vittles bad."

"Shet up," retorted Satrun, yawning. "Eatments am de unliken'st stuff us is li'ble git."

"But us needs vittles, don't us?"

Satrun merely yawned and manipulated his lanky spine into a more comfortable position. He was preparing for further hibernation.

Monsoon, though, was still hungry—and growing hungrier fast.

"Lazy man," he boomed into Satrun's ear. "You is hung'y, ain't you? Kain't fish in mud, kin you? Now, I has skum er scheme."

"Hol' on, black boy," interjected Satrun. "Save yo' wind. 'Cause I ain't lissen no mo' dem schemes you is skum. No-suh!"

"Ida ain't gwine ketch up wid dis scheme," promised Monsoon. "An' de scheme gwine fotch us eatments fas'."

However, Satrun recalled myriad unpleasantries he'd brought on himself by saying "I do" to Ida. And he didn't want any of Monsoon's new "schemes" to get him busted up all over again. Especially on an empty stomach!

"Yas-suh, Satrun," continued Monsoon. "An' whut's mo', Ida ain't gwine come wid-in no sevum millum miles o' deducin' whut us gwine do."

"Well,—den whut *is* us gwine do?"

"Hunts!"

"Hunts?"

"Nuthin' else but *hunts*."

Satrun guffawed and whooped. "Hee! Hee! Bruther, you sho takes de cake. *Hunt!* Huccome you talks hunt, nohow? Lemme heah de res' de foolishment."

Monsoon was riled. He accused his partner of being "dawg-gone ig'nant fum de neck up."

"Aw, shuh!" giggled Satrun in reply.

"Hunt! Golly, cullud man, you ain't no expert huntsman. An' whut is us gwine hunt?"

"Possum."

"Possum?"

"Sho is," snapped Monsoon. "An' do us git 'im, us cooks us up er feed down by Holloman's Bend."

Satrun sat with eyes focused on a frisky squirrel frolicking in a nearby pecan tree. The ol' hungry pains were getting worse fast.

"Monsoon—is you foolin'?"

"Doubtin' nigger, co'se I ain't foolin' wid you. Us needs food, de white fo'ks done lock dey back doors on us, Ida ain't cookin' for you no mo', an' us needs funds do us eat in de cafes. Mo', ol' riber muddied up an' de fishes kain't see de bait. Co'se I ain't foolin' wid you."

"If you ain't, den tell me how kin us git dat ol' possum you talks 'bout?"

"Git him!" wailed Monsoon. "Shoots him . . . . dat's how us gits him. Jes' shoots him."

Satrun was reckoning with a troublesome thought. His shanty was hidden in a clump of post oaks not half a mile down stream. What if Ida happened to hear gun shooting in the bottom? Would Ida investigate? Would Ida—But perhaps Monsoon had figured this in his plans.

He turned to Monsoon.

"Us shoots wid whut?" he queried.

"Gun, dense boy."

"G-g-gun! Whut gun?"

Unbeknownst to himself Satrun had presented Monsoon with a difficult puzzle. Just where would they get a gun, was that worthy's new worry. "Le's see," he mumbled—to himself. "Mist' Holly. Naw, he ain't got no gun . . . . all time fishes, he do. Mist' Bry—"

Monsoon was again smitten with ideas. He peered at Satrun.

"'Member dat ol' barn I clean up for Mist' Bryan 'bout fo'-five years back?"

"Sho I 'members," acknowledged Satrun. "Dat wuz yo' las' job. Enyhow, whut 'bout hit?"

"Us gwine borrer ol' double-bar'l shot gun whut I seed dar. Hit hid up in de hay lof'. After whiches us gwine up to Seguin an' borrer some shells." Monsoon smacked lips. "An' cookin' de possum ensues fum dat."

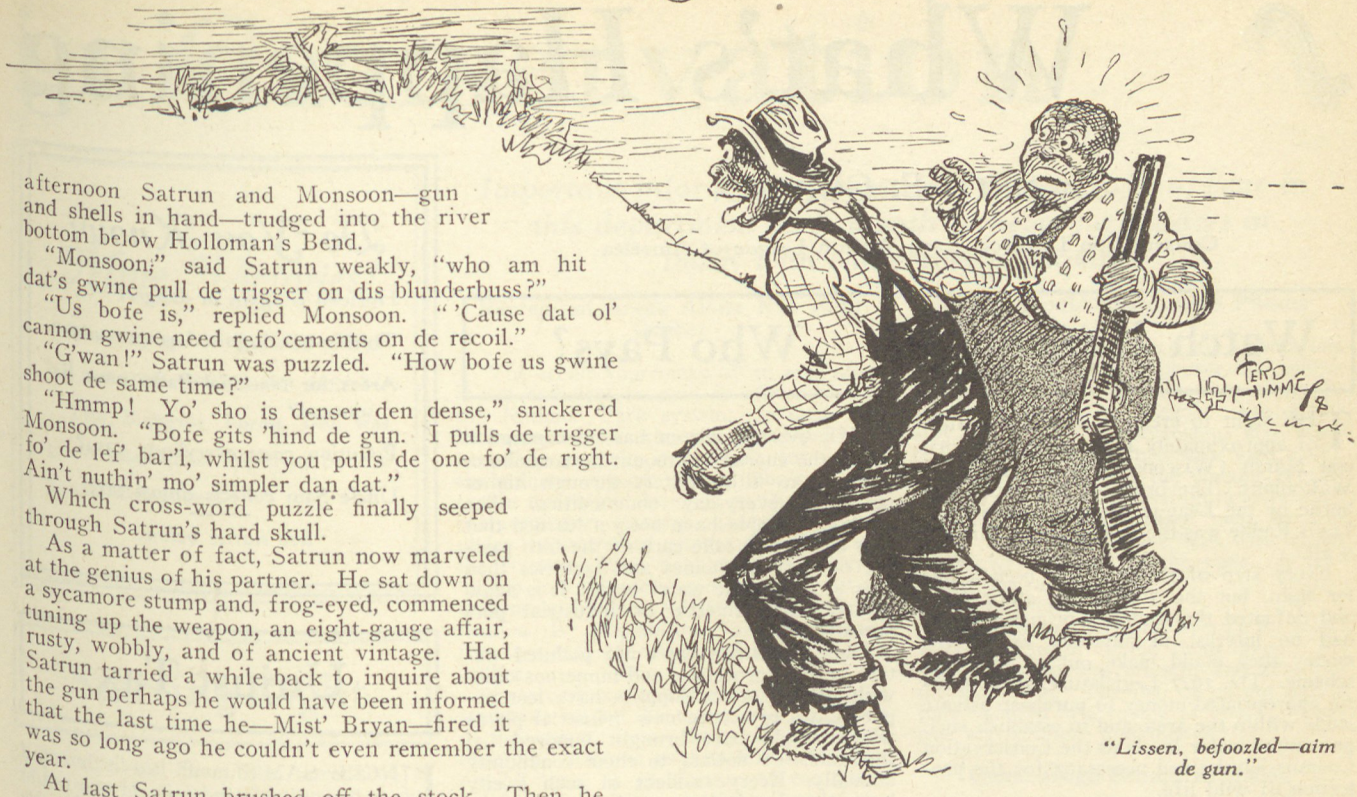
"Hot dam!" shouted Satrun. "Monsoon—le's git goin'."

"Well, den what is us gwine do?"

Which was what the chocolate-hued country boys did. They ambled happily up the river bank, detoured through a pecan grove, which in time ejected them into Mist' Bryan's barn.

Arrived, they sneaked into the hay loft, found the gun, and then hot-footed back to the river bottom.

They were happy. Visions of fat opossum cooked to a turn gave them a new outlook on life. So an hour later the partners ambled into Seguin, where they spent another hour "borrerin'" shells. And at eight minutes after five o'clock that



"Lissen, befoozled—aim de gun."

afternoon Satrun and Monsoon—gun and shells in hand—trudged into the river bottom below Holloman's Bend.

"Monsoon," said Satrun weakly, "who am hit dat's gwine pull de trigger on dis blunderbuss?"

"Us bofe is," replied Monsoon. "'Cause dat ol' cannon gwine need refo'cements on de recoil."

"G'wan!" Satrun was puzzled. "How bofe us gwine shoot de same time?"

"Hmmp! Yo' sho is denser den dense," snickered Monsoon. "Bofe gits 'hind de gun. I pulls de trigger fo' de lef' bar'l, whilst you pulls de one fo' de right. Ain't nuthin' mo' simpler dan dat."

Which cross-word puzzle finally seeped through Satrun's hard skull.

As a matter of fact, Satrun now marveled at the genius of his partner. He sat down on a sycamore stump and, frog-eyed, commenced tuning up the weapon, an eight-gauge affair, rusty, wobbly, and of ancient vintage. Had Satrun tarried a while back to inquire about the gun perhaps he would have been informed that the last time he—Mist' Bryan—fired it was so long ago he couldn't even remember the exact year.

At last Satrun brushed off the stock. Then he probed into the barrels with a squinting eye.

"Great jumpin' Jos-e-phat!" he wailed. "Monsoon—looky de li'l holes dem bar'ls is!"

Monsoon snatched the gun, looked—and turned lavender. But he was still hungry! So, "Satrun, ain't nuthin' de mattah dem holes. . . . Jes' li'l bit rusty, dat all."

With much difficulty Monsoon managed to insert two of the commandeered shells into the breech. Then satisfied that all was well the partners sauntered off into the brush.

A while later they pulled up in their tracks under a hackberry tree. Satrun was toting the gun. Taking bearings they finally divined that they were about half-way up the hill back of the cemetery.

Monsoon peered into the underbrush ahead of them. What he saw gave him goose pimples.

"S-s-shhh!" he mumbled.

"Why fo' s-shhh?" came the retort.

But Monsoon couldn't answer. In short, his tongue had balked. What he did, though, was point a lanky finger at a rail fence, hidden in the brush a hundred feet up the hill.

"Mo' foolishment," scoffed Satrun. "I kain't see nuthin' in dar."

Monsoon found his tongue.

"Looky, blind boy, kain't you spy dem shinin' eyes on de fence back de 'simmon tree dar?"

Satrun looked again, and stiffened.

"Golly!" he screeched. "Us gwine eat possum soon."

"Shoots fust, den eats," corrected Monsoon.

He grabbed Satrun and drew the excited black boy to his side.

"Lissen, befoozled—aim de gun, whilst I gits anch'ed in de rear heah."

"I aims," whispered Satrun.

Palsey stricken, Mr. Spooner hoisted the heavy gun into firing position. He cocked it: cautiously he placed the index finger of his right hand on the proper trigger. Mr. Porter, also shaking, took up his position behind Satrun, placing the index finger of his left hand on the trigger that would fire the left barrel.

"Is you all set?" he asked weakly.

"N-n-nuthin' else but!"

"A'right den, do I counts up to three, bear down on dat trigger . . . . an' *bear* hard!"

"Sho do," agreed Satrun.

Meantime the sleepy opossum remained where he was. Then, slowly, Monsoon began the count—

"O-o-one!" Satrun gulped. "T-w-o!" Monsoon winced. "Thre-e-e!"

Erroomph!

As it turned out, the gun's kick was every bit as bad as its bark. Ten minutes after the explosion Satrun forced open his one good eye and surveyed the surroundings. First, he perceived that he had somehow quitted the hill upon which he was so lately perched. Second, he deduced that he was asprawl in a nettle patch on the level ground below that hill. Third, he heard moans!

A quick shift of his good eye convinced him that something really had happened. Because that eye chanced to focus upon his partner, Monsoon, who at the moment was stretched out in a mud puddle ten paces away.

And the gun barrel, minus stock, lay smoking nearby.

Mr. Spooner's mind eventually cleared a bit. He grunted to a sitting position.

"Suffren bull frogs!" he groaned. "Monsoon—is you plum' daid?"

Monsoon took several minutes to elbow himself to a sitting position. And in the interim a blood-red sun sneaked behind the hills to the west. Goggle-eyed, both watched it fade out.

At last Monsoon craned his neck and peered up the hillside. Unquestionably, he was still hungry.

"Satrun," he moaned, "is us able to walk, us has bizness up dat bank."

"Sho is, huntin' nigger," sneered Satrun.

The partners, arguing, gathered themselves up and scaled the hill in the waning dusk. They finally located the opossum where he had fallen.

"Now fo' de gran' feast," they chorused in unison.

"An' de feast gwine be et wid pitch fo'ks," came a shrill voice from the cemetery.

"Lawd, oh, Lawd!" Two shivering forms stiffened and peered into the gloom of the nearby cemetery. And the apparition they saw froze them in their tracks. What they saw, was Ida—Mrs. Satrun J. Spooner—silhouetted against the nearest tombstone.

"W-w-whoa is us!" Immediately after which trembling legs crumpled and two black 'possum hunters lost their equilibrium. Then, in an avalanche of rolling stones, the two black forms went again catapulting down the hill. And the rumble ascending therefrom was sweet melody to Ida's ears.

A bit later Ida gathered in the opossum.

"Fat possum," she chortled, "us gwine home whah de feast gwine be held fo'thwith."

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Watch Horicon!

THE fight to create a wild life refuge of approximately 40,000 acres on Horicon Marsh (Wisconsin) is known to all Waltonians. The brunt of the battle was borne by the League Chapter at Horicon; Louis Radke was the moving spirit through it all.

Every step of the way has been a bitter fight, but the Waltonians stuck to it and defeated the drainage promoters who had no interest in anything except the money they could make out of their pet scheme. The 1927 Legislature of Wisconsin appropriated money to purchase private lands within the area, and to establish such permanent water levels as the Conservation Commission deemed necessary for the protection of wild life.

The drainage interests carried the matter to the State Railroad Commission which body decided that the plans of the State Conservation Commission were entirely proper and legal. The drainage promoters did not like the decision and appealed the case, but the Conservation Commission went right ahead and established one of the best wild life refuges in America, especially for waterfowl, shore birds and fur-bearers.

Selfish Interests or Public Welfare?

Selfish interests never quit fighting. The most recent effort of the drainage promoters has been the introduction of two bills to repeal the 1927 laws, which, if accomplished, would destroy all the constructive work done by the Wisconsin Conservation Department on this worthy project. Here is an example of the need for alert, organized groups to maintain everlasting vigilance. In this case the Wisconsin Waltonians are awake and will fight to hold the ground gained; they are urging their members of the Legislature to stand pat on the laws as passed in 1927.

In view of the splendid conservation progress made by Wisconsin during the past two years, we can't believe that the Legislature will be influenced by the appeals of the drainage promoters. The people of America would be sadly disappointed should Wisconsin take such a decidedly backward step. On one side is sheer greed; on the other, public welfare. The choice is easy, but everlasting vigilance is the price of victory. *Watch Horicon!*

Wisconsin Waltonians—
Be on guard!
Horicon Marsh Refuge
must not be sacrificed.

Who Pays?

THE average citizen has no conception of the enormous amount he contributes annually to filthy waters through higher costs of every-day commodities. The American people have not yet learned that it is cheaper to take care of the filth passing out of our homes and factories than it is to purify the water before it is again utilized for domestic or industrial purposes.

Many industries can't use polluted waters in their processes, and numerous cities with impure water supplies have lost opportunities to secure new industrial plants which would have brought hundreds of thousands of dollars to their community annually. Every resident of such a city loses thereby, because such plants locate where a pure water supply is assured.

Existing plants are often obliged to spend large sums for water purification, the additional outlay being added to the price of the product. The consumer pays the added cost. Below I cite two examples, recently brought to my attention, of large expenditures by existing plants to assure pure water for their operations.

Two Good Examples

At Buffalo, New York, a rayon company has expended approximately $150,000 for a water purification plant, with a considerable annual overhead for operating it, and a dye and chemical company spends from twenty to thirty thousand dollars annually to operate a similar purification plant. There are dozens of cities which offer no better inducements to new industries. Commercial organizations spend money liberally trying to get more industries for their cities, but few of them do anything to help clean up the filthy waters at their very door.

Dirty streams and lakes cost every citizen real money, even though he may not be able to trace it. Public waters were never intended to be used as either public or private sewers!

Park Planes

THE use of airplanes as a mode of transportation has increased rapidly and many applications have been made for the right to establish landing fields in our National Parks. Secretary West of the Interior Department invited interested persons to join him in a conference on February 20 for a discussion of the situation in the hope of deciding upon a general policy in the matter. The Izaak Walton League was represented.

Railroads objected to giving planes privileges not enjoyed by them. A special committee was appointed to study the matter.

Do You Know:

Horicon is again in danger?

Thieves are disguised as sportsmen?

Areas for National Parks must be unusual?

Pollution costs everybody cash?

Uncle Sam collects unjust tax?

See stories below.

Unjust Tax

UNCLE SAM'S tariff law is intended to be equitable and fair. If one would sit in on the hearings conducted by the Committees in Congress having such legislation in charge the impression would be that the whole structure is wrong. Every now and then some grossly unjust provision of the tariff law is brought to light.

The states are now collecting over twelve million dollars annually through licenses for the administration of the game and fish work. Many of them spend a considerable portion of this money, which is a contribution to a cause and not a tax, to furnish game for stocking purposes.

When the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law was passed somebody slipped a "joker" into it—several of them—and every bird, no matter for what purpose imported, is subject to a heavy duty. Until the President of the Tariff Commission reduced the levy on bobwhite quail imported from Mexico, the sportsmen of America paid Uncle Sam fifty cents for every bird so imported. This tariff is still twenty-five cents a bird.

Committee Pleads for Elimination

Importations of Mexican quail during the past four years were: 1925—39,000 birds; 1926—37,000 birds; 1927—85,000 birds; 1928—85,000, or a total of 246,000 birds. At fifty cents per bird this netted Uncle Sam $123,000. At twenty-five cents a bird, the rates which prevailed in 1927-28, the government collected during the past two years more than $21,000 annually—making the sportsmen pay for helping the government and the farmers of the country.

Last year 12,620 Hungarian partridges were imported from Europe. At fifty cents each this gave the government $6,310.

The only way to get rid of this obnoxious duty is to amend the Fordney-McCumber Act, which for weeks has been under scrutiny before the House Ways and Means Committee. The National Committee on Wild Life Legislation, including the editor of this department, recently appeared before this Committee and made a strong plea to have the duty removed from game birds imported for propagating purposes. Prospects for favorable action are excellent.

in Conservation

More Victories!

The passage of the bird refuge bill is a great victory! See page 32.

The Superior Forest Bill was given unanimous approval by the Senate Committee.

Starting Right

MANY bills have been introduced in Congress in an effort to add to our National Parks system, but quite often the proposed areas are not up to park standards. Very frequently such areas are suggested in the hope that additional travel and commerce will be brought to that locality. The definition of a National Park, worked out by the first parks administration in 1916 following a study of the great parks created during the 44 years prior to that date, was that "National Parks are areas of original unmodified natural conditions, each the finest example of its scenic type in the country, preserved as a system free from all industrial use."

In 1918 Secretary Lane, in writing to Director Mather concerning new park projects, said:

"In studying new park projects, you should seek to find scenery of supreme and distinct quality, or some natural feature so extraordinary or unique as to be of national interest and importance. You should seek distinguished examples of typical forms of world architecture. The National Parks System as now constituted should not be lowered in standard, dignity and prestige by the inclusion of areas which express in less than the highest terms the particular class or kind of exhibit which they represent."

Former Director Mather Established Standards

Former Director Mather expressed the general feeling of all who have given careful study to our national park policy in the following brief statement:

"The National Park system of the United States is unique both in its scenic exhibits and in the exceedingly high standards by which each candidate for admission to the system is judged. As now constituted, it is made up of areas of incomparable scenic grandeur, each of the major national parks was selected for parkhood because of some distinctive feature, either scenic or prehistoric, which is of national importance and interest. Under the policy governing the establishment of national parks, only one area of a particular type is considered for inclusion in the system, and each area selected must represent the highest example of its particular type.

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Recreation Areas Alone Not Park Caliber

"The scenic supremacy of an area alone is not sufficient to gain it admission into the National Park system. It must also be susceptible of whatever development is necessary to make it available for use by the millions of park visitors who may care to use it, without injuring in any way the extraordinary natural features which, under the expressed command of Congress, the National Park Service is to preserve 'unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.' Areas whose principal qualification is adaptability for recreational uses are not, of course, of national park caliber.

"Proposed parks are measured by the standards set by the major national parks of the system; hence the requirements are exacting. As long as these standards shall prevail there is no danger of too many national parks being established, or of the excellence of the present system being lowered."

Study Recommended First

The latest bid for national parkhood is the proposed Tropic Everglades Park in Florida. Senator Fletcher introduced a bill (S. 4704) establishing a new policy in approaching national park questions. That bill, which has passed both houses and will undoubtedly be signed, authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to investigate and report to Congress on the advisability and practicability of establishing a national park. If the Secretary of the Interior finds that the area is up to park standards, that it is unique unto itself, and that sufficient national importance and interest are attached to the area to justify setting it aside as a national park, then Congress will be in position to give the matter proper consideration.

It is far better to approach these park problems in this way. The Fletcher Bill is a start in the right direction!

Human Thieves

THE day of thieves in field sports is supposed to be in the dim past, but a casual perusal of the public press indicates that there are still a few in our midst. The worst of it is that in some instances such thievery is legalized by law; but this does not justify actions that surely must trouble one's conscience.

Press dispatches from New Orleans call attention to a case pending in the federal court where seven prominent business men, one of them a United States Commissioner, were charged with killing and possessing waterfowl far in excess of legal bag limits. It is reported that these "sports" when apprehended had in their possession 656 wild geese and 154 ducks. Think of it! They could not possibly use that many, so why kill them?

Press Should Discourage Photos

The Memphis Commercial Appeal last November published a photograph showing the kill of four hunters totalling 89 geese and 67 ducks. Legal? Yes, probably, but poor sportsmanship, and especially to be photographed with such a kill.

A special writer for the Omaha World-Herald quoted a conversation he overheard between three well-dressed men, as follows: "You should have been with us out in the western part of the state. It certainly was rare sport!"

"Lots of ducks?"

"That doesn't begin to describe it. Man! That snowstorm forced them down. All we had to do was sit still and take pot shots at them. The two of us got nearly four hundred in a couple of hours! They just stayed there and took it!"

Game Hogs Should Be Jailed

Could you believe it? Nearly four hundred ducks slaughtered by two thieves in a couple of hours! Either thieves or liars!

Fortunately *90% of the hunters and anglers in America are honest, but the thieves must be stopped.* More of them must be handed the same salty dose given E. R. Nuenfeldt, a resident of Windsor, Canada, last November. The Michigan Conservation Department, in addition to a heavy fine, seized the automobile in which he was transporting the ducks, and in order to repossess it he had to pay $350.

The Waltons have undertaken campaigns of education. But it's impossible to educate a hog to gulp in moderation. He swallows everything in sight whether he needs it or wants it, disregarding the possibility of future hunger and the hunger of others. Jail sentences for second offenses, *and revocation of licenses for one to three years for every offense will cure a few of them.*

Legislative Program

THE following bills constitute the League's major national legislative calendar.

BIRD REFUGE BILL (S. 1271)
The Norbeck-Andresen Bill provides for a ten-year program financed by the government. Passed finally February 11. Signed by President February 18.

SUPERIOR FOREST BILL (S. 3913—H. R. 12780)
The Shipstead-Newton bill will save the Superior National Forest and inaugurate an international recreational area. Reported out of Senate Committee February 16.

CHEYENNE BOTTOMS BILL (H. R. 7361—S. 4153)
The Hope-Curtis bill authorizes $350,000 to create a permanent waterfowl refuge in Kansas.

BASS LAW ENFORCEMENT (S. 5686)
Senator Hawes secured the enactment of a federal law to stop the sale of black bass. This bill appropriates $35,000 for proper enforcement. The White Fisheries Program has been held over for the next session.

National Officers

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Honorary President

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Urbana, Ill.
President

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Dr. John A. Stanfield, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Vice-President

Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Fred H. Doellner, General Manager

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

Executive Committee

Harry C. Goodwin, Rochester, N. Y.
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Frank J. Brady, Atkinson, Neb.

Judge Frank B. Burford, Oklahoma City

Charles K. Foster, Chicago

J. R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. Wm. H. Moore, Philadelphia

H. A. Savage, Saginaw, Mich.

W. P. Aberg, Madison, Wis.

Frank M. Warren, Minneapolis

"A COW will be placed in New York City's zoo." This was the unique message that appeared in a newspaper recently.

Now go ahead and laugh. I did, too, at first. Viewing a zoo as the home of rare and wild animal life, this item seemed a joke. Instead it hints at tragedy. The men responsible for Bossy's appearance in a zoo knew what they were about. They knew facts about youngsters that possibly fifty per cent of the fathers and mothers aren't awake to yet.

The news item proceeded to tell that a survey showed that seven out of ten youngsters of zoo visiting age had never in their lives seen a real, live cow. Think of it! Thousands of youngsters strangers to so commonplace an animal as a cow!

Try to guess how many have any idea of contact with the rarer beauties and benefits of nature. How many know a trout—ever tried to catch one—know the pleasure of hunting—going camping (that is anywhere except in attics or cellars). How many of those mole children in large cities, both rich and poor, are literally sun-starved!

The little sunshine they get is robbed by smoke and dust of ultra-violet and other health-giving rays. Their surroundings are man-made. They may fish in gutters—camp and hunt among the ashcans in the alleys. Their companions come from the same surroundings. Their examples of life and living are the fruits of man in congested contact.

The news they read, when of reading age, is of violence, infidelity and graft. Everything is naked sordidness, without the relieving influence of nature and God's handiwork. What they get of nature and God is in the abstract—from pictures and preachment, not by contact with either in their unspoiled material forms.

Is it to wonder that, sophisticated beyond their years, nerve-raw and bored, they seek vicious thrills? So you read of schoolyard bootleggers, juvenile bandits, tiger girls of baby age, arrested, prosecuted and their stories dramatized in print and picture to be again consumed by other thousands of youngsters who are sick and tired of what city life offers—aching for something, they know not what, which few elders take time to define or offer them.

When you, Mr. Tired Business Man, are world worn—gone stale on the job, with nerves raw and edgy, where do you get your real restorative? Is it from the forbidden but freely obtainable strong water? No! They spell but temporary stimulation with an aftermath of further dyspepsia. Do you find your cure in riotous living—drugs, or artificial joy? No! Again, No! Either you have sense enough to prescribe for yourself, or your physician does, a procedure exactly the reverse. You go or are ordered "back to nature." You leave your dinner jacket at home. Your going-away kit consists of rough flannels, lumberman's socks, stout boots, possibly a tent for shelter.

Your choicest treasures are your rods, reels and flies or rifle and shot gun. All the way from here to that wonderful "there" you caress them. They are telling you tales, singing you songs of the clear, unfiltered sunshine, the brooding tree, the crystal brook babbling its carefree way over gleaming pebbles. The fancied roar of your gun, the swish of your line, the whirr of your reel, make you itch with eagerness. You smell the pines, the smoke of your campfire, and—why, you are beginning your comeback to normalcy before you even start your trip.

Then you get "there." It is everything you dreamed of and more. You forget worries and the world. Yours is a new life.

You toil and sweat as you wade against fast water, or climb steep banks and wooded hills walking miles for a shot. The sordidness, meanness, pettiness are leaking from you. Your nose burns and peels—your legs and chest ache; but Oh Lord! how you eat, sleep and forget man-made falseness and rot.

In two weeks or two months you come back—a new man. Your wife is again your sweetheart, and you are to her, your children—the finest things God ever gave—and to them again a Dad to love and fit for love.

God's outdoors has purged you. You needed it and it did not fail you. Think how badly that same influence is needed for our youngsters.

A Boy Scout official speaking in Chicago but a few weeks ago, said—"In this city we have 100,000 boys of Scout age. Last year over 19,000 boys of this age were arrested. But not one of them was a Scout." Doesn't that prove to you fathers, mothers, and business men, not only that a dose of nature is needed to leaven congested life for the boys and girls, but that those youngsters who are taught and contacted with nature's beauties and verities are better for it?

That is why Waltonians by the tens of thousands are giving of their time, money and effort to perpetuate and increase the supply of wild life and wild places.

Are Waltonians sportsmen? Yes, indeed! They hunt—they fish. But as they create more woods—clean waters—fish, game, beauty and more outdoor lovers, they are hunting and fishing for the biggest stake of all—the material, moral, and physical health of millions of their fellow Americans.

That's conservation of the highest order. What have YOU contributed?

Fred H. Doellner.

Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

Woman Furnishes Moose Feast

Omaha Chapter Annual Banquet Stirs Walton Spirit—750 Attend

Nebraskans Plan Large Works of Conservation at Annual Event, Inspired by State Game Warden's Rehearsal of Measures Agreed Upon by Authorities

MOOSE, a big bull moose, has fallen before woman's wiles. And thereby hangs the reason why 750 members of the Omaha, Neb., chapter of the Izaak Walton League were able to hold a moose meat banquet.

It was a "hurrah" affair all the way through, principally because two features were totally unsuspected by the members of the chapter until the announcements were made what was to occur.

One of these was the donation of a moose to the chapter by Mrs. F. A. Gordon of South Sioux City, who slew the moose, a photograph of which, with herself standing as victor before him, appears herewith.

Second, because Jack Miner attended the banquet with his shoes on. This was regarded as a decidedly unique event, because Jack does not wear shoes on his southern Canada ranch, twenty-seven miles from Duluth, where he established a bird sanctuary that is renowned among bird lovers of the whole continent.

Intense enthusiasm was aroused at the banquet over programs of conservation to be taken up that were presented by speakers and officers of the local chapter.

Among the speakers were Ignatius J. Dunn, Omaha lawyer, long prominent in Walton League activities, and State Game Warden Frank O'Connell of Lincoln.

Mr. O'Connell outlined state measures to be undertaken for the conservation of fish and game and gave the chapter members as well as all Waltonians something to think about when he said:

"What is most needed is a more scientific study of the problems of conservation. Too much money is being wasted in blind spending. Success of the whole program depends finally upon public sentiment, and the Izaak Walton League deserves commendation for its work in developing this sentiment."

W. C. Fraser acted as toastmaster.

Chapter Notes

Hanley Falls, Minn., chapter sponsored a one week's outing and fishing trip for fifty little children to a lake in Northern Minnesota. The chapter also is rearing 60 Hungarian partridges to be liberated on a game refuge established by the chapter.

Wilmot, S. D., chapter boys, under the leadership of two captains, recently organized a jackrabbit hunt. A total of 58 hunters took the field and toward evening checked in an aggregate bag of 407 jacks. One side took 201 rabbits and the other side 206. During the afternoon just previous to the Charter night, with the help of M. S. Carpenter, Executive Secretary of the South Dakota Division, the boys added 25 new charter members. An oyster supper was served by the losers in the jackrabbit hunt. Rev. J. Shuster of Sisseton, an enthusiastic Waltonian, presented the Charter in a most impressive manner. A talk was given on the League's activities by Mr. Carpenter.

Akron, O., with the cooperation of the State, helped to place more than 50,000 matured fish in Summit County lakes. They also had more than 200 pheasants shipped in to this county which provided the hunters with better hunting; also 130,000 matured fish were removed from Lake Rockwell and placed in lakes in Summit County. The Portage Fish & Game Association and the Akron chapter made arrangements to have 800,000 blue gills placed in Lake Rockwell, which will be used as their rearing pond, and when the fish mature they will be placed again in Portage lakes. Another interesting item is that 97 per cent of the members renewed their yearly dues.

Pomona, Calif., of Old Baldy chapter, Izaak Walton League, assisted in planting 12,000 rainbow trout in the waters of Cucamonga canyon, each carrying a tin container of fish on his back. It was a hard road to travel since there is no trail, but merely one rock after another over which to climb. In spite of this it was reported that only one dead fish was found in all of the sixteen large tin containers.

St. Marys, Pa., held its regular monthly meeting recently. At that time it was decided to order 10,000 pine trees for spring planting. Five hundred six-inch brook trout also were purchased and liberated December 13, in near-by streams.

Owatonna, Minn., chapter has bought land on Oak Glen Lake for a public park and shooting ground. Bird house campaigns were sponsored by more than 50 chapters. Local pollution problems have been taken up by chapters throughout the State, and they are working on the State Board of Health for cooperation.

Johnstown, N. Y., is the Convention City for the 1929 New York Division Convention, according to word received from Ward B. Edwards, President of the Division.

Hazleton, Pa., reports that so far this year sixty-two applications for trout have been filed with the Federal and State authorities. The fish will be placed in the streams and lakes for local sportsmen to enjoy. Last year the Hazleton chapter placed more than 250,000 fish in the streams surrounding their town. It is reported that this spring the Federal authorities will supply to the Izaak Walton fish nursery and game farm, 60,000 trout for raising at the nurseries. The trout in the dams at the present time will be placed in the streams before March 15. The Game Committee announces that four mating pens have been completed for the pheasants there at the present time and additional pens will be built during the next ten days to handle the shipment of ring neck pheasants to be used for propagation purposes. The local chapter will receive a large shipment of birds during the next two weeks.

Lemmon, S. D.—Chapter Secretary Vern Williams makes an appeal in the local paper for the farmers to feed the starving birds and pheasants and send the bill to the chapter Secretary.

Another February Celebration!

President Coolidge Adds a Final Master Stroke to His Excellent Conservation Record

By
SETH E. GORDON

"PLEASE, Mister President," chorused Senator Norbeck of South Dakota, Congressman Andresen of Minnesota, and Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, Chairman of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, "please choose to sign the $8,000,000 migratory bird refuge bill just passed by Congress after a long weary battle, and further encourage the conservation forces of America. You already have a string of wonderful conservation accomplishments to your administration's credit, but here's a chance for a final master stroke!"

And the President, good listener that he was, said not a word; he chose to let his visitors do the talking. He didn't remind them that weeks before they called he had decided to sign the bill if Congress passed it in such shape that he could sign it. He didn't remind them of the fact that by precept and official act he had done more to save for posterity America's forests, parks, waters and wild life, and promote outdoor recreation generally, than had any President since Roosevelt.

President Coolidge was never given to vociferous promises or self-laudation—but in his quiet, unassuming manner he allowed his acts to speak for themselves. In this instance, as in hundreds of others like it, the twinkle in the President's eye was only indicative of serious interest, not a promise to comply with the requests of his callers.

But that twinkle, coupled with the President's active interest in conservation and field sports generally, gave the committee courage.

President's Photo to Help Cause

"AND, Mister President, while we are here, may we not prevail upon you for just one more photo, as a record of the occasion to help advance the cause of conservation?" pleaded the spokesman on the impulse of the moment. "As we came in we noticed several photographers in the outer offices. Won't you do it?"

It was a bold, unpremeditated stroke, and the President, even though he took far less pride in being photographed "once more" than he did in landing a wily trout in the Black Hills or on the Brule, or bagging a fast incoming pheasant at Sapelo Island, good-naturedly said, "Well, if it will help the cause I'll do it. See my secretary about it."

They did, and what a withering look they received! Earlier efforts to get the secretary's active assistance to secure motion pictures of the President in connection with the signing of the refuge bill had failed.

"Well, I'll be a sardine!" said the secretary (meaning somebody, or several somebodys, had a lot of nerve). "Get lined up out there on the lawn and I will see whether I can get the President to come out this bitter cold day."

And the President finally found his hat, dropped the affairs of state, and chose to stand for it just this one time. On the opposite page is the result—President Coolidge's last official photograph "to help the cause of conservation."

This gave the committee assurance that the refuge bill was safe, and on February 18th President Coolidge signed it—*a new conservation milestone!*

February 18—an annual National Conservation Day! Why not? We already celebrate several holidays in February, and there should be at least one special Work Day for Conservation! The date, marking the culmination of the long, hard battle for a definite federal policy on wild life refuges, should never be forgotten. It should be celebrated every year by appropriate programs in every school in America, by special meetings of conservation organizations, bird clubs, civic groups, and others. What better occasion have we than this for such activity!

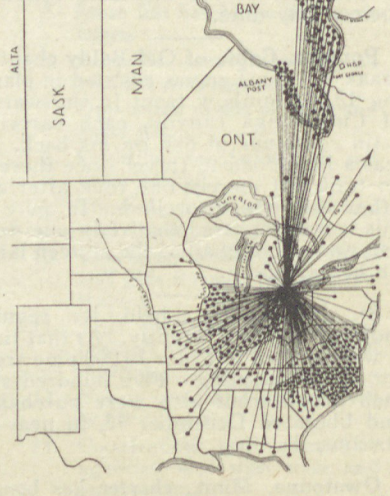
Early History of Refuge Bill

THE refuge idea as applied to wild-life conservation got its start in America during the first decade of this century. President Roosevelt did much to promote the idea nationally by setting aside a number of refuge areas.

At least one state (Pennsylvania) then began what has since developed into the most comprehensive refuge system in America. I am naturally proud of Pennsylvania's refuge record because fully 85% of that system was established under my supervision. It has become the model for other states. In that state every refuge is surrounded by public hunting grounds.

The need for a nation-wide federal refuge system was first suggested by Dr. E. W. Nelson, former Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, in a public address at Ottawa, Canada, in February, 1919, when referring to the alarming reduction in the waterfowl supply due to the decrease of suitable marsh areas and increased hunting.

"It is obvious these birds cannot exist unless they have sufficient areas in which to resort and feed," said Dr. Nelson, "and particularly sanctuaries where they may be safe from the persistent harassment that is bound to increase in unprotected areas with the growth of population."



This map shows where some of the wild geese banded at Jack Miner's refuge were killed during 1925, '26 and '27. See how far they spread!

Officials Added Hunting Grounds

DR. NELSON'S original idea was for refuges only. In October of that year the International Association of Fish, Game and Conservation Commissioners, of which J. Quincy Ward (president of the Kentucky Division of the Izaak Walton League) was then the president, took the matter up in earnest and appointed a committee to develop a workable plan of financing it as well as to safeguard the interests of the states and the hunters. That convention insisted that public hunting grounds be supplied.

Later the American Game Protective Association, the National Association of Audubon Societies, the American Forestry Association, the Izaak Walton League and other similar groups took up the campaign.

The American Game Protective Association, of which John B. Burnham was the president, then the strongest organization in the field devoted exclusively to game preservation, was asked to head the campaign. Mr. Burnham and his associates, and the other groups referred to, waged a strenuous campaign. Mr. Burnham as the head of the group took the brunt of all the slanderous attacks, but he steadfastly stood his ground.

The first bill, providing for a federal license to furnish both refuges and public hunting grounds, as well as ample money to enforce the migratory bird law, was introduced early in 1921 in the Senate by Senator Harry B. New of Indiana, later our Postmaster General, and in the House by Congressman Dan Anthony of Kansas.

The evolution of this bill and its various changes to overcome opposition is an interesting study. The battle raged around the license feature, the public hunting lands idea, and the law enforcement plan, all three of which were later eliminated as stated last month by Dr. Ward, the League's national president. The entire campaign up to the spring of 1928 was a long, bitter but absolutely essential educational struggle. Many states began in earnest to establish refuges for wild life.

Real Teamwork Did the Trick

DR. WARD'S article last month not only reviewed the refuge bill campaign, but also gave the origin of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, organized at Seattle last August at the suggestion of Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, after conference with a number of other leaders.

The members of the National Committee and the organizations represented always worked in close harmony on this program. Some of the individual leaders of the past did not always agree, and on the sidelines were a few "lone wolf workers" who never

President Coolidge's last official photograph to help cause of conservation. Left to right: Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota; President Coolidge; Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, Chairman of National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation; and Congressman August H. Andresen of Minnesota.

knew what teamwork meant. They were the born rule-or-ruin type, who usually try to drive a wedge into the ranks of the co-ordinated workers by casting aspersion and suspicion.

When the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation was organized, the members solemnly vowed that the committee would function as a team, every man and every organization playing his or its part *for the cause and not for personal glory!* It was only by an intensive co-ordinated effort of the committee that the Norbeck-Andresen bill came to a vote at all during the recent short session. More than 200,000 supporting telegrams and letters from all parts of the country poured into Congress within three short weeks.

One victory after another ensued, Congressman August H. Andresen leading the fight in the House like a veteran of many years. The House met in session on Saturday, February 9th, largely to dispose of this important measure, and devoted practically the entire time to the refuge bill.

Congress Turned Nature-Loving

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAMS of Illinois, in opening the discussion in the House, said: "Everyone has recognized the urgent necessity of the Federal Government taking action that would protect the wild fowl of the United States, but the bills heretofore presented contained objectionable provisions. This bill has eliminated those controversial features and the bill should be passed. This bill provides for inviolate refuges established at government expense. When the entire program is completed we will have something like one hundred and twenty-five of these refuges throughout the country; there will be one or more for every state."

Congressman Haugen, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, which committee amended the Senate Bill as recommended by the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, explained the bill and its amendments in detail.

Congressman Andresen, in addressing the House, praised the work of the National Committee, and among other things said:

"This bill will be recognized as the outstanding achievement for conservation of the Seventieth Congress.

"This bill contemplates the establishment of permanent sanctuaries for migratory birds in every state and Alaska; areas where birds may nest, feed and rest without being molested—inviolate sanctuaries.

"It has for its aim the preservation of ducks, geese, song birds and insectivorous birds for future generations as well as an assurance of a liberal supply of the migratory birds which may be legally taken for the hunters of today."

One Congressman after another spoke in favor of the bill. Among them were Garrett of Tennessee; Aswell of Louisiana; Kincheloe of Kentucky; Hull of Illinois; Jones of Texas; Hope of Kansas, and others. *Not one voice was raised against it!* Many of them said they never would stand for a federal license plan or anything but inviolate refuges.

"To me the passage of this bill is not only a benefit to the wild fowl of the country, but is for the common weal," said Congressman Kincheloe of Kentucky. "If we pass this bill today, I believe posterity will rise up and call us more blessed for this vote than any cast here in years."

"This act is one that will perpetuate hunting for future generations more than any bill that could be passed in Congress," said Congressman William E. Hull, an ardent Waltonian of Illinois. "Unless provisions are made for the conservation of the migratory birds, it will be only a few years until they will be extinct."

A Great Victory!

MY Brother Waltonians, how I wish you could have been with me in the gallery of the House on Saturday afternoon, February 9th, when the vote was taken! To hear former bitter opponents

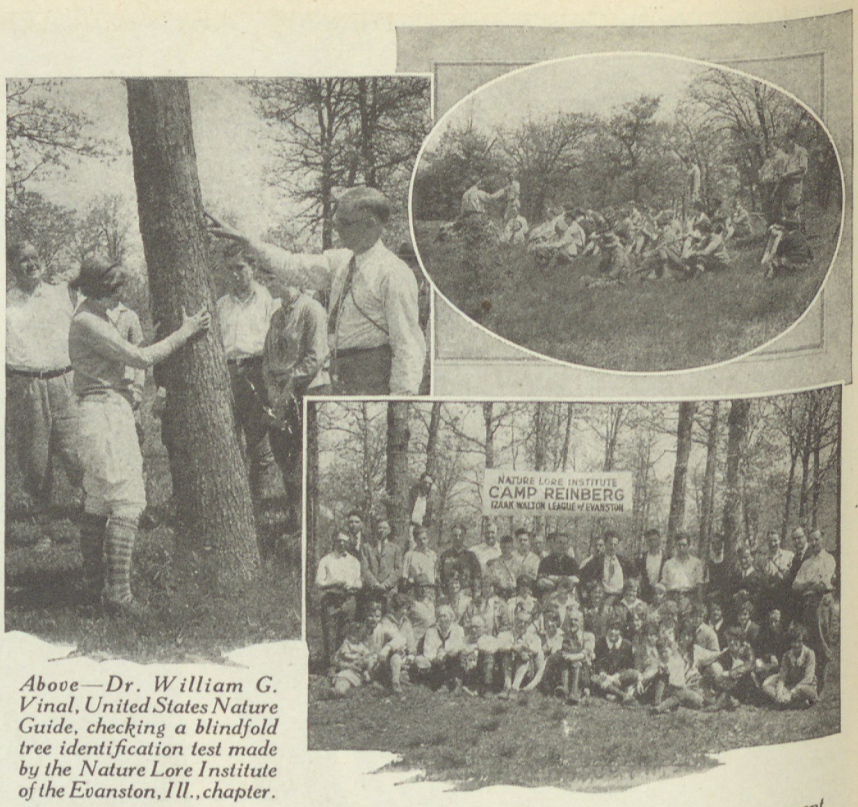
(Continued on page 68)

Nature Lore Institute

A Great Success

By
JOSEPH C. NORTHUP

President, Evanston, Ill., Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America



Above—Dr. William G. Vinal, United States Nature Guide, checking a blindfold tree identification test made by the Nature Lore Institute of the Evanston, Ill., chapter.

Upper right in oval—Dr. Vinal addressing one section of the Nature Lore Institute of Evanston chapter.

Above—part of the large group in attendance at a recent outdoor meeting of the Nature Lore Institute of the Evanston, Illinois, chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

ABOUT the only thing that can make a vacation in the woods other than a delightful treat is ignorance.

Knowledge of Nature means love for Nature.

A lover of Nature is a natural conservationist.

Thus—if you can cultivate a love of Nature in the minds of men and women who have not had opportunity to meet her face to face and study her lovely attributes at first hand, why, then, you have done a vital thing in planting conservation firmly in the soul of your community.

Such thoughts as these actuated the board of directors of Evanston Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, early last Spring when it was learned that Dr. William G. Vinal, United States Nature Guide, and a member of the faculty of Western Reserve University, would be available as director of a Nature Lore Institute if a suitable site could be secured and a sponsoring organization found.

There was little time to discuss the matter. Dr. Vinal would be available only for May 18, 19 and 20. We knew little of Nature Lore Institutes except that those held in the East had been highly successful. We did not have a suitable location in mind. The whole thing would be an experiment.

However, we were sold on the idea. We knew it could be put over and that if we could arrange the details Dr. Vinal would do the rest and mark down a real accomplishment for Evanston Chapter. So in the brief hour required by a hastily called luncheon meeting, the board decided to undertake the project and Dr. Vinal was engaged by telegraph.

To tell of the various steps taken in the three days following this luncheon meeting would require more space than is available, but, during that time a suitable location was found and secured; a complete staff was appointed; menus for each of the meals in camp were planned and provisions ordered; transportation from and to Evanston was arranged for, and a prospectus was printed and sent to every Izaak Walton League chapter in Illinois.

Our first problem, that of supplying Dr. Vinal with a competent staff of assistants, really answered itself, for we found within our own chapter willing and able experts on nature lore. They included Dr. Warren G. Waterman, research botanist of Northwestern university; Prof. L. E. Hildebrand, zoologist, and Mrs. Frederic Pattee, president of the Evanston Bird club. These were the assistant leaders of the Institute and each was highly complimented by Dr. Vinal for splendid work.

Also from our membership we selected Dr. E. D. Kelly, Evanston Boy Scout Executive, as camp director general; Evanston's Health Commissioner, Dr. John W. H. Pollard, as medical officer; Arnold Bridges, Boy Scout Nature Guide, quartermaster; Donald Boulton, assistant Boy Scout executive, chief of commissary; and Sidney Geal, Boys' Secretary, Evanston Y. M. C. A., transportation chief. W. C. Bechtold, superintendent of the Evanston Recreation Bureau, was Dr. Kelly's assistant and registration officer.

These names and titles are given with the thought that perhaps other chapters undertaking similar enterprises may be guided to organizations which will co-operate fully and render efficient aid in the necessary organization and staff work.

With the problems of personnel and machinery disposed of, we next turned to geography and a careful examination of nearby territory quickly convinced us that Camp Reinberg, ideally situated in the Cook County Forest Preserve, twenty-one miles west and five miles north of Evanston, would be perfect for the purpose.

This great camp, maintained by Cook County as an outing spot for underprivileged mothers and children during the Summer, seemed to offer every advantage for the purposes of the Institute and through the courtesy and co-operation of M. S. Szymszak, general superintendent of Cook County Forest Preserves, use of the camp, fully equipped, with bedding and pillows newly renovated, and all buildings in apple pie order was obtained without charge.

This left only the question of registration fees to be settled and it was decided to make the fee as small as possible. We finally figured that if we could secure fifty-three registrants, the chapter would break about even if the Institute cost should be $10 per entrant, the Chapter underwriting approximately $530 for the project.

For this fee all who attended received in addition to the benefits of the Institute itself, the following: Transportation in spacious motor busses from Evanston to Camp Reinberg and return; seven splendid meals in camp, and lodging in comfortable cabins for two nights—quite a lot for $10, we submit.

Now it was only necessary to await reservations and here came the first hitch. Many queries were received and much interest was expressed as a result of our publicity and prospectus, but ten-dollar checks were noticeable only by their absence.

The Institute was to open Friday evening with a camp dinner and during the entire week the skies sobbed and some of the directors wailed. At noon, on Friday, only thirteen registrants had paid up, but at one o'clock the sun shone and hopes rose. When the time arrived for the first bus to leave Evanston for camp, however, it was filled and private automobiles were requisitioned, with the result that the evening meal was enjoyed by more than sixty young men and women filled with enthusiasm for what was in store for them.

After dinner an illustrated lecture by Dr. Vinal on "Camping and Woodcraft" was followed by a rousing campfire session at which all hands became acquainted and various groups were formed for the numerous branches of the Institute's activity.

In advance the terrain had been carefully gone over by Dr. Vinal and his assistant leaders, nature trails had been laid out and plans made for busy sessions, each in charge of a competent leader, for each morning and afternoon of the Institute.

Each morning before breakfast bird walks and field trips on insect life, botany and zoology were scheduled and the way in which the campers turned out for these early expeditions showed their eagerness for instruction.

After breakfast other activities lasted until noon, when dinner was served, following which, after round table discussions, afternoon adventures were undertaken. After the evening meals, lectures illustrated by stereopticon and motion pictures

were given by Dr. Vinal and the camp fire sessions brought the busy days to happy endings.

It would be impossible to tell here of the many activities, but the following list will give some idea of what was received by those who attended. Among the subjects treated were: Nature games, camp museum, aquarium, nature photography, wild flowers, compass traveling, map making, bird calls, weather forecasting, nature trails, leaf printing, bird banding, nature crafts, tree reading, exploring, swamp life, woodcraft, camping and camp cookery.

On Saturday, the second day of the Institute, the group was augmented by other registrants and when dinner was served on Sunday noon, more than 100 were seated at the spacious tables and fully a score who came were turned away because the food supply was exhausted.

So, despite the fact that the Nature Lore Institute was an experiment and, locally, was in the hands of men to whom the project was entirely new, it turned out to be a great success from every angle. Every registrant expressed keen desire to attend another year and Evanston Chapter is now concerning itself with arrangements for one or two four-day sessions in late May or early June of this year.

What sort of people were attracted by the Institute? A glance at the accompanying pictures will answer that question. Youth. Young men and young women about equally divided, with a sprinkling of the older who were eager to learn more of the great out-of-doors.

The Nature Lore Institute of Evanston Chapter was, literally, an opportunity for kindred souls to absorb Nature lore while enjoying the first whiff of Spring and the freedom of life in a well conducted camp amid beautiful surroundings in fellowship with other nature lovers and all at nominal expense.

It taught those who attended to call Nature's children by their first names and brought to them a new significance in every growing, living thing.

WHAT IS WALTONISM?

Sisseton, S. D., Pastor Tells It in a Brief Essay

Rev. R. J. Schuster who, aside from his activities as the local priest at Sisseton, S. D., is recording secretary of the Izaak Walton chapter at Sisseton, has sent to national headquarters his viewpoints as to what constitutes Waltonism.

His vigorous language is well worthy the consideration of every Waltonian. Following is his letter:

"Dear Brother Waltonians: About 16 years ago I was working in the Klondike. A friend of mine on a visit with me was given the question by the London Times 'How does it feel when you have 60 below up there? Kindly describe as shortly as you can.' His answer was given in one sentence: 'Sixty below up here is just like hell—with the fire out.'

"I will likewise give you one sentence, even though it may be a lengthy one, describing our charter night work:

"If creating a closer personal, religious and social contact, if causing a real enthusiastic interest in a state park extension program, a new tourist camp and aviation landing field, the improvement of a picnic ground and a prospective trout stream, a state nursery where trees will be sold to the farmers at cost, the restocking of our dozens of real fishing lakes in the hills of Roberts and Marshall counties, the planting of duck food in the numerous sloughs around our neighborhood, the cooperation of county officers for the extinction of rats, crows and hawks, the feeding of the upland birds during the storm periods,—if these plans are the foundation for real reconstruction and cooperative successful conservation; if trebling the membership after the charter night may be taken as the indication that something is going to happen; if a closer cooperation of the local sportsmen existing right now with the work of the department of fish and game may be considered a step towards extermination of the game and fish-hogs: *IF ALL THESE IFS* will turn into a big Capital *YES*, then the Sisseton Chapter No. 18 A, of the State Division of South Dakota of the Izaak Walton League of America has, thanks to the leaders and the speakers, pulled one of the biggest things for the County of Roberts and its adjoining country. Here are 'hopes galore.'

"(Signed) R. J. SCHUSTER, Rec. Sec'y."

Huron, S. D., Chapter has hit upon a most happy program for 1929. It proposes to sponsor the planting of trees in Beadle County. Virtually all of the trees in Central South Dakota have been planted. Only along a few streams can be found native growths.

DEATH TAKES A LEADER

Noted Izaak Walton League Organizer Dies

The Izaak Walton League of Oklahoma lost one of its most noted workers in the death of W. T. Tipton, who died at his home at Westville, Okla., Feb. 2, 1929.

Mr. Tipton was one of the first men of the state to advocate the organization of the League and it was through his efforts that Westville Chapter No. 1, of Westville, Okla., was organized Nov. 28, 1922. At that time he became president of this Chapter and held this office until time of his death. This Chapter gained a wide reputation under his leadership, as one that was always awake to the duties of such an organization and was noted also from the fact that it was the first chapter to be organized west of the Mississippi River.

It has been through the untiring efforts of Mr. Tipton and the fourteen charter members of the Westville Chapter that Oklahoma can today boast of its game preservation laws, which are rated among the best of any state in the southwest. It was through his efforts that a greater part of the state now has active organizations that are helping to preserve the wild life of Oklahoma and that the educational feature among the Oklahoma hunters and sport lovers has gained such headway in that state, carrying out the full intentions of the wonderful work of the Izaak Walton League.

Mr. Tipton was born in Franklin County, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1856. He went to Westville in 1905 and remained there until his death. The remains were taken to Burlington, Kan., and buried in the family cemetery.

Radio Column

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P. M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo Chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

KWSC Pullman, Washington. 215.7 meters. Program intermittent.

WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. Courtesy Daniel G. Murphy, part owner station. 256.5 meters. Sponsored by Philadelphia chapter. Every Saturday, 8:00 P. M.

WCCO Minneapolis, Minn. Sponsored by Minneapolis Chapter. Courtesy station WCCO. 10 P. M. C. S. T. Beginning Jan. 29 and every second Tuesday thereafter. 370.2 meters.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P.M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. 8:00 to 8:20 every Thursday evening. Auspices J. Miles Flynn, station through courtesy, Harry Carmen, owner and operator.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Monday evening, at 6:45 Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday, 7:30 Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. Dwight Lydell Chapter. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P.M. Central Standard time. 1270 kilocycles. Courtesy Walter B. Stiles, Inc.

WSM Nashville, Tenn. Schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Friday, from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WJR-WCX Courtesy Richards Oakland Co., and Detroit Free Press. Detroit chapter. Detroit, Michigan. Each Tuesday, 3 P.M.

WKBZ Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8 P.M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons. 1500 K. C. Ludington chapter.

WIBW Topeka, Kansas. Topeka chapter. Every Thursday 8:30 to 9 P.M. 230.6 meters.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Divisions and Chapters

Illinois Convention

The seventh Annual Convention of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League of America was held at Mattoon, Ill., Feb. 19, 20, and 21, 1929. Centralia, Ill., was decided upon by the Illinois Waltonians as the 1930 "Convention City." The attendance numbered about 115 delegates from all over the state.

Officers

President—Dr. P. R. Blodgett, Chicago Heights.
First Vice-President—Judge Truman A. Snell, Carlinville.
Second Vice-President—Dr. S. A. Houchen, Olney.
Secretary—Irvin W. Edgar, Englewood Chapter, Chicago.
Treasurer—Dana Rollins, Bloomington.
Directors: Ben Overman, Mattoon; W. J. McCloskey, Centralia; Fred Henning, Mendota; Guy Wakeley, Harvard; A. I. Buckwalter, Peoria.

Speakers

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President, Izaak Walton League of America; Dr. P. R. Blodgett, President Illinois Division, Izaak Walton League. Invocation was given by the Rev. John Codd; address of welcome by E. R. Sayler, Superintendent, I. O. O. F. Home. Other speakers and their subjects were: "Pollution of Water Supply as a Menace to Public Health," by Dr. F. O. Frederickson, Chicago, President-elect, Illinois State Medical Society; discussions by Dr. V. M. Brian, St. Francisville; Dr. W. C. VanWormer, Homewood; Dr. C. E. Morgan, Mattoon, President Coles County Medical Society; "Pollution Legislation," by the Hon. Anna Wilmarth Ickes, Representative 7th Senatorial District; Round Table discussion by Judge T. A. Snell, Chairman; discussion of Legal Aspect of Adopting Pennsylvania's Conservation Plan and Conservation Commission to the Laws of the State of Illinois, by Ernest H. Poole, Ottawa; "National Organization Work," by Fred H. Doellner, Chicago, General Manager Izaak Walton League; "Illinois Izaak Walton League, Illinois Natural History Survey and Illinois Fishes," by Dr. David Hiram Thompson, University of Illinois; talk on bird and game sanctuaries by Orpheus M. Shantz, President Audubon Society of Illinois. The toastmaster at the banquet was Carl D. Kiger, Director, Association of Commerce, of Mattoon.

Resolutions

That the Kaskaskia River should be closed to commercial fishing in the Counties of Fayette, Shelby and Moultrie.

That the closed season on bass be from the 1st of December to the 15th of June.

That a bounty be placed on the crow.

That the mourning dove be protected.

That there be a closed season for two years on quail in the northern zone.

TO CHAPTER OFFICERS

Chapter officers are doing splendidly in sending in the conservation blanks, but a great many yet are delaying the mailing of the important data necessary for our Conservation Department to assist chapters in preparing conservation projects.

These blanks also are necessary for our Conservation Department to build up state and even national programs.

Therefore, please rush your conservation report blank fully filled out, as rapidly as possible to Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

That the resident hunting license be increased to $2.50 and that a button be worn by the licensee, which is visible at all times.

That we support a real pollution bill in the legislature. The Ickes Bill and the Jewell Bill were recommended.

That the state establish permanent bird and game refuges.

That a survey be made of the chain of lakes and the Fox River from the dam three miles below McHenry to the headwaters, and that a state park be established in this region.

That speed and other gasoline engine powered boats be prohibited from operating without an exhaust muffler, and that a speed limit be set which would not endanger the lives of others in row boats.

That the League favors the planting of wild turkey by the state at the Giant City Park.

That Deer Park in La Salle County be purchased by the state.

That busses be prohibited from maintaining toilets therein, and discharging waste upon the highways in the State of Illinois.

Colorado Convention

The annual convention of the Colorado Division of the Izaak Walton League was held at the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, January 15, 1929. Approximate attendance was fifty delegates.

Officers

President—Dr. T. A. Stoddard, Pueblo.
Vice-President—E. W. Wiegman, Golden.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. M. Scoville, Denver.

Speakers

"Fishing in the National Forest" by John Hatton of the U. S. Forest Service; "Game and Fish Life in Relation to the National Forest" by J. W. Spencer; "The Accomplishments of the Department in 1928 and the program for 1929" by R. G. Parvin, State Game and Fish Commissioner; "The League's Ideals and Accomplishments" by Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, Izaak Walton League; Leo. T. Lathe, in charge of Predatory Animal Work for U. S. Biological Survey gave an account of the results accomplished by his department during 1928 and the necessity for continuation of an aggressive campaign for 1929.

Resolutions

Opposing Commission form of Government for State Game and Fish Department.

Opposing transfer of State Game and Fish cash fund to the general fund of the State.

In favor of bill giving State Game and Fish Commissioner authority to regulate the opening and closing of hunting and fishing seasons in various communities.

In favor of bill requiring all sportsmen acquiring licenses to wear button in a conspicuous place upon which the number of license is visible.

In favor of a bill for survey by the state sanitary engineer of all streams and lakes and surface waters as to their sanitary condition.

In favor of a bill for the state to cooperate with the U. S. Biological Survey in the control of rodents and predatory animals.

In favor of the Norbeck Migratory Bird Refuge Bill.

In favor of a bill prohibiting shipment of trout taken from public waters out of the state.

Resolutions were passed favoring local game refuges and bounty on mountain lions.

County Body Formed

Monroe County, New York Chapters, Unite for Strong Campaigns

Members of the Walton chapters of Monroe County, New York, which includes the city of Rochester, East Rochester, Fairport, Honeoye Falls, Brockport, Spencerport and Webster, have perfected a county organization to be known as the Monroe County unit of the Izaak Walton League of America. The purpose of the new unit is explained by saying that it will permit greater facility in handling game birds and fish obtained through the State Conservation Commission, and will permit a broader distribution of activities of the local organizations. The integrity of each chapter of the Monroe County unit will be maintained so that no dissolution of the local chapters will occur.

A Progressive Chapter

Hazleton, Pa., chapter is maintaining a thirty acre proposition close to the city. They have an excellent club house, a caretaker, trout rearing ponds for 75,000 trout until they are six inches in length, picnic grounds, pheasant raising pens to accommodate 500 birds to maturity, a large deer pen with two deer now, and more coming, about nine acres tillable, and plenty of work to do on the place.

GRENADA RESTOCKING GAME

Mississippians Get Help from Chicago Owners of Properties

Grenada, Miss., secured the permission of their board of supervisors to buy and turn loose in their county 100 turkey hens, 14 deer and 100 quail. This game is to be paid for out of their chapter game fund money. The Grenada members are working diligently to get the game back as they had it several years ago. A stray dog campaign is now being staged, and a fight against fires.

John Borden, of Chicago, who owns quite a large tract of land in Grenada, has bought and turned loose within the last five years, 1,500 quail on his property. These birds have raised and scattered all over the south part of the county and this has been a big help in restocking the county. Also, A. R. Barker, of Green Bay, Wis., who has a winter home at Grenada, instructed R. E. Hall, Vice President of the Grenada chapter, to order 200 quail. He said he wished to help restock the county.

CHAPTERS BUY A PARK

Two Pennsylvania Bodies Unite to Start Trout Ponds

Members of the Izaak Walton League chapters of Muncy and Montgomery, Pennsylvania, recently saw an opportunity to purchase Boak's Park for a trout nursery. The transfer of the deed was made on February 4th to a temporary organization consisting of Stanley Bryfogle, Muncy, President; Alvin Kilmer, Montgomery, Vice President; D. G. Reed, Muncy, Treasurer; and Leonard D. Stolz, Muncy, Secretary.

The organization will be known as the Izaak Walton Trout Pond Nursery, Inc., and its purpose is to raise, beginning with 50,000 to 200,000 trout yearly, to stock trout streams from South Creek to the headwaters of the two Muncy Creeks. The Park will have a display pond of large trout, tame squirrels will be placed, ring neck pheasants will be raised and the organization will see to the stocking of all kinds of game and fish put out by the State Game Commission.

Other Chapter Activities

Springfield, Mass., chapter just put on a novel and unique event at a carnival and dance held February 12 by having 12 young women from the banks of Springfield act as hostesses and ready to dance with any man guest wearing an I. W. L. badge. Each holder of an Izaak Walton league ticket received a badge when he received his ticket.

Kerkhoven, Minn., chapter recently purchased and paid for two crates of Hungarian partridges at a net cost of $296.36. These fine birds were released on the reserve north of Kerkhoven where they are being fed and cared for during the winter by a committee from the chapter.

HELP THAT COUNTS!

Here's the kind of help that counts! State Senator A. L. Scott, former President of the Kansas Division of the I. W. L. A., sends to National Headquarters a copy of a concurrent resolution passed by the Kansas legislature urging Congress to pass the Norbeck Migratory Bird Refuge Bill. Senator Scott is the Chairman of the Committee on Forestry, Fish and Game, and is responsible for this excellent support for a measure which the Waltonians saw passed before congress adjourned.

St. John, N. D., chapter having acquired ground and a lake known as "Izaak Walton Park" about seven acres in extent, is planning on planting spawn in the Spring. The fact is stressed by members that this chapter is the first in the State to own any real estate.

Wapato, Washington, chapter undertook an extensive feeding campaign for the preservation of wild game recently. Several carloads of feed was distributed by chapter members. The county game warden advised the league members that the county would pay for all feed that was distributed to the game birds. However, the Wapato chapter spent nearly $100.00 in putting over this campaign.

Rome, N. Y., chapter has made application for 4,000 Norway spruce and 1,000 each of red and Scotch Pine which will be planted in the spring on waste lands in this vicinity. Application has also been made for 1,200 pheasant eggs and 150 live birds as well as 75,000 brook trout and 45,000 brown trout to be planted in the streams listed in the recent Oswego River Survey of the Conservation Commission.

Yankeetown, Fla., accomplishments: Waters: Cleared six miles of streams of pollution of crude oil from electric plant. Accomplished by taking matter before government authorities. Set aside ½ acre for rearing pond. Bass reared. No cost. Fish: Stocked 1,500 bass.

Greensboro, Ga. Game: Stocked 200 quail. Refuge: Established 2,500 acres for 15 game refuges.

Galesburg, Ill. Trees: Helped local Park Boards as individuals. Cost approximately $500. Pollution: Cleaned eight miles of stream of pollution from sewage. Done by installing of septic tanks and disposal plant. Cost $20,000. Helped to impound waters for reservoir of 343 acres for C. B. & Q. Railroad. Built dams. As separate members, and not as a chapter, leased grounds at $1,600 a year. Fish: Built 343 acres at Lake Bracken and Lake Rice for rearing ponds. Government, state and private aid. Cost $1,000. Raised approximately several million per year. Maintenance cost $100. Set aside 270 acres for two spawning areas. Six miles for one nursery stream. Game: Established 1,054 acres for one game refuge. Misc.: Planted food and cover for game. Aid to Boy and Girl Scouts. Rifle and pistol shooting.

Kenosha, Wis., chapter has been feeding pheasants for several weeks. They are feeding between six and seven hundred birds in the county, and to date have purchased 900 lbs. of chicken feed.

Hanley Falls, Minn., chapter is asking the farmers to make a special effort to feed the starving birds on account of the cold, by putting an advertisement in the Hanley Falls-Press.

OKLAHOMA STATE CONVENTION

State Division convention will be held at Muskogee, May 20 and 21.

NEBRASKA CONVENTION

July 4, 5 and 6 at So. Sioux City, on Crystal Lake.

Blytheville, Ark., chapter rescued many game fish after floods in 1927 and returned them to lakes and rivers. By seining the flood waters they succeeded in saving 10,000 black bass, 7,000 crappies, and 3,000 striped bass. Educational: Put up signs showing the public how to prevent forest fires; carried on educational work to arouse public to save the fish in flood areas. Impounded Waters: Helped build dam to prevent too low stage of water in dry season, reflooding 10,000 acres.

Durango, Colo. Fish: Was instrumental in having state build an up to date rainbow trout hatchery; also constructed a new rainbow trout spawning lake to supply spawn for the new hatchery. The cost of the hatchery was $60,000 and has a ten million egg capacity. Parks: The chapter also has a zoo at Walton Park which now has two buffalo, two deer, two bobcats, two coyotes, two eagles, two foxes and large fish pond with fish in it and some game birds. In addition to these accomplishments the chapter has built many camp sites on the nearby streams providing all the necessary comforts. Misc.: When about one hundred deer were caught by the heavy snows on the Silverton Branch, the chapter bought a carload of hay and sent it to them by special train, sending along a man to feed and look after them. A campaign was conducted against mountain lions and coyotes which were preying upon the deer and many of the predatory animals were destroyed.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Did you ever rear Prairie Chickens?
Write Mr. Gordon

Does Bounty Kill Sport?

1. *We have presented a bounty plan to our Legislature establishing a bounty system similar to that in operation in Pennsylvania, except that our bill does not require the skins to be sent to our Game Department for final approval. The clerk of the county court inspects and mutilates the skins.*

The bill provides for a bounty of $5.00 on bobcats, $2.00 on both red and gray foxes, and $1.00 on weasels. Our bill specifically prohibits anyone from killing a fox ahead of the hounds of another, and aims to protect fox hounds and encourage fox hunting for sport. Despite these provisions the fox hunt clubs claim the law will kill their sport, as well as discourage horse breeding and riding. What do you say about it?—H. A. J., Maryland.

YOUR proposed bill is certainly a step in the right direction. It does far more to encourage fox hunting, or "riding to the hounds," as some call it, than does the average state law today. It is my observation that in sections where fox hunting is a popular sport foxes are usually not molested or pursued with the idea of killing them for the bounty. I don't believe there is any need for fear on the part of the fox hunting fraternity that such a law will reduce the foxes enough in those sections of your state to interfere with their sport.

The purpose of the law is most commendable. It will help control the enemies. Your state spends many thousands of dollars annually to purchase and propagate game for stocking purposes, when in reality a part of that same money properly expended to control predators would produce much better results. A farmer would not think of paying high prices for a lot of thoroughbred dairy cows, then turn them into pastures with no grass, or where lions and tigers were constantly lying in wait to kill them. *But that is exactly what a lot of states are doing with their game today,* and I am glad that at last Maryland is going to take steps to stop the killers that work 365 days every year.

Why permit your sportsmen to kill game for a few weeks only, *then stand idly by and give the foxes,* bobcats and weasels unrestricted sway every day in the year?

Bird Clubs in Schools

2. *I have been talking conservation to 200 school children regularly for some time. The children keep asking, "When is the 'bird lady' coming back?" They are feeding birds regularly, and have erected a feeding station at the school building which is patronized regularly. We have organized a "Sharp Eyes Club" to encourage bird identification. Where can I get buttons to encourage further interest in the birds?—P. M. B., Iowa.*

THIS is one of the most encouraging reports that has come to my desk in many weeks. I wish every school child in America could have the benefit of such guidance and inspiration.

You are instilling into the hearts and minds of these children a love for the birds, and an appreciation of their value, that will stay with them for life. More power to you and the good work you are doing!

Your "Sharp Eyes Club" is a good idea. I assume it is restricted to children who have identified a certain number of birds. The National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City, has many, many thousands of children enrolled in bird clubs throughout America. The children are supplied with buttons such as you have in mind, as well as special literature. That organization is specializing in this line of activity, and I would suggest that you communicate with the Association.

Several states are doing somewhat similar work among the schools, but they restrict their activities to their own states.

Fish Research Studies

3. *Some months ago an item appeared in* OUTDOOR AMERICA *saying that the age of a fish can be definitely determined by a microscopic study of the scales; and that the rate of growth can be determined. I believe it was in Wisconsin that these studies were being made in connection with investigations of the waters of that state to find out where it says to stock fish. Has the survey been completed and are the results in print?—J. R., Minnesota.*

IN the August, 1928, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA the Wisconsin fish survey was written up at some length by the late George Kemmerer of Madison. According to information in hand, this investigation was just well started, and Mr. Kemmerer's sudden death on November 18 last, at the peak of his career as a scientist and conservationist, is a most serious blow to this invaluable study.

Whether someone can be found to continue this work with the same vigor and intelligence remains to be seen. It is the kind of survey that should be made before large expenditures are made to stock fish, many thousands of them now being wasted because the waters in which placed are not suitable.

A Tribute to Kemmerer

THE conservation movement advances on the strength of the enthusiasm, influence, and knowledge possessed by its proponents. We have none too much of the first two, but still less of the third. Men who are able to contribute dependable facts on local conditions are scarce enough. Men who pioneer the job of discovering the universal laws which underlie all local conditions, and all the processes for controlling them, perform a service which lies beyond our present ability to measure.

George Kemmerer's great contribution to conservation was to perceive the fact that the fundamental knowledge of chemistry and biology of waters, was immediately applicable to practical conservation problems like pollution, fish culture, and the culture of duck-feeds. Could he have lived another score of years, the utilization of scientific knowledge for conservation of aquatic resources would have made accelerated strides.

A typical instance of his ability to coordinate science with practice occurred when the limnologists discovered that infinitesimal fractions of dissolved nitrogen and phosphorus controlled the vigor and abundance of plant and hence of animal life in lakes and streams. Kemmerer himself perfected the chemical processes of measuring these fractions, but in doing so he also saw their significance to fish foods, duck foods, and pollution.

Real scientists too often put their results on a library shelf and say: "Here it is—if you want it, come and get it." Laymen, knowing nothing of what "it" is, do not come, and do not get. The scientist feels the layman is unappreciative; the layman feels the scientist is queer. Not so with George Kemmerer. In his tolerant, patient, unobtrusive way he was constantly laboring with sportsmen and game commissioners, teaching them to see dimly what he saw clearly—the utility of some scientific discovery in solving some pressing problem in conservation.

He could do this as few real scientists can, because he was himself a sportsman. Hundreds of this generation mourn him as a friend; thousands to come will profit by his labors. Through such as he will come the restoration of Outdoor America.

I sincerely hope his work will be taken up where Mr. Kemmerer left off, and that the results will be published for the benefit of everybody.

Rearing Prairie Chickens

4. *Do you know whether prairie chickens have ever been raised successfully in captivity? Would you recommend trying it?—S. J., Kansas.*

I AM sorry to say that I know of no one in the United States who has ever reared prairie chickens successfully in captivity in any worthwhile numbers. I have made considerable inquiry, including the Biological Survey in Washington, and everywhere got the same advice.

I took the matter up with Wallace Evans of St. Charles, Illinois, who has raised many kinds of game birds, both foreign and native, and he reports having tried to rear prairie chickens for several seasons without success. He says it seems that the young are great wanderers and will not follow the foster mother very well up to the time they are three or four weeks old, which means they must be penned with tight fencing to keep them from straying.

One year Mr. Evans hatched about one hundred young prairie chickens and raised only a few. Some of these, when only a day or two old, were found wandering about fully a half mile away from the farm. Mr. Evans is still of the opinion that these game birds can be raised successfully in captivity if they are given the proper foods and kept in large tight pens from which they cannot escape. He has raised from 50 to 75 Hungarian partridges successfully every year for the past three seasons, hatching practically every egg set and raising almost 100% of the birds hatched, an unusual record.

Yes, I would say it is possible to rear prairie chickens, and there is no good reason why you should not try it in cooperation with your Game Department. Don't give up just because no one has yet shown the way.

As a general rule, however, I would recommend plenty of refuges and better protection for your native wild prairie chickens rather than to try repopulating your state by rearing them in captivity.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

WHEN we talk it over let's be perfectly frank. What we don't like, let's not be hesitant at criticizing.

Letters of approval are far more frequent than those of censure, for which Allah be praised.

Still, being more or less modest, we feel that this may be because we are being spared the worst. But we'd rather be helped than flattered any day, and your unvarnished criticisms or suggestions, regardless of our personal feelings will help.

And anyway, we have a passion for arguments and debates and there are always two sides (at least) to any question; for instance the following letters:

Home Products

Dear Editor:

I admit I took a lot of pleasure out of reading "Stalking the Celestial Goose" by Rees Barkalow in the February issue. At the same time I think Outdoor America should stick to stories about America's game. Most of us will never get a chance to hunt or fish outside of our own land, and why draw our attention to "greener meadows far away?" Maybe it's sour grapes on my part, but I wouldn't give a damn for the best sport in the world if it had to be gotten in a treeless country like China.

ROBERT JORDAN.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

More of It

Dear Editor:

The story of goose hunting in China in the February issue charmed me by its excellent style and its most interesting subject matter. It also deeply impressed me with the necessity for conserving America's game supply, her forests and her pure waters.

And it reminded me anew of the fine conservation work carried on through the pages of Outdoor America. Let's have more stories like this that give us valuable comparisons between our own wild life and that of other lands.

EDWARD MORLEY.

Lansing, Michigan.

Short But Sweet

Dear Editor:

I consider Outdoor America the best and cleanest magazine of its kind in the U. S. A.

T. J. FOX.

Artesia, New Mexico.

Just Wait!

Dear Editor:

I want to congratulate you upon the very marked improvement that is being made in your magazine. I think your March number is one of the best that Outdoor America has ever put out.

Yours very truly,

GEO. D. HAMILTON.

Detroit Lakes, Minn.

Fair Enough

Dear Editor:

I have just read your February issue and want to compliment you particularly on the attractive cover—just as strongly as I complained of the previous one of the boob hunter on it.

SUBSCRIBER.

Dowagiac, Michigan.

About Our Contributors

MACKINLAY KANTOR has written other stories and poems for OUTDOOR AMERICA, and as in his *Wrath of the Raped* in this issue, he deals always with the horror of pollution. He writes us, "biographically there's not much of importance to tell you about myself. Born in Iowa—my hobby from boyhood has been the collecting of butterflies and moths. I owe my first interest and tutelage in the outdoors to my mother. I am the author of *Diversey* and of another novel to be published next season and of innumerable verse and magazine short stories. The beautiful one of the pair in the snapshot herewith is my daughter, Layne, when she was getting one of her first tastes of the outdoors."

The cover this month is reproduced from a painting by **Frank Stick.**

OUTDOOR AMERICA has been privileged to run many a delightful cover by this old friend of the League and its magazine.

We have seen some of the original paintings themselves hanging on the walls of wealthy art lovers and unframed color prints of them adorning the cabins of trappers and guides. Frank Stick says of himself—"I have spent months at a stretch in the wilderness, but I never expect to have enough of it. If, in my pictures, I can visualize for kindred spirits some of the outdoor things I have seen and lived and loved, then I am well content."

Porter Wittich, *My Souvenirs*, has also appeared before in OUTDOOR AMERICA. He did a lot of literary work when he was at Notre Dame, has since been a reporter and special writer on several newspapers and is now sports editor of the Joplin, Missouri, Globe.

"And that's all there is to know about me," he says, "unless you'd care to know I am twenty-three, use the Vardon grip in golf, play mediocre bridge, write innumerable verses, smoke Lucky Strikes, have red hair and am unmarried."

Erle Kauffman, *Florida's Remnant of Frontierism*, who makes his first appearance in OUTDOOR AMERICA this month is widely known as a writer of short stories and articles on conservation. Still several years under thirty, he has been a civil engineer, an aviator, a newspaper reporter and a popular magazine writer.

Always the fate of our forests has haunted him. He is now living in Washington directing the educational work of the American Forestry Association. His slogan for conservation is, "Take all you need, but replace what you take."

He writes us, "I was born in Virginia, attended the University of California, was bitten by a rattlesnake in Arizona, had an ear frozen in British Columbia and was robbed of $12.40 in Mexico. I play a rotten game of golf, a worse game of bridge, but I can bring anything that has wings out of a tailspin, ride any horse I can saddle, and can tell a black bass from the way he strikes."

Arthur P. Wiesner, *A Modern Ulysses*, is also a newcomer to OUTDOOR AMERICA. In this biography of Ernest Untermann he has done a remarkable piece of work, condensing into 3000 words the enthralling account of 64 years of a life crammed and overflowing with vivid and thrilling adventures.

Mr. Wiesner is a graduate of Marquette University, former assistant sports editor on the Wisconsin News and now financial editor of the Milwaukee Leader. Incidentally, he is twenty-nine years old and unmarried.

We know all our readers will welcome the second appearance in the magazine of **Richard Rowland,** *Where—Why—What?* He has the all too rare gift of being able to write with practical instructiveness as well as entertainingly. He knows his outdoors and loves it, which means a straight trail into the hearts of OUTDOOR AMERICA'S readers.

Colonel Würdemann, *Tyee! Tyee!*, is a sportsman who has hunted and fished from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in Europe. He knows from personal contact and from a scientific standpoint the life habits of game animals, birds and fish. He has been for years horticultural experimenter for the Department of Agriculture. His family home of a whole acre in the heart of the city of Seattle is noted for its artistic planting of trees and shrubs. He has been commodore of the Seattle Yacht Club and his yacht "The Lady May" has won over large numbers of competitors. All this aside from being the author of several medical books and a speaker on National Defense and Political Economy subjects.

Grover C. McLaren, *He Spat on His Bait*, in his first story for OUTDOOR AMERICA proves the truth of what he writes us about himself—"my happiest hours are those spent in the woods and those spent living over my trips before a big wood fire at home."

Mr. McLaren is a Harvard graduate and a prominent Chicago lawyer. He says he has been a water rat ever since he was knee high to a Mississippi mud cat and that he spent the happiest days of his boyhood with a pole and line on the old Kaskaskia. With the family, comprising Mrs. McLaren and three boys, respectively twelve, ten and seven years, he spends much time each year on canoe and camping trips in the north woods and in Canada.

Howard J. Wood, *The "Ghost" of Mrs. Spooner*, continues this month his amusing adventures of Satrun and Monsoon. Joseph C. Northrup, Roger M. Newcomb, Gene Frey Sensenig, Dabney Otis Collins, August Burghard, Jr., and Beatrice Chapel are appearing for the first time in this issue.

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Trouting in Early Spring

QUIXOTIC APRIL

The fickleness of April weather is proverbial; today, soft winds and sunshine; tomorrow, showers and fog; the day after, cold winds and falling snow. Always a meadow-lark calling through the blinding flakes—"Spring"!

YOUR confirmed disciple of Izaak Walton is perforce a trout fisherman, for how otherwise can he appreciate the world famous book of that early disciple of the gentle art? Frankly, there is no fishing comparable to trout-fishing. I am not thinking now of battling with great speckled beauties, lordly rainbows, mighty browns or wild cutthroats. Instead I have in mind following some whimsical, meandering brooklet, the home of small trout. Just aimlessly following an idly meandering trout stream is in itself a wonderful occupation for these days when "the old Spring Fret comes o'er us." One may or may not take fish, for the taking of fish is incidental. I had almost as soon fish in the tree-tops as in the creek itself. Oh, I take fish, more than my share of fish probably, just because I regard the catching of them as incidental. As I have said before, taking trout is like capturing happiness: pursue it for itself and it escapes you, but forget it in the joy of living and lo, you have it. Puzzle over that!

Yes, I do fish with worms, not because trout will not take flies on the first of May when the season is a bit forward, but because I generally elect to fish streams so small and brush-tangled that flecking a counterfeit presentment is an utter impossibility. Be it said, however, that I regard artificial flies with disfavor early in the season when ice and snow abound, though the expert and discerning angler can make shift to fool the wily beauties now and then. Frankly I am unable to see why the man who fishes with a worm is not just as true a sportsman as the one who uses the most artful of counterfeit presentments, providing he is a sportsman at heart. I like the daring of Bliss Perry's little classic, "Fishing With A Worm." Why not, pray? It's not your tackle, it's *you!* Who will assert Izaak Walton is not as true a sportsman where he says: "And now I shall show you how to bait your hook with a worm, so as to prevent you from much trouble," going on to explain the modus operandi of worming; or, further along in the same chapter when he promises, "I shall now give you some directions for fly-fishing," and does. The great kindly heart of him, his instinctive love of fair play, forever kept him a true sportsman.

I do not vary my tackle one iota when worming from that which I employ fly-fishing, save of course in terminal paraphernalia. When the creeklet is untowardly brushy and snaggy, as is often the character of such streams, I dispense with a leader entirely, substituting therefor a long snelled hook. Mind you, the hook must always be large enough to prevent the small trout from "coming to great harm and hurt." I rather enjoy watching the little fellows as they crowd around my baited hook, tugging and pulling at the worm, knowing full well they are securing a delicious meal without much labor. To my way o' thinking, he who begrudges the small trout a few feeds of carefully "scoured" worms shall be a wee bit penurious. Do you know, I have a feeling that small trout come to expect me with my bait-box of squirmers? "Foolish?" Certainly, but he who does not succumb to what you term "foolishness" in the Spring is too phlegmatic to pack his tackle in my fishing-outfit.

I have come to the use of the fly-rod almost exclusively in all my trouting. Obviously when fishing a tangled-banked, snaggy-bottomed brooklet I do not essay the use of my 2½ ounce split-bamboo; that would be suicidal, though employing it on a broad, open stream is delightful. I have never broken it. Rather than suffer that catastrophe I would sever my line and let the trout escape. For the difficult brook I use my 5½ or 6 ounce fly-rod, 8½ feet long, a bit sturdy, a bit stiff, so that if needs must I can upon occasion lift a goodly fish right out by main strength and awkwardness. Always my regulation, single action fly-reel. As to the line, well, that is not so tremendously important so long as it is well made and perfectly enamelled, but I am guilty now and then of using a double-tapered, just because I somehow imagine it handles better even in worming.

As to the bait, well, I am not so particular, even if father Izaak does talk about "scouring" them, and many of his followers today still resort to the practice. Worms properly colored by judicious feeding may perhaps prove more tempting to the sly beauties of our cold brooklets, but I can always get a brace or two of good fish with "vermes a la Nature," and what more can any angler want. Four goodish fish satisfy me these days, one to cook by the s t r e a m's side while the birds sing, three to carry home with me at the close of day to prove to my better two-thirds that I have not entirely wasted the golden hours. I'll take that back, the first day along a spring brooklet is never wasted even if no fish come to the bait.

After having said all I have in praise of and defense of worm-fishing, the reader may be a bit surprised to have me devote a paragraph or two to fly-fishing, but fly-fishing is to angling, any sort of angling, what Heaven was in St. John's eyes. There is nothing to compare with it in all the many outdoor sports. Trout fishing with flies is the poetry of angling, the most thrilling, the most satisfying of all ichthyic pastimes. When so situated that handling the counterfeit presentments on Opening Day is at all possible, by all means employ them. I had rather take two trout on artificial flies, than a basket-full on worms. As I have been saying over and over again, it is not the taking of fish but the art required to take them, that renders angling the attractive and entrancing sport it is.

"O. W." on opening day on a Wisconsin trout stream.

WEBER

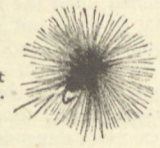
No-c-um Camouflaged Leader

(Patented)

Striped in two translucent tones — practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved success. Best gut, triple tested. Trout, bass and salmon sizes: 1 to 3 yds. level or tapered. 2 yd. level, 5-lb. test 50¢ ea. Doz. $5.50. Other sizes priced proportionately.

"Aklenat"

Early season, dry. Quickest drying. Rides extra high. Dozen, $2.25.



One-U

Spinner-and-fly built in a single unit. Non-fouling. Spinner sizes, 1 and 2, 12 fly patterns. 35¢ each.

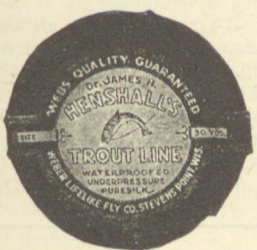
Hair Fly

(Popular Effective)

All hair, in standard fly patterns. Trout sizes, Doz. $2.75; Bass, $4.20.

Vacuum Dressed Line

Most satisfactory made. No kinks. Dressed through and through, highest quality. Brown. 100 ft.



LEVEL
C— $5.00
D— 4.50
E— 4.00
F— 3.75

HCH, $10.00 Double Taper HDH, $9.00 HEH, $8.00

Weber's Wet Fly

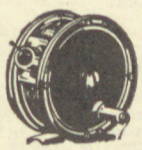
Matched flat wing; natural taper hackle

Expert design. Standard sizes and patterns. Dozen $2.00.

Henshall Fly Reel

Large Capacity Perfect Balance

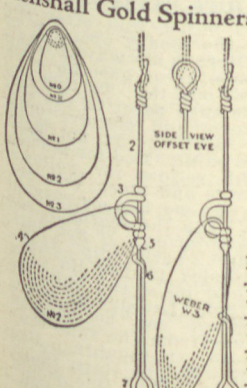
Exclusive design — perfection from every standpoint. $5 ea.



Fan Wing Dry

Delicate 2-Tone wing shadings Natural forms. Sizes 6-8-10. 25¢. Dozen, $3.00.

Henshall Gold Spinners Actual Sizes



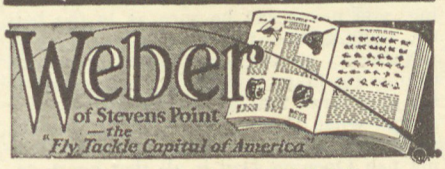
Henshall Gold Plated Spinners

No. 0 Standard ..... each 25¢.
No. 11 Colorado ..... each 25¢.
No. 1 Standard ..... each 25¢.
No. 2 Standard ..... each 35¢.
No. 3 Standard ..... each 35¢.
No. W 3 Willow Leaf ..... each 50¢.
Asst. one each of above on card.....$2.00

WEBER

Get it Now — New 1929 FLY TACKLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

showing over 300 flies and lures in natural color. Fly casting instructions, etc.



25¢ Fly Free and NEW 68 Page Color Catalog —NOT Free

YOU must send 25¢ and dealer's name for this book showing Weber flies, tackle and "lifelike" luring novelties—many plates in full color—valuable hints on casting. Besides all standard patterns, this book features tackle especially for American style fly-fishing, including ALL fresh water game fish as well as trout! The sport-seeker's biggest quarter's-worth but you get your 25¢ back *twice:* we credit you 25¢ on the first order from catalog and send you a *25¢ fly free.*

Or simpler—slip in a dollar bill for $1.00 in goods and get catalog and extra fly free.

Whiskerbug Weedless *(with or without)* Spinner

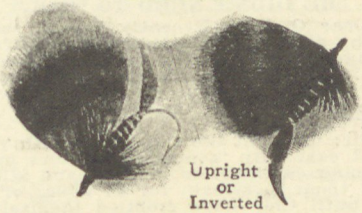
In a class by itself. Never been beaten for big fish of all species. Deer tail, in striped pattern. A weedless wonder usable anywhere — and they can't let it alone. 12 patterns. Sizes 4, 2, 1/10. Plain 60¢. Doz. $7.20. With non-fouling spinner; each 75¢. Doz. $9.

Weber's Lifelike Dry

(All Patterns)

Highest expert work; perfect to nature; best action. Hollow point hook; down-turned eye. Dozen, $2.75.

Bass Flies

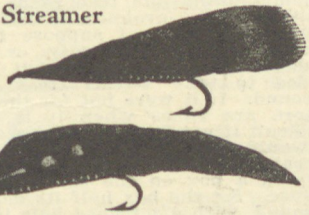


Upright or Inverted

Permasheen, Doz. $2.40 Kleerwill, Doz. $3.00
St. Croix, Doz. $4.50 Walton, Doz. $6.00

Long's Streamer Flies

Hair and Feather Patterns Each, 50¢.



Attention—Bait Casters

Line up with the times. Add the *easy* art of fly casting to your bag of tricks. More sport—more fish—and the BIG ones! Every species that takes bait or plugs will hit the fly and Weber tells you how to do the trick. Write Weber for Special Starting Offer, personal selection of tackle and full fly casting instructions.

"If Weber Makes It—a Fish Takes It"

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
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Also Operating
FROST FISHING TACKLE CO. *(Est. 1896)*
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Patronize your local dealer. If he cannot supply you we will.
Address P. O. Box 1830, Stevens Point, Wis.

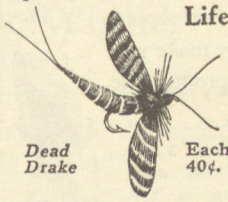
WEBER

Straintest Leader

(Finest "Selecta" Gut)

Super value. All sizes. Half dozen in round carrying box with moistener—Level: Trout, 6 ft., $2.25; Bass, 4½ ft., $2.25; Salmon, 9 ft., $7.50. Dry Fly Tapered: 7½ ft., $3.50 per box. All other sizes and weights proportionately priced.

Lifelike "Drake" Flies



Dead Drake Each 40¢. *Live Drake*

Exceptionally perfect imitations in true-to-nature colors of gray, brown, green or black drakes—both live and dead stages. Sizes 6, 8, 10.

Aklebug

Luscious insect tid-bit. Sure luring and hooking. Casts, alights and lifts like down. 12 patterns. Trout sizes 4 to 10, 60¢. Bass sizes, 65¢.

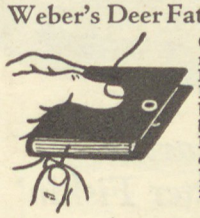
True "Henshall" Fly Lure

Made and acts like a fuzzy bug. Drops like down; picks up without strain. No hard body to interfere with hooking. Inspired and recommended by Dr. Henshall, renowned fish authority. 12 patterns. Trout sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 at 65¢. each; bass sizes, 2, 1/0, 3/0, each 75¢.

Dri-A-Fli-Or-Line

Handiest little gadget ever in your kit, 2 x 3 in. leather book, prepared leaves. Dries and dry-compounds fly; dresses line with deer fat at a finger pinch. $1.00.

Weber's Deer Fat Line Dressing Book



Genuine deer fat saturated in felt pages of leather covered book. Floats line. Indispensable for dry fly—fine for bait casting. Preserves line, prevents picking up of water. The slickest little gadget ever tucked in your kit. 50¢.

Autograph

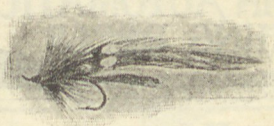
(Comb. Wet or Dry Cocked Wing)

Artfully made for all-around success. All standard patterns. Dozen, $1.75.

Try This Dragonakle

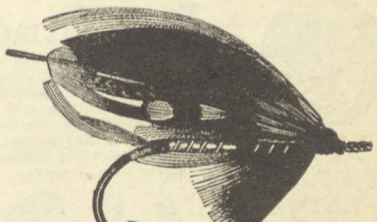
A lifelike fooler for Rainbow, Browns, Bass, Croppies. 6 Nature colors in feather and bucktail. No. 2 hook, 75¢.

Cain River Salmon



Strictly American — has a killing record. 6 assorted patterns on card. Single hook, $3.60 card. Double hook, $4.50 card.

Man-tied Salmon Flies



Genuine Scotch workmanship, absolutely true to pattern all sizes. Priced according to size and pattern.

WEBER

MIN-NIX

THE good things Min-nix users say about them sound like such tall stories we hesitate to put them in type. Give the fish a chance to strike at Min-nix and maybe you will understand. Your tackle shop should display them. If they make you send to us they lose profit. Ask for leaflet.

Metal crab shown, 5/8 oz., 3 in., cast or troll, bass, pickerel, muskies, 5/0 O'Shaughnessy or 1/0 treble. Bright nickel, yellow, oxidized bronze, red and white. Assorted Bucktails. $1.00 ea. postpaid.

MIN-NIX
739 Clinton Ave. So.
Rochester, N. Y.

A Martin Makes Better Fishin'

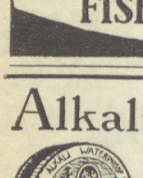
THIS light, swift, automatic reel frees you forever from the bother and annoyance of cranking. You spend fishin' time fishin'—not undoing snarls. Gives perfect control of line at all times. There is a Martin for every purpose.

Your dealer will gladly show you the complete line of Martin Automatic Reels. Prices $4.50 to $12. Or, write for our free booklet illustrating all Martin models.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL CO., INC.
400 Main St. Mohawk, N. Y.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REELS

Alkali Waterproof Silk Lines



The best Black W. P. Silk line made. Strength, yardage and prompt delivery guaranteed. Write for our catalogue of lines for every purpose. We do not claim to make the cheapest, but we do claim to make the best.

PILOT BRAND LINES

No.	Test	Price per 100 Yds.
7	14	$2.86
6	18	3.23
5	23	3.94
4	28	4.30

Postage 10c Extra

THE BEVIN WILCOX LINE CO.
Dept. O. A. EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

For early fishing, on the streams resorted to by me, I think the Royal Coachman has proven high fly, though there have been Opening Days and streams when and where counterfeit presentments akin to Ginger Quill have proven more attractive. And that is one of the attractivities of fly-fishing, you never can be sure as to the best fly. The dyed-in-the-wool fly-man may in time weary of changing flies, but he will change for hours without protest, certain in his own mind that at last he will stumble upon "what they want." With a wide, open stream, lambent skies, and a few feeding fish Opening Day is all that heart desires. Do not think that all depends upon the color of the fly, more depends upon your ability to place the lure where and how it should be placed. Watching anglers sometimes I am not surprised that they are seldom called upon to use their landing-nets. Once one has been initiated into the cult he will know instinctively just where feeding fish will lie, and his lure will be placed accurately and naturally.

One would imagine, from reading some articles upon fly-fishing, that the secret of success lies in the use of proper tackle, and while there is no gainsaying the value of it, still the ability of the fisherman to read the signs of the stream and place his feathers as they should be placed is of greater moment. Time and again, some companion has asked, upon observing some peculiar cast or other on my part, "Just why did you do that?" Often I am unable to reply more intelligently than by merely saying, "Because it is the right thing to do." Why it was the right thing I could not say. Probably I do not *think* over the matter, reason it out as well as I should, and indeed, I am unable to explain it. A fly-fisherman may be born not made, but he can be improved upon.

When the season is forward a bit, streams low and clear, weather warm and lambent, small and unemphatic flies will prove the most taking; but if, as usual, streams are high, a bit roily, the weather chill and unsatisfactory, larger flies, those of more striking coloration should be employed. Always the locality plays an important part, why I am not altogether sure, not half so certain as I was a few years ago. I used to think the taking pattern depended upon the natural insect, and ideally that is true, but so often in the early season I have found some nondescript, flamboyant pattern, "high fly," that I have come to take what the gods provide with thanksgiving, though utterly unreasonable. Yes, more depends upon where and how the fly is placed, than upon the fly itself. The man possessed of skill, who knows, will do better work with a poor fly than will the novice with a supposedly taking fly. Then always there is the adventitious fish, the monster that comes to the tyro's lure without any reason, upsetting all our calculations and theories.

And it is not the catching of fish, the use of proper tackle, the ability to handle it which matters so tremendously after all. The thing of utmost import is to get out into God's out o' doors when the law says you may, and just lave in freedom. If you can not become so enamoured of the witching environment of a spring trout stream that you will forget all about fish and fishing, something was left out in your make up. I like to take fish as well as any man. At noon, with a single trout, I can kindle a little fire hard by the banks of some purling brook, boil my kettle and fry my fish, and be supremely content. That is the joy I wish you for Opening Day.

Ask "Outdoor" Smith Your Outdoor Questions

HE DIDN'T NEED TO "ESK."

Dear O. W.: Recently I read something about scouring worms, how, if the wrigglers were put in moss they would be improved in color. It was a new one to me. How about it? Where should one keep 'em?—C. C. A., Penna.

Sir: You hit the right spot with your first cast. By "scouring" anglers mean placing earthworms in moss and allowing them to remain for 24 hours or so, or until they have emptied themselves. The color of worms can be changed by feeding judiciously. Some anglers place them in sand and feed them with sour milk or coffee-grounds, so coloring them up wonderfully. I suppose I shall be tried for ichthyic heresy, or whatever the proper expression is, but I am satisfied to take worms fresh from the ground. If it were not for the fact that there are times when it is extremely difficult if not impossible to secure them, I would never build a "wormarium," but because it is, I like to have a good supply in a box on the shady side of the house. Set the box half its depth in the ground, with a screened hole in the bottom to allow escape of superfluous moisture. Fill with rich garden earth to a level with the ground outside. Good idea to put a small sod in the bottom before filling. Have a cover for it of course, a screened cover. Feed sparingly and keep moist.—O. W.

IS IT SECOND CHILDHOOD OR REAL WISDOM?

Dear O. W.: 'Way back in old Jimmy Buchanan's administration, when a boy of ten, I experienced many a thrill fishing off the old Erie Canal at the mouth of the Beaver River where it empties into the Ohio. We fished then with a pole and line and I had never seen a reel, and knew nothing about a jointed rod: today I have a modern outfit, reel and rod which they tell me is O. K. Now I want one of your books, the one that tells me how to cast, for having plenty of leisure I am going to try and be a boy again. You send that book along pronto. I have been reading your articles in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and enjoy every one of them. I turn to your "Note Book" the first thing when the magazine arrives, for it is "my" department too. But send that book!—J. W. C., Tex.

Sir: Am glad to get your letter. Certainly those were the real days, those old days. Boys are not what they used to be and never were. I can remember fishing for bullheads with a long pole and line, before a rod or reel were thought of in our locality, and, O boy, what a kick I got out of it. I sure hope that now you have leisure to play you will find that the old zest is yours again, and that you catch fish a-plenty though you and I know, it is not the fish but the fishing that counts. Let me hear from you as to how you come out.—O. W.

HELP, HE'S DYEING!

Dear O. W.: I notice that often you are asked as to the modus operandi of feather-dyeing. Here is my way of doing it. Put a teaspoonful of gasoline in a butter-dish or pill-box lid. To this add a lump of artist's tube paint to the size of a grain of corn, and dissolve until the color is in solution. If not dark enough, add more paint. Red for scarlet, pink, etc., bright yellow for yellows, etc., black for grays and black, etc., etc. Different shades can be had by mixing colors, of course. Dip the feathers, one at a time, in the solution. If not dark enough after first bath, dip again. Punch some pin-holes in the lid of a pasteboard box, and place the quills of the feathers therein. Let dry 24 hours or so. The feathers can be handled within half an hour from the time they are dyed, but dry thoroughly. One should experiment with the tints, which in itself is very interesting. One should mix up solutions in all colors beforehand, and keep in bottles with screw-tops, thus the dye will be ready whenever wanted. I am sending you some samples of my work, 10 minutes after dyeing. The spotting was done with a

tooth-pick dipped in the colors and applied over the ground-shade. There are endless variations one may employ.—H. G. B., Calif.

Sir: As has been said, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." One never knows how permanent the results of his dyeing until he has tried out the feathers in actual fishing. I have experimented quite at length in dyeing, using various dyes, and with varying success. I have found that the secret of permanency other than dyes used—lies in thorough pre-washing, getting out all the natural oils before immersing in dye. The advantage of your method is in its simplicity, and I am sure our readers will be grateful to you. The samples sent are wonderfully delicate and beautiful. —O. W.

DO MOTOR BOATS DISTURB SPAWNING BASS?

Dear O. W.: I should like to have your opinion as to whether or not motor-boats, out-boards, etc., disturb bass upon their spawning beds? I have watched a great deal of late, and I have known a male bass—I am told he is the family nurse—to leave his numerous family when a motor passed too close for his comfort and not return for three hours. I should like to know how you feel about this.—A. P. J., Colo.

Sir: In answer to your recent communciation would say, you have put your finger upon a very vital matter, the protection of bass, and other fish, when upon their spawning beds. There is no question but that the modern "kicker" does drive many a bass from the beds, even to the extent of abandoning the immature fish, I suspect. It would be extremely wise if our state game commissions, or whatever the board that has jurisdiction, would have a survey made, locating all spawning-grounds and closing them to motor traffic for a period to extend well over the time of spawning. The time will come when this will be done, perhaps closing certain sections of various lakes at all times to motors and other disturbing causes. We have a long way to travel yet in "these United States" before we reach the place where we will treat our fish problem seriously, but we are making headway.—O. W.

GOSH, HE EMBALMS HIS CRICKETS!

Dear O. W.: Might I offer a suggestion to the man who wants to know how to catch bluegills, or rather how to prevent the fish from stealing his 'hoppergrasses. I am an embalmer by profession and a dubb fisherman. I stumbled on the following, and it works. Catch your grasshoppers or crickets and place them in a long necked bottle, or any receptacle that will hold liquid. Get 4 ounces 40% embalming fluid and turn it on the 'hoppers, keeping them submerged 3 or 4 hours, at the end of which time they will be as tough as leather but unchanged in color. I find that insects from different localities respond differently to this treatment. Should your grasshoppers appear darker after treatment, use 4 ounces of the fluid, 1 ounce glycerine and 4 ounces water. I think your correspondent will find this a solution of his problem.—L. F. B., Mich.

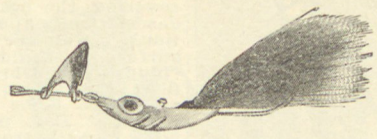
Sir: Embalming crickets sounds a wee bit odd, but I am sure it will work. I have tried various hardening methods, none of which have proved entirely satisfactory, but I have no doubt yours will. Presume it would work as satisfactorily for 'hoppergrasses, when one wanted to carry a supply in behind the beyond on a hard trek. We learn one new thing every day. I am sure this "tip" will bring out other suggestions from our readers. Let's make this department a sort of clearing-ground for our best angling information.—O. W.

HERE'S A PUZZLE FOR YOU

Dear O. W.: Can you give me some dope as to how to take bass from a deserted quarry-hole which is uniformly deep and the fishing must be done from the shore in the absence of any boat? I am a dub, you see, so don't be too technical.—F. A. W., Mass.

Sir: It is exceedingly difficult to answer you fully and intelligently, there are so many elements entering into your problem, elements to be known only after careful investigation. Perhaps the publication of your question in OUTDOOR AMERICA will bring answers from anglers who are familiar with your

Here's Al's Latest!



The Dixie Wiggler

$1.00

(As used with AL. FOSS *Bucktail Streamer, with or without pork rind)*

IN twelve years in the tackle business, the word today goes, that "Al. Foss has never yet sprung a 'dud'!"

That's some record! And one that I'm proud of—and will go the absolute limit to maintain.

And now that I've won a sort of reputation, I'm not going to be crazy enough to bring out any lure that I don't *know* is right.

The Dixie is *Right!*

I know the Dixie is a fish-getter, because I've tried it out myself—and my many friends have given it a thorough work-out—in all kinds of waters and weathers.

Anglers know fish are usually in the weeds and other inaccessible places. So-called "weedless" lures usually have wire guards to ward off the weeds—and the fish get warded off, too!

In designing the Dixie we have solved the weed problem by providing a spinner that cuts its way through the weeds, making a clear passage for the hook. This leaves the hook open for effectively hooking the striking fish.

Another feature of the Dixie is that the "pull" when retrieving is strong enough to keep the line taut at all times—more effectively hooking the striking fish.

The Dixie casts right to the spot like a bullet!

All brass, nickel plated, or natural finish if ordered. No. 13—weight ⅝ oz., 3/0 hook; larger or smaller hooks on request. Hook detachable, Red Bucktail standard equipment. Can be had in white, yellow, orange, brown and black.

5 Ways to Use the Dixie Wiggler

Just as received with Bucktail Fly.

Same as No. 1 with Fly Rod Pork Rind on curve of Hook.

Same No. 1 with Bass Pork Rind on curve of Hook.

Same as No. 1 with Pork Rind impaled on Hook and buttoned to center Button.

With Bass Pork Rind impaled on Hook and buttoned to center Button.

45c—Bass Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

Foss Colored Bucktail Streamer
Various combinations furnished when ordered, suitable for Dixie Wiggler. Solid colors 1/0, 3/0, 4/0, 5/0, 6/0. Red, Brown, Yellow, Black, Orange and White.

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Insist on only the genuine, recognized by this distinctive bottle, for use on all pork rind minnows.

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Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnows

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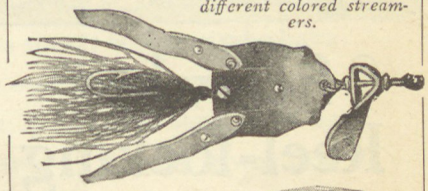
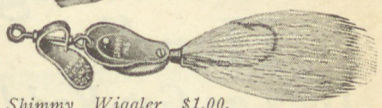
These proven Foss lures will get fish for you!

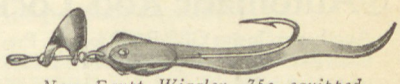
Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—½ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.



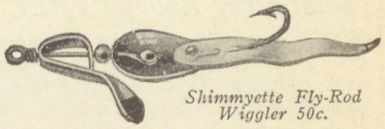


Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish — different colored streamers.

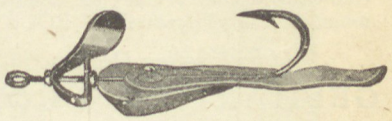
Oriental Wiggler, $1.00 ½ or ⅝ oz. Black & White, Yellow & White or Red & White



New Egypt Wiggler, 75c equipped with new spinner. Weight ½ oz.



Shimmyette Fly-Rod Wiggler 50c.



Jazz Wiggler 50c. ½ or ⅝ oz.

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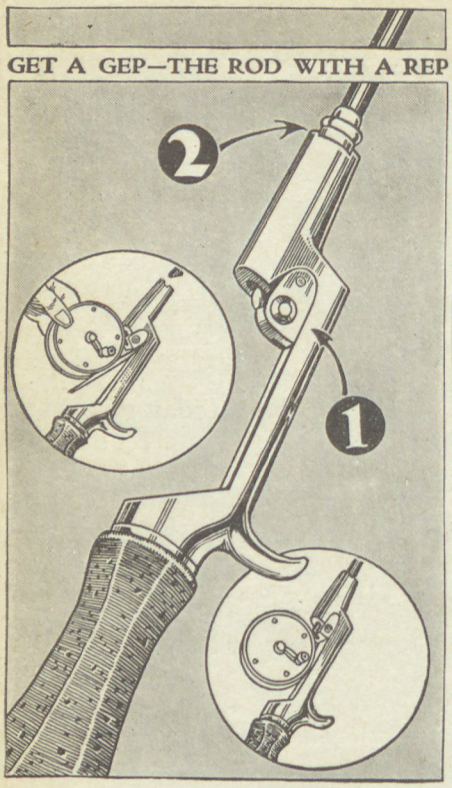

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section. The taking of bass from pits, such as you evidently know, may be something of a problem, depending upon food conditions. On the face of it, the suggestion is live-bait. You say you must needs cast from the shore, and covering the water with lures of any description is apparently out of the question. If you see the fish feeding on the surface, it would seem that the regular "plugs" would bring results, as artificial flies might if you can conceal yourself, and have some skill with the fuzzy-wuzzies. But, perhaps, live-bait—minnows, small frogs and earth-worms—fished deep on the shady side would be most likely to result favorably.—O. W.

HE KNOWS HOW TO GET 'EM

Dear O. W.: I read with interest letter on bluegill fishing in Feb. OUTDOOR AMERICA. I have fished for these babies in the lakes of northern Indiana, and in Michigan, for a good many years, using a long fly-rod or an 8 or 10 foot steel. There is as good or better sport catching the larger ones, from 8 to 10 inches, than there is in fishing for black bass when they are not striking readily. If our friend will equip himself with some small trout hooks, tied with any sort of trout fly, the darker colors being a bit more to my liking, using the Jamison or some other barbless hook, he will have great sport. In fishing, he should anchor off a weed-bed and fish in water 10 to 30 feet deep, using big black crickets for bait, impaling them on his fly-hooks. He will get the big ones if there are any there. I have caught any number of fish on angle worms, but worms do not attract the big ones that the crickets do. Most people fail in their blue gill fishing because they do not fish deep enough, and use too large hooks. I prefer to fish without a float, using sinker only heavy enough to take the bait down promptly. The best time for the fishing is from 4 or 5 o'clock in the evening until dark.—J. F. H., Ind.

Sir: What you say of the black cricket as a bluegill bait is of interest, and you will be interested I am sure in another letter just to hand, which suggests **embalming** the crickets to make them last longer. Naturally this suggestion comes from an undertaker. Letter is published in this issue. I have never found it possible to coax the bluegills to the surface with artificial flies, when feeding deep, but when near the surface I have had wonderful sport, using an exceedingly light fly-rod. I am gathering all my live-bait material together in preparation of a volume on the question which I hope soon to publish.—O. W.

A FISHING STORY?

Angler's Child, late at night: "Tell me a story, Mother?"

Mother: "Wait a little while, dear, and your father will be here and tell us both one."

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

ANOTHER REPLY TO MR. PETERS

AS a younger angler devoted to the science of angling, the writer is interested in the constructive suggestions as offered for consideration by Mr. Otto L. Peters in the January number of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

He is of the belief that progress towards more successful tournaments in the future lies in a great measure in the elimination of all events that do not contribute useful teaching technique for practical angling, in the elimination of as much expensive equipment as possible, and in reducing the number of events to the more practical ones.

To increase greater interest in our events, either in club, state or national events, the writer takes this opportunity of offering for consideration a program of the more popular events as follows:

First Day, Thursday:
- Dry Fly Accuracy.
- Dry Fly Accuracy, Unknown.

Second Day, Friday:
- ½ Oz. Accuracy Bait.
- ½ Oz. Distance Bait.

Third Day, Saturday:
- ⅝ Oz. Distance Bait, Unrestricted line.
- ⅝ Oz. Accuracy Bait.

A three day schedule of events offers the contestant the opportunity of returning home on a Sunday and thus avoids breaking into another week. In my opinion, such a standardized program of popular events offers the most encouragement for our contestants to enter the All-Around, whereby, the association revenues will be greatly increased. With a standardized program as above, a contestant can enter the All-Around equipped with just three rods, viz., one for the accuracy bait, one for distance bait, and one for the fly events. On the other hand, one combination free spool and geared reel would answer the purpose for use in casting all four of the bait events. Last but not least, the one fly rod, reel and line is sufficient for casting both fly events.

Targets: In my opinion, the contestants would make better scores if the target for the one-half ounce accuracy bait were placed at the following feet: 65-70-75-80-85. Because of lack of control, especially in invariable winds, beyond 85 feet is impossible.

Weights: The three-eighths ounce weight will never supersede the present weights in use, because the half ounce rod generally in use today, is a little too heavy, and our quarter ounce rod, on the other hand, is a little too light for good casting with a three-eighths ounce weight.

Accuracy, Distance and Salmon Fly Events: Since none of these events can be considered as popular games, why burden the majority of contestants with events in which only the small minority take part. These events require expensive equipment, and do more to retard the development of the sport, because, on account of the lack of time and the facilities to practice these games, they will never be popular with the majority. The majority of the casters are not interested in these events, because they offer nothing whatever in science or technique which would be of benefit in actual fly casting on streams, therefore, they then can be considered of little importance, and could just as well be eliminated from our programs of events for all times.

Fred N. White.

For this series of My Favorite Fly, I have been casting on many streams and with many kinds of lures in order to land the opinion of a certain famous angler and Waltonian. I angled long and patiently without success until recently I caught my unwary victim when he was ready to bite —just before a Walton dinner—and here is the result.

Can you recognize him? One of the "Original Fifty-Four," perennial Secretary of the Chicago Chapter, former Vice President of the League, he is a noted fisherman. He is pictured here on the banks of the Gunnison. Ask him to tell you the "Tiger" story. No man can tell it better. Obviously his name would be superfluous.
F. J. L.

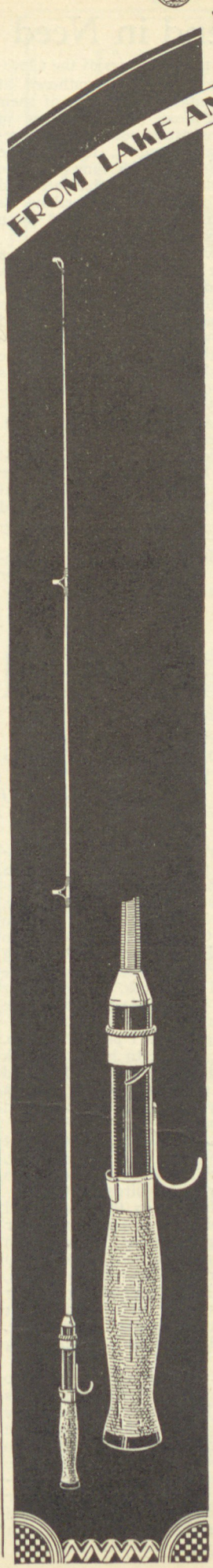
MY FAVORITE FLY

I CANNOT say that I am tied to any one pattern of trout fly, my preference being for the one the trout like best when I go fishing. Of a dozen or more different patterns used the past season, probably I scored heaviest with a gold-bodied Cahill with Golden Pheasant topping and a McGinty with grey squirrel-tail "wings."

My preference of bass flies runs to the various squirrel and bucktail creations with a very strong leaning towards a particular one of my own tying: tag, gold—tail, red and white bucktail—body, lemon colored chenille ribbed with gold twist—hackle, red overlaid with black—wings, red, white and black bucktail in the order named, white predominating—head, red—tied on round bend long shank hooks, numbers one and two, thin wire. A few bucktails and two or three Webb's Floaters outfit me for a day with the small mouths.

Although I usually have a portly fly-book or partitioned box in each pocket of my old coat when at the stream side, I seldom find time to try out the wonderful creations I have selected or fabricated with such pleasurable anticipations. When the long day is done, the flies I sometimes find drying their wings upon my rubber-tube hat band are Cahill, McGinty, Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear, Wickham's Fancy, Queen of the Waters, Hackles, black, grey and brown, Bucktails, white and brown, Squirrel tails, grey and red.

And if I fish my favorite fly
Sometimes wet and sometimes dry
Is quite my own affair, say I.



FROM LAKE AND STREAM COME TALES OF A

Wonderful ROD

Wherever sportsmen gather on lake or stream, you hear tales of a wonderful rod.

They describe its marvelous action in playing large and heavy fish; how it yields to every rush without once relaxing a firm and steady pull. Its softness and delicacy in casting are reported as taking away half the strain and effort of this strenuous sport; and men who have put in three and four years of heavy work with a single rod state it is as straight and true as the day it was first unpacked.

The reason is simply this: here is a rod of basic excellence. It is forged in one piece of finest rapier steel, tempered and balanced as surely as a surgeon's tool and finished and fitted with painstaking care. It has no awkward stiff spots to spoil its perfect action.

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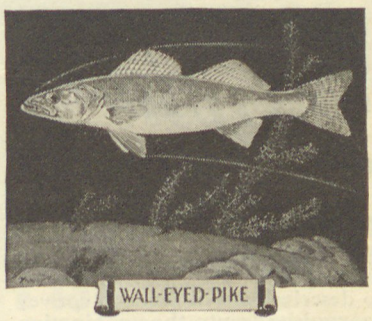
The Trophy. Forged and tempered steel. Spiral locking reel band and finger hook. Finished in black enamel; agate guide and tip top. $9.00 at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us. Other True Temper Rods from $5.00 to $15.00. Catalog Free on request.



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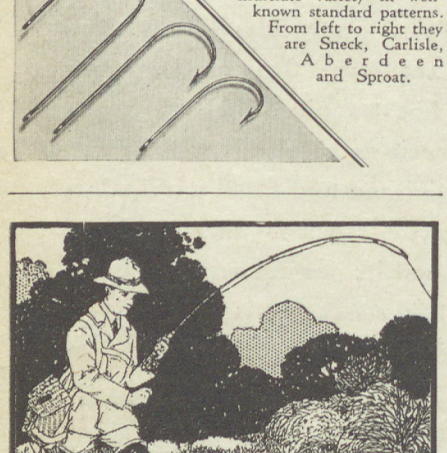
The Mustad Hooks shown illustrate variety in well-known standard patterns. From left to right they are Sneck, Carlisle, Aberdeen and Sproat.



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Write for Catalog

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
522 Roberts St. Utica, N. Y.

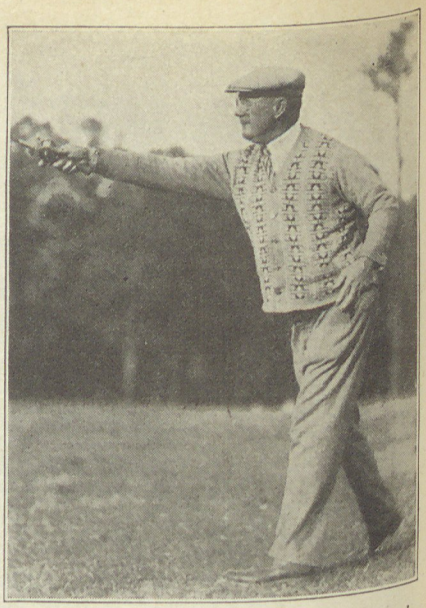
A Friend in Need

IN the fall of 1921 members of the Cleveland Casting Club were gathered at their annual banquet at the home of their genial host, Al Foss (whose picture in graceful distance casting pose appears herewith). After the banquet, followed the business meeting, at which time we were officially advised by Al, who had attended the National Tournament at Portland, as our representative, that we had been awarded the 1922 tournament.

As our club was a small one, and with a treasury at the low ebb of about $3.89. grave doubts arose as to the success of the venture. We therefore questioned Al as to whether or not he had applied for and accepted the tournament at a time when the Johnny Walker Club was having one of its most reckless flings. Assuring us that such was not the case and that he remembered everything distinctly, we concluded "Now that we have the tournament, let us do our best!"

Finances were first discussed and Al made the very liberal and generous offer of pledging an amount equal to the total pledges of all the members. Rest assured it took us but a short time to make a substantial increase in our treasury.

This same offer has been made and accepted for the 1929 tournament and our financial worries are already behind us.



Our best wish for Al is that he may win in the 1929 National distance bait events and that the Gods of Distance will be as generous to him as he has been to the Cleveland Casting Club.

A. A. Trimble,
Cleveland Casting Club.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Sketches by John D. Webber

I HAVE always enjoyed fishing, but, until recently, the question of bait has never troubled me ever since my first fishing excursion, when, as a very small boy, I was taken to a little creek in Western Kansas to fish. On this trip my sister, two years younger than I, was wheeled along in her baby carriage by the girl in charge who also baited my hook. I remember how ravenously those little fish bit at the hook baited with bacon, and how deliciously they wriggled as I pulled them in. But alas! when I went to have my hook rebaited, I found that the bacon which had been left in the perambulator had all been devoured by my hungry little sister and the whole day spoiled.

I used to consider fishing a sport that was to be enjoyed from early in the spring, when the buds of the trees commenced to burst and the first blue birds arrived, until late in the fall, when the leaves had fallen and the birds gone on their winter journey. I thought that the fishing season was dependent on the ground warming up so that I could dig worms. Like all boys, I boasted that I didn't mind digging or handling worms, but secretly I didn't greatly enjoy putting them on the hook. There was another reason for not liking angleworms.

One summer a small circus came to town. For days and days the other boys planned to go, but I was the minister's son, and such forms of amusement were denied me. From afar I viewed the parade and listened to the band. When the crowd entered the tent I went to the swimming hole. But with no boys to splash or duck, and no one to throw mud at and no clothes to tie in wet knots, there was no zest to it.

I wandered back to the circus ground. Back of a tent a man clad in a suit of tights dyed to resemble a huge serpent was practicing his act as a contortionist. I watched him for a few moments and then gave vent to my unbounded admiration. In the strictest confidence he gave me the great secret of his profession. To become limber all I had to do was to rub my joints at bedtime with a very special oil made by putting a quantity of angleworms in a bottle and placing in the hot sun to dry out the oil. When properly rubbed with this ointment you became supple enough to perform the most difficult feats.

My disappointment at not being able to see the show was forgotten in the possession of this wonderful secret. I found a large bottle and filled it with choice specimens. I followed the directions to the letter, but when anointed with this magic oil I found that my friends avoided me. My family made remarks about the odor when I was near. I could not stand it myself, and alas, I could not bend a bit better after the treatment. Fishing with angleworms for bait always brought to mind this unfortunate experience.

Besides, the procuring of live bait takes too much time. On hot dry days I have had to wander far and wide and dig in many places before I found one damp and cool enough to supply worms. I have carried minnow pail and seine through many thickets where my face and hands were scratched and my temper tried seeking choice minnows or crawdads. If I should by great good luck discover a pond filled with crawfish with shells soft enough to make a most delicious morsel with which to tempt a bass I would very likely return later with high hopes only to find the pond

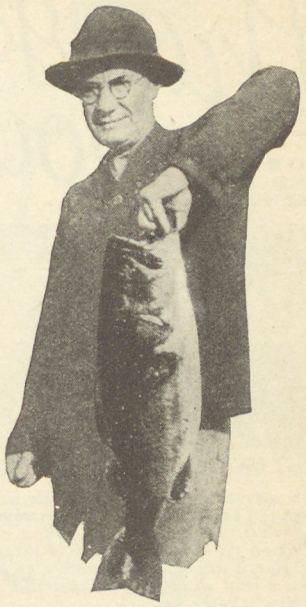
dry and a day's fishing completely spoiled.

I had little faith in artificial baits, much less in flies, until at a convention of the Izaak Walton League, Mr. Thomas Ambrose told the story of a big bass taken on a fly which aroused my interest. That summer I took my first fish on a fly. I then wanted to tie flies for myself. I again followed the advice of Mr. Ambrose in purchasing "Streamcraft," by George Parker Holden, which gives directions for fly tying. My early efforts were crude and awkward, but even so I experienced the thrill which comes to a fisherman when for the first time he takes a fish on a fly fashioned by his own hands.

I then started on the joyous task of gathering materials. I was fortunate in having a catalog with colored plates showing the various patterns. From these and from descriptions of favorite flies in fishing stories I formed some idea of what I wanted. I started my collection with some feathers from a jack-snipe that I shot; then a pintail duck fell to my gun, supplying me with the gray and black mottled feathers which make such splendid wings. I am continually on the lookout for good materials, which one often finds in unexpected places. At first, procuring proper hackle feathers for the "legs," was a problem. I asked the butcher to save some of these. He gave me a generous quantity of gray, white, black and brown ones. The pure white are easily dyed red, blue and yellow with the dyes to be had at the drug store.

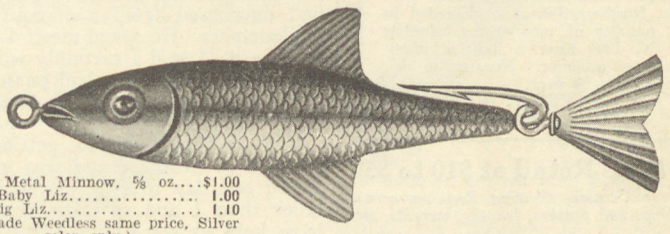
It is to be lamented that feathers on women's hats are no longer the fashion as in by-gone days. On rare occasions, when I do see my friends wearing feathers, I usually speak for them against the day when they will be in the discard. In fact, when they see me approaching, they instinctively clutch their head-gear, knowing my predatory instincts. But if the rummage sales haven't taken them all, there should be something of that nature in the dusty boxes in the attic. Even ostrich

E. P. Rohrer
with his
Prize-Winning
12¾ lb. Bass
caught in
Blackwater Lake, Fla.



This lake is not virgin water, and Mr. Rohrer writes that this old MAMA got pretty wise from being hooked up on other baits, but she finally fell for this one—

TIN LIZ



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You see above the top side view of the most realistic crippled minnow ever made! Every detail perfect, even down to real iridescent scales. Action and How! Special flat body design and new flexible tail spinner cause bait to struggle along, turned over on its side like a real cripple. Small but with a BIG ACTION, more attractive for all game-fish than any other bait! Wonderful easy casting. Scientific sure hooking.

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Sizes 8-10-12—T.D. eyed flies to gut. Send $1.00 for sample set of six along with free literature on
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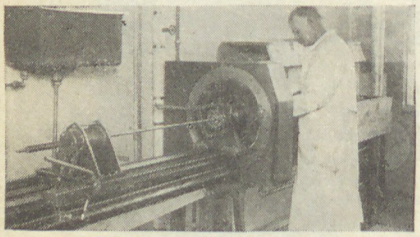

GLUEING A GRANGER ROD

Of all operations in rod-making this is most important. The Granger-designed machine shown above glues, straightens, and puts a temporary winding on the cane section to hold strips together while glue is drying. Temperature of glue, cane and room must all be carefully controlled if a good glue joint is to be had.

"The writer gave one of your 6 ft. 4½ oz. Denver Special Casting Rods a real workout last season in Minn. Being a great believer in light tackle, I tried my luck with this rod on Northern Pike. I succeeded in landing a number of nice ones, including one 11-lb. N. Pike after a fight of about three-quarters of an hour. Needless to say, the rod is as good as ever."

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Nevada, Missouri.

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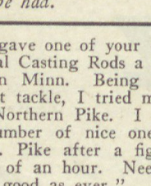
Flies  Flies

Our Celebrated Wet Trout Flies, on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 45c; Size 10, 50c; Size 8, 55c per dozen. Dry Flies on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 70c; Size 10, 75c; Size 8, 80c per dozen.

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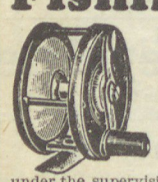

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Edward vom Hofe & Co.

96 Fulton Street New York City

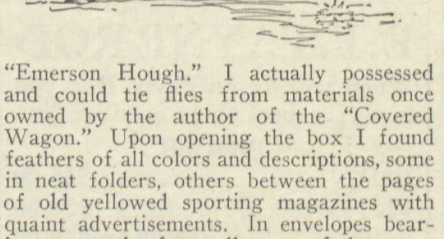
feathers will help. I used to despise them, but I now use them instead of chenille to make the fuzzy bodies.

My friends, finding I was interested, would occasionally add some choice bit to my store. My first acquisitions of this sort were two bucktails, one natural color and the other dyed red. Out of these I have tied many flies. Those fashioned of hair are particularly effective when used with a spinner. Afterward, Mr. Fred Peet told me that tails taken from the hides of veal calves would serve. I again called on my friend, the butcher, who gave me a supply. I found that they made a splendid substitute for bucktail and could be easily dyed, and that the hair makes the best wings for the corkbodied bugs.

A friend then gave me some wood-duck feathers; those from the mottled brown breast make splendid wings and the barred black and white make the best tails. I was so delighted to obtain these rare feathers that I readily believed him when he told me that when this duck came in over his decoys, the sun got in his eyes, and he didn't recognize it as a wood-duck until he went to pick it up.

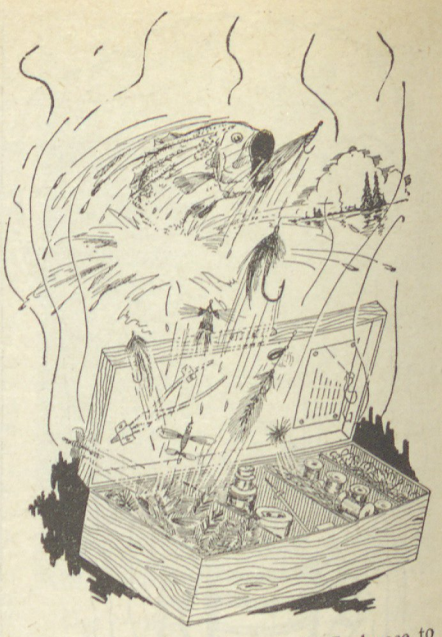
My delight in tying flies increased with my store of materials until I was accorded a pleasure which few anglers experience. I was visiting with Fred Peet in the room in which he keeps his rods and ties the most marvelous flies. He said he had a collection of materials which Emerson Hough had purchased from a famous angler in Philadelphia. He asked me if I would like to have it. I said I certainly would, for to have materials which had passed through the hands of such famous anglers would be a real joy.

I looked forward to getting a small package of feathers and was greatly surprised one day to find at my door a box taller than I and so large that I had to have help to get it into my workshop in the basement. I tore off the lid and can you imagine my feelings when I saw the reverse side of the cover emblazoned



"Emerson Hough." I actually possessed and could tie flies from materials once owned by the author of the "Covered Wagon." Upon opening the box I found feathers of all colors and descriptions, some in neat folders, others between the pages of old yellowed sporting magazines with quaint advertisements. In envelopes bearing postmarks from all parts of the country, I found fine little hackles and rare feathers gathered and sent by thoughtful friends. The whole box was redolent of the spirit of such friendships as men make only in the open, and as I turned the pages of the magazines discovering these rare treasures, it occurred to me that I was, in a sense, inheriting at least a part of the kindly spirit of comradery which prompted these men.

One little box I prize. It contains a miscellaneous collection: fine little hackle feathers of all colors, gray pintail breast feathers, bright red, blue, yellow and green, bright bits of yarn, silk and tinsel. When I turn them over, I can find just what I



want to make; almost any fly I choose to tie. In searching through the box I usually find something new that can be worked into a new pattern. I try to find just the combination that will prove irresistible. I presume that I should separate them into carefully indexed and marked folders, but I would lose the fun of rummaging about. I have not taken out two little cards upon which are written directions for making someone's favorite fly. I am sure the owner was a kindly and lovable gentleman, for in the box among the feathers I found some flies he had tied, beautiful bits of careful workmanship.

And so I no longer dread the procuring of bait, for when the river is frozen, I can go into my workshop, open up the box and, as I search for just the right feathers, I think not only of the sport to come when I drop this fly into some favorite eddy to tempt the big ones, but of the men whose kindly thought resulted in the collection. If for no other reason than the pleasure that comes from the hunting and exchanging of materials and its resultant friendships, I would that each one of my readers could be encouraged to enjoy this winter sport.

I wish that every one might have a little box like mine, which is just the opposite of Pandora's, for, when I lift the lid, all my troubles seem to pop into it and disappear. Some of my flies have taken fish, some have failed. Many have found their way into the tackle boxes of small boys who have admired them. Some of them are destined for my friends and into these I try to weave the spirit of woodsy fellowship which it typifies to me.

Judge Wood is planning on taking a group of boys for a month's trip through central Idaho next summer. Ask Dad about it, and then write Judge Wood for particulars.

—EDITOR

He Spat on His Bait?

(Continued from page 23)

Frank smiled ever so faintly, and regarded me out of the corner of his eye. "Frank," said I severely, "you've been spitting on your bait." He glowered, his jaws snapped. I looked for a place to jump.

"I did *not* spit on my bait."

"You *did* spit on your bait or you never could have caught those. You came over here this morning alone, so we wouldn't see you spit on your bait," I countered.

He laid his rod in a crevice in the rock and was about to start for me, when "ping," his rod almost went into the lake. He grabbed it and stood muttering as I manoeuvred strategically to a place of safety. Undoubtedly, a speckled trout had saved my life.

Frank was having troubles, so I felt more or less safe in approaching near enough to look over the ledge. The rocks were so steep and slippery that it was no easy task for a man with a landing net in one hand and in the other, a trout rod charged with twenty-five inches of dynamite, to slide to the water's edge and surround the dynamite with the landing net.

I watched the fun. He would lead the trout up along the face of the rock, make a stab with the net, and straight down into the depths would go Mr. Trout. As he was led along the ledge again, that trout would shake his head just like a mad bull. It may seem strange and far fetched to say that a fish shakes his head, but those trout do it, and so savagely that unless a hook is well embedded, it will be torn out and the trout escape. Finally, however, Frank had the trout safely alongside the others.

Lloyd yelled we'd have to hurry to get back, pack the base camp and make the afternoon train. So we hustled.

On our way out up Thompson Creek, we saw our first moose, which regarded us casually as we paddled on.

At Mile 64 we again boarded the train, took a last longing glance down the old portage path "that is, nobody knows how long," and were homeward bound.

After an inimitable steak dinner we settled down for a smoke.

"Frank," said I, "honest injun, *didn't* you spit on your bait?"

He turned on me, his jaws set. The lighted end of his cigar fell in his lap and nearly burnt a hole in his trousers. He had bitten it in two. I tried to escape but he had me firmly by the collar.

"I *never* spit on my bait, do you understand that, and if you ever mention it again, I'll ——"

"I won't, I promise," said I. His grip was getting painful and discretion was advisable.

Now Frank is the squarest shooter in the world, and he declares he didn't spit on his bait. So that's settled.

Still *I wonder*, for how else could he have caught all those big trout?

Sketch by El Comancho

BABE-ORENO

The Smaller Edition of the Famous Bass-Oreno

In action it is the same as the Bass-Oreno. Great for a light whippy rod and light line. For Bass and other game fish. Body length, 2¾ inches. 12 colors. *Sells at* 85c.

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Close to two million of these famous, original grooved head baits have been sold. It's the one stand-by, the one best bet, the one *sure* fish-getter that a bait-caster can *always* depend upon.

Such an enviable reputation does not come from a mediocre product. There are and perhaps always will be imitations of this famous lure. But, they're not Bass-Orenos in action or results by a long ways.

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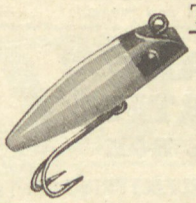
FISH-ORENO

The Bait With the Insurance Policy

Guaranteed by insurance policy to catch fish or your money refunded. Flashy metal grooved head sinks bait to any desired depth where it has Bass-Oreno action and effectiveness. Great hot weather bait when they're down deep. 8 colors. *Sells at* $1.25.

TROUT-ORENO

The Trout Edition of the Bass-Oreno



Body length, 1¾ inches. A fly rod, trout size lure of the same diving, wabbling action as the Bass-Oreno. Great for crappies, and other sun-fish species. *Sells at* 65c.

The effective grooved head design of the Bass-Oreno carries through in other South Bend lures: The *Musk-Oreno* for muskie and Northern pike fishing; the *Tarp-Oreno* for Tarpon, the *King-Oreno* and *Coast-Oreno* for other salt water fish; the *Fly-Oreno*, the *Troll-Oreno* and others.

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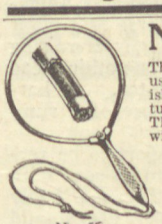

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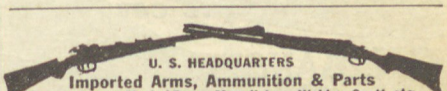

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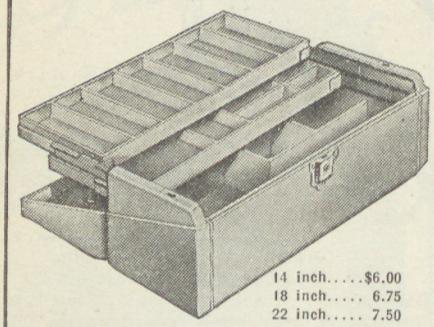

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Dry—all seams are well soldered, making it absolutely water-tight.

Convenient—trays slide back, making all compartments accessible at all times without removing trays—yet they are interchangeable.

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Write for catalog. From your dealer or by parcel post prepaid.

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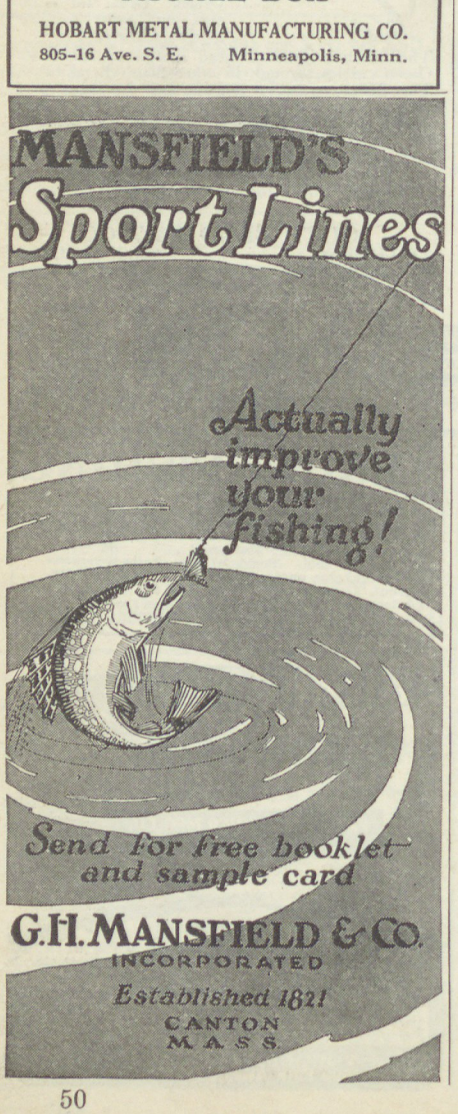


'Gators Offer Thrills for Anglers

By Roger M. Newcomb

THE "plup-wallop kersmack!" of a big fish smashing through the surface at your lure is the crescendo symphony in the canticle of the gods.

The ten thousand volt jolt that is generated and that passes up the line and down the rod, would jerk any dyed-in-the-wool angler back into life and action even were the last sad rites being performed over his remains. Happy the murderer's end were that sort of jolt switched into the electric chair.

And then the nerve-tightening suspense as the big fish rushes, leaps and heads for that upward-thrust snag. The give and take of the rod and the hot whirl of the reel under your thumb.

The yelp of a companion, "My gosh, don't let him get under those roots!" and then, "Don't horse him! Don't horse him! Look out, he's goin' under th' boat!"

The doctors who prescribe "rest and quiet and a fishing trip" for patients with weak hearts are doing so at the risk of boosting the widowed percentage. However, passing out could find no more pleasant and comforting concomitance than with rod in hand and a 15-pound Florida black bass leaping and rushing at the end of the line.

But there are methods of getting thrills out of light casting tackle without luring some Methuselah of a bass away from a loving family. Owls and pelicans provide one method, 50-pound catfish another, and last, but not least, comes the alligator.

Not many anglers know, even in Florida, that an alligator will snap a surface bait or "plug." Sometimes it takes several casts to get him interested, but persistence will win.

The kick in fishing for gators is not in the actual strike, for he merely opens up two or three feet of mouth and gathers in the bait. The thrill comes from three things; first, from your own imagination as you view the 10 or 12-foot body floating in the water and compare it with your own puny brawn and flimsy tackle; second, from the prodigious flopping and twisting that takes place when he is hooked, and third, from the more or less actual personal danger encountered after the alligator is brought to close quarters.

As for ripping, tearing, geyser-raising commotion, there probably is nothing can compare with a hooked gator. A harpooned whale won't raise more of a rumpus.

Gator fishing, too, is no sport to be recommended indiscriminately to citizens with mitral regurgitation or otherwise badly crippled hearts. Non-swimmers also should bar themselves or else learn to swim.

The best alligator waters in Florida are in some of the wild tropical spots along the St. Johns River between Lake George and Lake Monroe. A canoe with outboard motor easily can cover the distance in a day.

A surface "plug" that makes a loud "plop, plop" as it is jerked through the water, is the easiest with which to arouse the gastronomic interest of a gator. In it he recognizes a badly crippled fish or frog, a tid-bit to round out a luncheon consisting perhaps of a razorback pig.

For several casts the quarry probably will display only slight interest, possibly nosing the bait as it passes his nose. Occasionally one will snap it at once, though rarely, and he is hungry and in ill humor.

When at last he does open up and snap, he invariably holds the bait for a moment in the tips of his boney jaws. Any attempt to hook him at that instant will fail because there is nothing a hook will pierce.

Too stiff a pull will cause the gator to become suspicious and drop the bait. The game is to continue gently to jerk the bait in tiny pulls, giving the gator the impression he is holding something that struggles feebly. In a moment he will lift his snout and attempt to gobble the bait.

Then, set the hooks—and stand by!

Probably the sensation of having two or three hooks plunged through your tongue or the soft lining of your mouth isn't pleasant, even for a 600-pound alligator, though naturalists say he doesn't feel pain, at least as humans do. However, whatever he lacks in sensation he makes up in movement.

Playing a gator with rod and reel is not like playing any fish. All the experience of all the fishing experts in the world would avail but little. Whether you land the gator or he breaks your tackle and possibly smashes your canoe and goes free is largely a matter of pure luck. Usually the gator goes free.

For the space of time of a long breath the gator turns the matter over in his mind after the hooks have been set. The interval is just long enough to lead the angler to begin to believe the gator isn't going to do anything. But suddenly he decides on action and snaps into it with a bang.

"Don't let him get near the boat!" yells the audience, followed by pleas of "Let's shoot him now, you'll never hold him."

"Gosh a'mighty, he'll eat us alive!" and similar remarks become a refrain.

The first maneuver is a series of lunges in which the huge carcass of the saurian heaves upward and forward out of the water. It is the first opportunity afforded for sight of the entire dimensions of the big fellow, judgment as to size up to this time having been based on the length between eye knobs and nose tip. The gator often floats in open water with only that much of him exposed above surface.

Actual view of the whole monster gauges for the angler what is ahead of him if the tackle holds, and imbues the audience with a sort of half hope that it doesn't.

Redoubtable sportsmen who have bested sharks and giant squid in salt water and faced grizzly bear on hunting expeditions, have been known to seek for weeks to hook a big alligator and, at last successful, to cut the line and start hurriedly toward home and family at the crucial moment.

The reason for the attack of "buck fever" lies in the gator's eyes and horrible jaws.

The terrible quality of the eyes is increased by their unwinking steadfastness. Because of their position on the top of the head, each of half a dozen men sitting strung out in a boat 18 feet long, will take oath that upon him solely and individually are those baleful eyes fixed.

The eyes of a big gator are malevolent, venomous, cold, unafraid and bloodthirsty. They impart a feeling that no matter what is done there is no escape from the jaws beneath them. Gooseflesh probably was first discovered on the human race when the world was roamed by creatures largely of this type. The dinosaurs have vanished, but gooseflesh and alligators remain.

Native Floridians, long inured to gators, have been known to go into the water alongside of one partly tangled in a fish

net and tie him up securely. The market price for a large gator in good health is not stable, but varies between $50 and $500, the latter figure for unusually large ones desired by someone for some special purpose and willing to pay that price.

Some natives before the real estate "boom" are reputed to have made most of their spending money out of alligator skins or live specimens. They did not catch them on light casting tackle, however, but at night with torches and a huge hook on a handle like a gaff. Since the advance in the value of real estate most of the natives are beyond the necessity of thus acquiring tobacco money and the gators have come into a more or less carefree and scathless period.

Any increase in their numbers hardly will be noted for some time, however, because it has been estimated that it takes an alligator about 100 years to grow to a length of six feet, and from 400 to 600 years to reach a length of 12 or 13 feet.

From this it becomes evident that when you hook a 12-foot gator you not only are playing against tremendous weight and strength, but against centuries of experience, too.

Following his splashing lunges, the hooked alligator suddenly shifts into end-over-end somersaults, possibly half a dozen in swift succession. If you never have seen 12 feet of alligator turn a flip-flop, it's worth going some distance to see, and never grows stale through repetition.

At this point the angler hardly can be censured if he suddenly perceives that he should have started home for luncheon some time ago. The matter may assume an imperativeness that will be transmitted by mental waves to companions. The most nervous member of the party may feel called upon to lift anchor and move the boat if not to start for shore in a bee line from the side opposite the gator.

In somersaulting a gator turns end over end in vast heaving arcs, each ending in a resounding and geyser-raising splash. Waves with foam-flecked crests roll away from him and make footing uncomfortably teetery in a canoe. The prospect of that huge bulk of writhing awesomeness falling athwart the boat is terrifying.

A particularly vicious slash of the tremendously muscled tail, coming at the end of a flip near the boat, nearly swamps the craft in the sea it raises and a ten-gallon spume of water sloshes overboard.

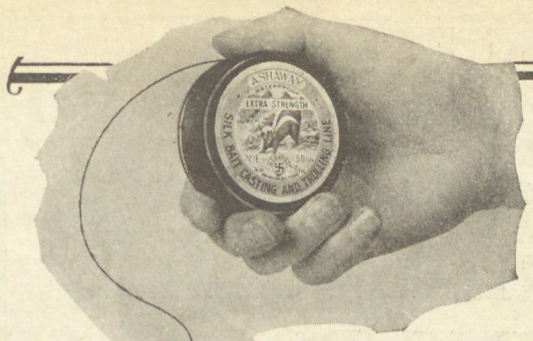
"Good gosh, cut him loose!" bellows somebody grabbing for a bailing can. "He nearly caught us that time with his tail."

"He'll kill or drown us all," shouts another.

The trouble with all suggestions on such occasions is that they are what might be construed as negative. Every other member of the party seems to take it for granted and as a sort of personal affront that the man who hooked the gator is perfectly cool, collected and imbued with an insane recklessness as regards his own and others' safety.

As a matter of fact, the rod holder, even though he may have had previous experience, probably is wondering what in heaven's name he better do next and only refrains from breaking the line because of a certain sort of pride that is strengthened by the highly evident fear of the audience. Were he alone, the angler would cut the line, undoubtedly, else he is uncommonly brave or uncommonly rash and foolhardy.

Forgotten is camera equipment and with it the plans for "snapping" the battle. Apparently the only photographer capable under the circumstances would be an old cameramen bred and reared in newspaper offices, whose instinct is to gauge light, focus and range, glue eyes to finder and snap the shutter regardless of place, time



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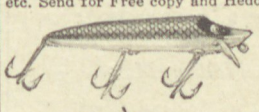

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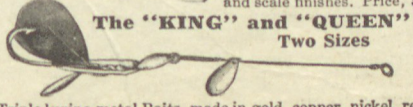

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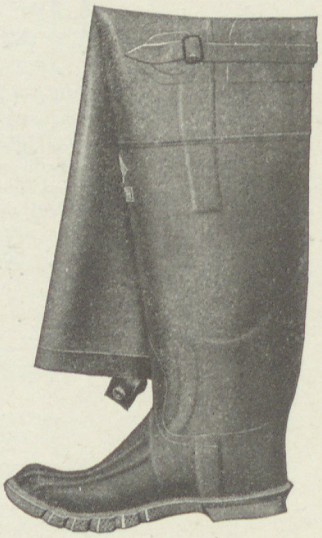

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or toppling worlds. No amateur has yet been found to measure up to requirements in the face of a big gator.

After what appears to be years of wild plunging and somersaulting, the gator will go into a writhing, horizontal roll. Usually he rolls himself up in the line, reverses and unrolls.

Exhaustion at that point will bring momentary peace and quiet as the gator settles to the bottom, there to sulk, plan a new campaign and rest. His place of sinking may not be ten feet distant from the spot where he first took the bait and felt the hooks pierce him.

Not for a moment does any hooked gator seem to consider making a rush for shore away from the canoe and into the tropical, marshy undergrowth which he normally haunts more than open water. That always would effect release, but the policy of all gators is to stick and fight.

After three or four minutes the steady pull on the line will raise him again to the surface and his antics will be repeated with only slight variations. From thenceforward the battle will be a series of repetitions interspersed with periodic sinkings to the bottom.

The fight may last hours provided the line holds and the gator doesn't swamp the craft with a smash of his tail. Eventually it will become apparent that his efforts are diminishing in length between sinkings. Toward the end it will be seen, too, that his strength is waning.

But after this stage of comparative ease of mind and safety has been reached by the angler, no moment of nervous rashness should be allowed to turn victory into ignominious defeat.

The steady pulling upon the line probably will have floated the gator to more or less close quarters. It should be remembered that it is indeed a tired alligator whose tail and jaws can be considered lightly; in fact, to be so considered he would have to be very dead.

With exercise of patience almost past endurance, the huge lizard at last can be floated to the boat.

But be sure to keep his nose pointed straight toward you and be sure that his tail inadvertently doesn't float around close to the side of the canoe or boat. A striking distance of two to three feet is the most effective range for a gator's smashing tail blow. Such a blow has been known to crush in the side of a large pig, than which there is probably nothing living harder so to damage.

An inch rope with a prepared noose is slipped first over the head and tightened about the neck of the gator. Then a smaller line, a strong fish line will serve, is tightened about the tips of his jaws. Thus he is muzzled effectively because he is supplied with little strength to open his jaws, virtually all the force being in the direction of closing them. The clash of teeth can be heard half a mile across water when an alligator snaps at a prey and misses.

Thus trussed, the quarry is towed ashore at the end of the rope. There a hitch around a tree will serve to hold him while he is dragged upon dry land with much violent exertion and further struggles from the captive.

At last, worked to a point where his head is tightly held against a tree, the remainder of the trussing is a matter of care and patience only. Transportation sometimes proves a problem in cases of particularly large live specimens, but always can be solved.

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CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

Tyee! Tyee!

(Continued from page 21)

the strike before the fish is killed. The full tides running at the rate of from six to ten miles an hour are too strong to row against. The outboard engine is not in favor. "It scares the fish." However, I don't believe this assertion.

The Tyee Club awards the sportsman a bronze button for a 30 pounder, a silver for a 40 pounder and a gold one for a 50 pounder. Many of the latter size are taken during the season. I don't know what a 60 pounder gets; they are rare to the hook and line. Mine of 62½ pounds taken some 20 years ago is not official, as the Club was not then organized; neither was the 63½ pounder caught by a forgotten Englishman, nor the 83 pound fish hauled in by a Klootchman the same season. But my last Tyee of 51 pounds caught in September, 1928 drew a golden button. It was worth the price whatever it cost!

Now to the getting to Campbell River and the Tyee Club at the Willows. For Americans, after passing the customs and leaving the ferry at Victoria, with your own automobile if possible, or otherwise the stage, the scenic trip of 150 miles over the Island Highway is well worth while. Or take the Pacific Highway through Blaine, out of the land that once was free, passing the easy Canadian customs examination at the National Boundary, one is soon in Vancouver. It is harder getting back on account of the Volstead Law and then one has to submit to a search of the baggage, or should I say "luggage."

The run of Tyee is from August 1st to September 15th. About the 10th of August is the best, as the fish are then fresh.

Leave a call with the hotel clerk for before daylight, then have early coffee and sandwiches, take the car two miles up to the spit at the mouth of the river where the guide and boat fully equipped with tackle, in case you haven't any, is awaiting. The true sportsman, however, has his own; a rod not to exceed 10 ounces, a reel with at least 200 yards of twenty-one thread cuttyhunk linen line, or a Jap whole gut line of 34 pound test, wire leaders, various sizes of sinkers with swivels and a liberal assortment of spoons, based upon the In-

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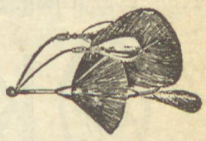

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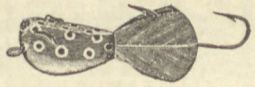

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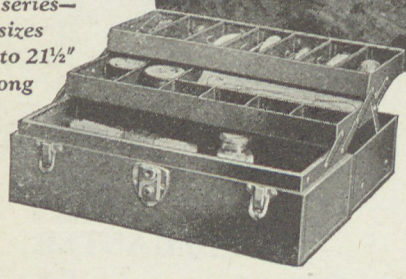

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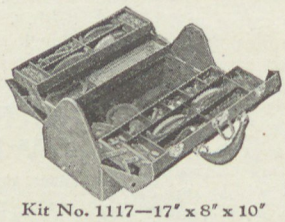

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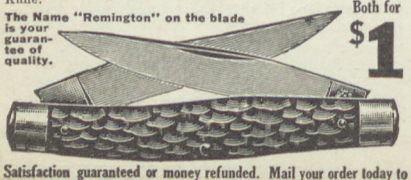

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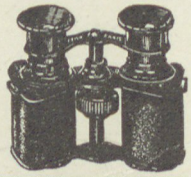

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dian model. The "Tom Mack," "McMahon," or "H and H;" brass, copper and silver being the best, for the fish are finicky and sometimes only one kind of spoon is the killer.

It is well to have an additional line, for many a 250 yard line has been snapped away at the reel end, as the King made a straightaway dash for the Pacific. We tie on the line with linen thread, a sinker of 8 to 20 ounces, about 30 feet from the spoon, so the latter may rise above the long weeds of the bottom. On occasion of hooking a fish this is taken off by the boatman when sufficient line has been reeled in.

We are rowed out into the tide rips, into the eddies and the whirlpools of wild water. The best tide is the incomer after the extreme low; but as long as the current is not too swift to be pulled against, the morning or about sundown are successful times. Few salmon strike on the outgoing tide.

Letting out 50 to 100 feet of line we are slowly pulled along.

The big fish are to be seen darting to the surface, "finning" or leaping, to the right and left, fore and aft. The pulse of the angler beats fast.

Gosh-all-fish-hooks! Zizz!! Wham!!! The hook is set. The reel sings, the line runs out. Will he never stop? A 100 yards is out, 150, then what looks like a porpoise is out of water, a city block's length away; so the tension must be slacked a bit, for the savage shaking and turning, the somersaulting of the fish would tear the hook out of the not so tough mouth, if the line were too taut.

Give him the spring of the rod as he makes the next rush or bores to the bottom, use the drag and be sure to have a glove on your reel hand or nurse your skinned knuckles and bruised fingers next day. The tension of the line and the spring of the rod tends to overcome the strength of the fish; a bit too much snubbing snaps the line like a cobweb.

After a number of rushes during the next half hour or so (once I had one on for an hour and a half before I killed him), comes the final boring for the bottom, his last effort before he can be reeled in to the surface, where at the gunwales of the boat he is gaffed, given the merciful club on his head and lifted into the boat, to be exulted over by both angler and guide.

Only a forty pounder, but a victory celebrated by a bottle of beer, for we are now in the land of the free where 8% or more is lawful and customary. After that we fish with "baited" breath expecting another, or go back to the hotel tired and happy with hopes for a sixty pounder on the next tide.

It is the skill of the angler that permits the landing of a heavy fish on a thin line of linen, silk or gut, which could not possibly hold even the dead weight of the fish.

As a medical man I warn the faint hearted and the weaklings, as well as the old boys with high blood pressure against tackling this big game fish in his native habitat. Last September I read in the Seattle and Vancouver papers of a Seattle resident who fought to the death of both himself and a King salmon in Seattle harbor. The fish presumably being eaten later and the fisherman buried.

If the big fellows are not taking the spoon, and there are days on which they do not, put on a smaller one with a lighter sinker and troll for the silver salmon, the cohoe, and take two to a dozen the tide. These don't count for the Tyee record as they only weigh from ten to twenty pounds each. However, they surely do fight! But that's another story! Anyway, with your bag of a forty pounder you are entitled to a silver button and can boast that you have beaten the European record of this year and are a "Tyee man."

Anent Bonefish

"TROUT? Yes, I've caught hundreds of them. Brook, rainbow, redspots. Dolly Varden, silver, cut-throat, square-tail, lake and brown. Not so much."

"Well, bass. What about that fish?"

"Small mouth, red-eye, between two and three pounds? Yes. But the Oswego is a lumbering joke. Just a big-mouth bluff. No speed. Comes into the boat like an old man gasping for air."

"Muskellunge, northern and wall-eyed. Can't you say something for them?"

"Not a kind word. A few plunges, a breach or two, and then a spell of sulking. Tiresome sport. Salmon ain't so bad."

* * *

"I suppose you're off on deep sea angling also?"

"You've said it. Tuna, tarpon, sailfish, grouper, amber jacks, yellow tail, swords, et cetera, require nothing but brute strength. Give 'em the bait, jam the butt of the rod into your belly and hang on until you are worn to a frazzle. After you get a ton hang 'em up and take a photograph. Not for mine. I want action, light tackle and a fight from start to finish."

"Well, where are you going to get it?"

"From the bone-fish habitat; the Florida coast, Bahamas and the West Indies. They run from three to twelve pounds. The record bone-fish, fourteen pounds, was taken on hook and line in Trinidad. Fiercest set of fins that ply the sea. No other fish of its weight can put up so magnificent a scrap; no other swimmer can start the battle so fast nor die so hard. Give me the b-o-o-n-e fish for war in the water. He is the king of the deep."

"How do you catch them?"

"Most people don't catch them. Not until the last 20 years has the practical art come into existence. They feed at high tide along the shallow coral reefs, in two or three feet of water, nosing along among the hermit crabs and crustaceans, with their tails above the surface. When frightened they disappear like a flock of quail. They can travel two or three hundred yards in one second."

* * *

"Some job chasing them, isn't it?"

"You don't chase 'em. That's the whole point. The idea is to row slowly to the feeding grounds, quietly anchor the boat fore and aft, bait a No. 4 or No. 5 hook with half a crab and cast it a hundred feet or so into the water where the fish were last seen. The line must be rigged with an ounce sinker at the end, and the hook on a braided snell is placed a foot above the sinker. Reel in your slack line until the hook engages itself in a patch of coral sea grass. Prepare to sit still as death for at least an hour. Don't talk, don't fidget, don't let your line slack. The bone-fish scents his feed. Upon locating a morsel he makes a deliberate survey of the surroundings and then proceeds to bunt the delicacy along with his snout. I've known a bone-fish to push the bait from twenty to thirty feet, during which operation the angler must reel in slowly and take up the slack. Five, ten, fifteen minutes of mortal anxiety, with no suggestion of a nibble. It's enough to drive a man insane, and nine anglers out of ten, goaded to distraction, strike before the fish has taken the bait. That settles it. Off goes the bone-fish at the rate of a hundred miles an hour.

"The signal (taking of the bait) is as gentle as the tapping of a finger on the back of one's hand. Swift as lightning, and with a long stroke, you must sink the steel, and sink it deep into the hard cartilaginous jaws of the deliberate feeder. Steel

Fish! Get your share with a Bull's-Eye Meisselbach

Famous Straight-Casting Level-Wind Reel

GET to the *right* fish—the big executives! Put your proposition to each of them *right*. Straight from the rod, accurately, neatly there at his nose. Irresistible!

BANG! *They take you.* Thanks to sharp-shooter, on-the-dot casting with your Meisselbach Bull's-Eye Level-Wind Reel No. 100.

Horse them in! Get the sport you're after. Eat fish, and plenty—save the bacon to grease the pan! Good casting with your Bull's-Eye does get results—catches to yell about, bring home in triumph, feed everybody.

The handsomest bait-casting and trolling reel. Big, strong, yet light and low-slung on its sea-fishing type seat. Pillars deep anchored in Permo end plates—no wrack or twist, no matter how hard the battle!

Famous genuine Meisselbach design, precision workmanship and quality materials. Accurate balance, easy running, long service. Choice of black, brown, green or red end plates. Fully guaranteed, and highest value for the price—only $5.00.

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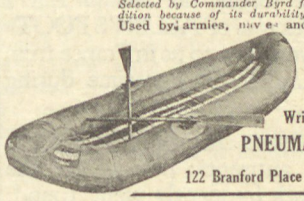

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THE DEEP POOLS hide the wily Big Ones. Draw on a pair of Hodgman Waders—and go get 'em! Wade mid-stream above your waist but remain dry as a herring. No sloshing around in clumsy boots; no danger of shipping a legful of water. No fatigue to spoil your fun, either—Hodgman Waders only weigh 32 or 48 ounces, depending upon type. They are made *right*—finest nainsook or jeans, doubled, heavily coated with rubber between; reinforced crotch, inseams and foot. O. W. Smith, famous sports writer, says: "First Waders I've worn with absolute satisfaction." He *knows!*

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For any information you want on Canadian fishing—camps, guides, equipment and canoe trips—consult the nearest Canadian National Office or write to C. K. Howard, General Tourist Agent, Canadian National Railways, Montreal.

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An Easter remembrance

"I can never forget, nor would I if I could, the packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE that were sent to us in France from the U. S. A. about Easter time during the War.

While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It isn't the A. E. F. that's winning this war—it's the A. F. E.!' Napoleon once said: 'A foot-sore army is an army half defeated.'

So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot-Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Easter Remembrance. At all Druggists—and a 2c stamp mails a package.

(*Signed*) BUDDY ENUF SAYD"

For Free trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

ZIP-ZIP SHOOTER

BOYS: join a Zip-Zip Shooter's club, everywhere boys are forming these clubs, fine sport using this shooter which is scientifically and practically made. Zip-Zip Shooter is the best buy we know of for **35c or 3 for $1.** We will ship to you if your dealer can't supply you.

Automatic Rubber Co., Columbia, S. C.

pliers have no greater crushing power, and many a hook upon which the bone-fish has clamped suddenly has been bent together like a hairpin and returned to the owner.

* * *

"If the steel finds its mark the time has come to let go all thumb stalls, drags and retards. Five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand, yes twelve hundred feet of nine strand line will fly from the spindle in a few seconds. Straight as an arrow the fish will make the initial plunge, leaving a trail of coral silt along the course, a trail like a streak of dust, marking the route of the flying bone-fish, the one ounce sinker drumming between his belly and the floor of the sea. At the end of the first rush, when his speed is checked, he swims to the right or the left, and begins to circle around the boat, the line bowing in a wide curve against the resistance of the water.

"As the angler reels and the circle diminishes, the liquid dust cloud widens and the boat becomes the center of a hippodrome in which the ringmaster is cracking his whip at the fastest thing in the world. Suddenly the course changes and the fish darts at every angle . . . the line shortens and then melts off the spindle as the quarry flies . . . in again, out again . . . a flash of the white undertone and away . . . more line, less line . . . here he comes, rolling, weary, exhausted . . . the tide takes the helpless warrior and the gleaming belly turns to the sun. The fish has died in the sea, expired in a protest against capture. The large black eyes with their golden rims are open, but they see not, and the long silvered smelt-like body settles into rigor mortis. No angler ever took a bone-fish out of the sea alive. The season opens next month. Let's go."

Reprint from "Buffalo Evening News," Feb. 14, 1929.

At Palm Beach

Will D. Downs of Denver — *George R. Skinner of Chicago*

These two ardent Waltonians recently caught three exceptionally large sailfish in one day about five miles northeast of the inlet at Palm Beach. Mr. Skinner brought in two of the big fish, measuring respectively ninety-one and seventy-eight inches. Mr. Downs' fish measured eighty-seven inches. These big fish were caught in rapid succession, and will very likely set a record for the entire season.

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At Last the Fisherman's Dream is Realized

NEW, FULL FLOATING **AIR-FED MINNOW BUCKET**

Keeps Minnows Alive and Frisky for Days in Hottest Weather and when Carried over Rough Roads
No Other Bucket Can Supply Air Automatically

Air is essential to minnows' life. The Air-Fed bucket automatically feeds them. Constant bubbling supply of air. Works automatically. Just pump up once or twice a day. It is identical in construction as the 1928 Non-Floating Air-Fed Minnow Bucket with the two improvements of the "Full-Floating" Minnow container and the "permanent pump."

Full 8 quart: 50 to 100 minnows.

$4.25
Running board attachment extra 75c
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And perfect hearing restored in cases of deafness and poor hearing resulting from Flu, Scarlet Fever, Catarrhal Troubles, Blows, Explosions, Defective Ear Drums, Discharges, etc. Relief comes from the use of the tiny, invisible

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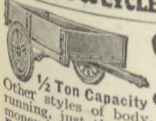

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½ Ton Capacity
Other styles of body, same price. Light weight, easy running, just the thing for camping, touring. Absolute money-back guarantee. Write for catalogue.
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GOOD ADVICE: Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention OUTDOOR AMERICA!

A Flaming Warning

By Gene Frey Sensenig

DURING the spring of 1928, in Pennsylvania, 101,815 acres of valuable timber was totally destroyed by sweeping forest fires. In one week, rangers reported 125 conflagrations throughout the wooded sections of the state.

According to statistics from the Department of Forests and Waters, at Harrisburg, it cost the commonwealth approximately 275,000 dollars for extinction alone. Although there were 72 rangers, 110 towermen, 50 inspectors, and over 4,000 wardens in the forest fire fighting service, many of these flaming monsters were of unknown origin. It is difficult to detect the cause, especially in the vast unfrequented timberland of the mountain country. Due to this fact, and because the fires are usually agitated by a high wind, they gain great headway and are beyond control and investigation before discovered.

But, beyond all doubt, they were fruits of carelessness. And, if traced to their source, a neglected campfire or lighted cigarette discarded by some camper or tourist, would be found to be the cause. If they would only *think!* If they could only realize the disastrous loss, before they commit their hasty, selfish act—or may we call it *crime.*

Our forests are too near the point of extinction to tolerate such recklessness. Enumerate the constructions in which wood is a large factor—your lists will include everything from great public buildings, homes, and airplanes, down to the very paper that holds the literature of this magazine. Then fancy for yourself what deplorable crisis would occur in our grand old America, should this great resource become exhausted. And it surely will, unless we as individuals heartily cooperate in the nation-wide project of conservation and reforestation.

So, when you "hit the trail" in the coming months, remember this responsibility. Put out your campfires. Do it with water instead of a kick, don't smoke while moving through the woods, burn all garbage and leave your trail clean—as you would life's trail. Then, you can reverently gaze from some regal mountain-top, and see, and feel, the mysteries, the grandeur, and the charm of the forest—and also feel that you have done your duty in preserving this living monument of beauty—the handiwork of God.

A Tree

By Irene Davis Grueninger

A TREE to me
Is a living thing
Of beauty;
The trunk
A tower of strength;
Its branches
Arms of love
Reached in length
To those weary
Who need care
And aid and love;
Its fluttery leaves—
Tiny fingers
Fondling, caressing
Bruised hearts
Of weary travelers.
May God Bless
Every Tree!

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Department of Conservation
Division of Fisheries and Game
State House, Boston
June 20, 1928.

Fishermen,
If you want a thrill, try a red and white Dardevlet for Bass, Pickerel and all game fish, it sure does get them!
For casting or trolling you can't beat it, **and that ain't maybe!**

JAMES A. PECK
State Fish & Game Warden,
Fitchburg, Mass.

(Official.)

"—you can't beat it!"

ANGLERS who know their stuff will tell you that the Dardevle lures can be relied on—they come through!

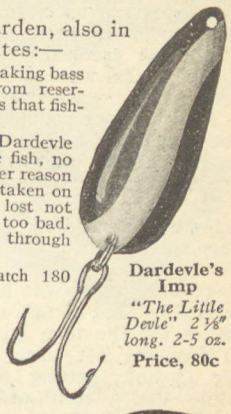
Another fish warden, also in Massachusetts, writes:—

"I use the Dardevle for taking bass for stocking purposes from reservoirs to restock our ponds that fishing is allowed in.

"One reason I use the Dardevle is because it catches the fish, no doubt about it. The other reason is because of all the fish taken on the Dardevle, we have lost not one from being hooked too bad. Every one was hooked through the lips.

"And when you can catch 180 bass in four hours you can bet your bottom dollar you have got a fish getter on the end of your line!"

Arthur J. Loveley, Jr., Warden.



Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle" 2 ⅛" long. 2-5 oz.
Price, 80c

Don't pass up the Dardevles!

THE Dardevles come in 3 sizes—Dardevle, 1 oz. weight, $1.00; Dardevlet 3-5 oz. 90c; and Dardevle's Imp, 2-5 oz., 80c. Don't gamble with the success of your coming trip by failing to have these in your kit.

The Osprey "Notangle" Weedless Spinner Casting Fly is a worthy member of the Dardevle family of fish getters. See it at your dealers, or get our catalog and find out about these attractive lures.

"Notangle" Weedless Spinner
Detachable weedless fly, **$1.00**

A complete range of Osprey lines for bait and fly casting, including enamel level double tapered lines. We freely admit these are among the best lines in the country—and the price is right!

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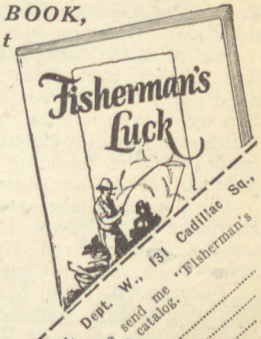

L. J. Eppinger, Dept. W., 131 Cadillac Sq., Detroit, Mich. "Fisherman's Luck"—Please send me Dear Sir—and tackle catalog.
Name.....
Address.....

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

"The Indians"

DURING the last few years I have often been asked, "What or who are 'The Indians'?" and as the article "Shooters of Other Days" in the January number of OUTDOOR AMERICA seemed to have been of interest to a great number of our readers, the story of "The Indians" may be in order.

While all of the "Shooters of Other Days" and many of those of today know that "The Indians" is the name of a trap shooting organization, very few really know how it originated or what it stands for.

In the early days of trap shooting, the sport was not as clean as it should have been, and while there was not a great deal of actual crooked work done, various shady tricks were indulged in, and the greatest evil was "dropping for place."

This was not countenanced by the bona fide gun clubs, and it was very difficult to prove that this, that or the other one was guilty of the practice.

Men who were honest in every other way thought nothing of missing a target purposely—to drop in a place by himself. For instance, when in a 15 target event, there were 3 men who had a straight score, several 13's but no 14's, it was a great temptation for the man who had 14 straight to drop his last target and land alone in the 14 hole, getting 30% of the purse, while the 3 men who had broken 15 straight divided 40%.

This was possible when the per cent system of the division of money was used.

In the early 90's a shooter by the name of Rose, living in Salida, Colorado, devised a system for dividing the purse which spoiled the game for the "Dropping for Place" shooter. Still the game was not up to the standard of clean sport, so a number of the prominent shooters got together with the idea of improving conditions, but nothing was done towards an organization until late in the summer of 1897.

At a tournament held in Memphis, Tenn., that summer, there were a number of the best known shooters attending, and if my memory serves me right, a squad composed of Tom Marshall, Fred Gilbert, Chauncy Powers, Dick Merrill and Harvey McMurchy, was a little slow getting to the score, so Elmer Shaner called out, "Come on, you Indians."

One of these men, I believe it was Gilbert, said, "Say, that's a good name for our new organization we've been talking about."

Interest was stimulated, and the result was the founding of "The Indians."

The charter members were Frank Parmalee and George Loomis of Omaha, Neb.; Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Iowa; Chan Powers of Decatur, Ill.; Tom Marshall of Keithsburg, Ill.; Richard Merrill of Milwaukee; Harvey McMurchy of Fulton, New York; Charley Budd of Des Moines, Iowa; Chas. Grimm of Clear Lake, Iowa, and Rolla Heikes of Dayton, Ohio.

The first Indian Tournament was held at Clear Lake, Iowa, in the summer of 1898, and its success encouraged the charter members to greater efforts towards a formal organization, which was effected in 1900, when new members were admitted, permanent officers elected, and formal by-laws and constitution adopted.

In a very short time "The Indians" became well known throughout the United States as an organization standing for clean sport among American Trap Shooters.

To be eligible to membership it is necessary that one should be devoted to the game, and a good shot, though this is not absolutely necessary, but it is absolutely essential that he be a good fellow and a gentleman in thought, word and action.

Along about this time there was considerable trade rivalry among the representatives of the several gun and ammunition companies, and one of the objects of "The Indians" was to do away with all professionalism and to promote tournaments where every shooter would meet on an equal footing.

Any trade talk, such as any representative trying to induce some entrant to shoot his gun, shell or powder was strictly forbidden.

The Indian Tournaments were not confined to members but were open to outsiders, the only condition was that each entrant should have a clean record for sportsmanship and conduct himself as a gentleman.

The late Tom Marshall, "Chief Long Talk" served as High Chief for a number of years, and it was due to his enthusiasm that "The Indians" came through the early stages of formation and developed into something real and worthwhile.

When the by-laws, etc., were adopted it was decided that a tournament be held each year, the prizes and added money to be subscribed by the members.

It was decided that when elected to membership the new member should be given a tribal name significant of some hobby, or characteristic of the man, and it is very interesting to note how "pat" some of these Indian names fit.

For instance the tribal name for Harold Money is "Chief Wampum," Tom Marshall was called "Chief Long Talk," this name given to him on account of his never failing fund of stories, which he enjoyed telling as much as his brother chiefs and others enjoyed hearing.

Charley Budd was named "Chief Dago" on account of his dark complexion.

The name "Chief Bald Eagle" was wished on Rolla Heikes, for two reasons; he had keen eyes like an eagle and was beginning to get bald.

Jno. W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, wore a red hat when shooting at the traps, and one day Frank Parmalee, in his stammering way, said "John Garrett need not be afraid of starving, because, as long as he wears that red hat, the woodpeckers will feed him," so, when Garrett joined the tribe, his name on the tribal stone was "Chief Woodpecker."

Frank Parmalee's tribal name is "Chief Buffalo Hump" on account of his broad stooping shoulders, which remind one of the hump on a buffalo. Chauncy Powers patented a brass cleaning rod for shotguns, consequently the name of "Chief Wipe Stick."

Fred Gilbert was "Chief Heap Talk," because, every one in the shooting game knew that Fred talked *all* the time.

H. S. (Sandy) McDonald being a Scotchman was dubbed "Chief Hoot Mon."

Dick Linderman is "Chief No Smile," for none of us ever saw a smile on his face.

"Bill" Crosby was given the name of "Chief Kinnekinnic" because he could use up more chewing tobacco than any other man in the game. Kinnekinnic is an Indian name for a small plant, the leaves of which when dried make a poor substitute for tobacco.

Frank Riehl, Chief Scribe of the order, is "Chief Piasa" because he lives near the Piasa bluffs along the banks of the Mississippi.

"Jim" Head drew the name of "Chief High Temper" for, when aroused by some act savoring of unfair practice, one didn't have to make more than one guess as to "why" the name.

I recall an afternoon at the traps of the Laclede Gun Club when "Chief High Temper" proved his right to the name, by jumping over a four strand wire fence to resent the insulting remarks made by a chap who had taken one drink too many.

Fred C. Whitney, who has handled the office at the Grand American Handicaps, and, as a cashier of shooting tournaments has no superior, was very aptly named "Chief Quick Figure."

W. H. (Bill) Heer was given

Reading from left to right, Frank Riehl, Chief Piasa, Chris Gottleib, Chief Slob, Alec Mermod, (not an Indian) Russell Klein, Chief Toboggan, and Charles Spencer, who was one of the best shots in the world.

the name of "Chief Drink Water" because no one ever saw him take anything stronger.

The late A. B. Daniels of Denver was dubbed "Chief Jack Rabbit" on two counts, first he was exceedingly long of leg, and he could and did kill more jack rabbits than any other man in Colorado.

George Loomis of Omaha being the opposite of Tom Marshall and Fred Gilbert in regard to talking was given the title of "Chief No Talk."

Many of the "Chiefs" have passed on to "The Happy Hunting Grounds" and are still mourned by their "brothers" in the tribe as well as so many others among the trap shooting fraternity.

The names and personalities of the older men seem to stand out so much more clearly than the shooters of today even though many of our newer men in the game are making better scores than the older ones ever did in their prime.

One reason why we older men remember the early shooters is that thirty-five years ago the number of men shooting at the traps was considerably less than at present and there were not nearly so many good shots, so the few stood out quite clearly.

Before The Interstate Association made any effort to tabulate the yearly averages of the shooters, Mr. Will K. Parks of Pennsylvania published a weekly pamphlet devoted to shooting (I cannot recall the name of this publication) and attempted to keep tab on the different shooters, both professionals and amateurs and in 1902, according to Mr. Park's figures there were only twenty-nine men in the United States who had a season's average above 90%, and if I am not mistaken 93% and a fraction was high.

Since those days ammunition has been improved, and the targets have not been thrown as far.

The shooter of today strives for perfect scores, while the old timers, simply wanted to beat the others and take down a big share of the purse. High average didn't mean much to them.

In the days of five expert traps we threw targets between sixty and sixty-five yards, and a straight score was hard to make.

When I started shooting at the traps 85% through a tournament would better than pay expenses, but now 95% won't get one's entrance money back. Some day, trap shooters will shuffle the cards and ask for a new deal, for the poor shot is getting tired of putting up his money without a chance of getting any of it back.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Address Mr. Limbert, care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The Indoor Basement Range

FEW people know how extremely simple is the preparation of an indoor basement revolver range.

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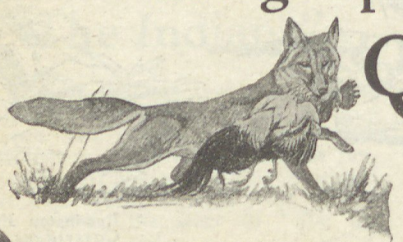

LOSS in game birds, poultry, etc., yearly occasioned by animal pests runs into the millions of dollars. In many parts of the country, Savage Sporter Rifles are daily helping in the task of removing such pests.

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It has been extremely gratifying to note the interest which this series of articles has created. It has been still more pleasing to see the number of revolver enthusiasts who have installed indoor ranges more or less elaborate. In many instances much money and time could have been saved had this effort been properly applied.

In case it is desired to install a complete indoor range suitable for a revolver club or a police department, it would be well to write the Colts Patent Fire Arms Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Just recently they sent me a booklet dealing with this subject and as it is so elaborate and covers the subject in such detail, it would be out of the question to devote the same space in the columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA. It is yours merely for the asking. For those who are interested in the installation of such a range it is invaluable.

For the revolver enthusiast who desires a basement range for the occasional shooting for himself and his friends nothing so elaborate is needed.

Never under any circumstances use vertical steel plate. The danger from back splatter of the bullets is tremendous. I have known lead particles to rebound a number of times. To receive one of these pieces in the eye would be a serious affair.

For an inexpensive indoor range the best thing possible is to build a vertical square of one inch boards measuring about two and a half feet each way. This is to tack the targets onto. Just behind that it is necessary to have a quarter inch steel plate leaning towards the upright board square at an angle of forty-five degrees. Between the board upright and this steel plate on a level with the lower edge of the board upright there must be a shallow trough of sand to catch the rebounding bullets. This trough should be about ten inches wider on each side than the width of the steel plate, and should be deep enough to hold at least six inches of sand. A background such as this will handle calibers up to a 38 special very nicely.

It is needless to say that reduced loads should be used on this type of shooting on account of the loud report. The background is safe, however, for the regulation load.

As the center of the board upright will be soon shot out, you should hang a piece of sacking over the back of it to catch any possible return splatter.

For those who wish to use 22 calibers only a base measuring at least a foot in thickness with a face of at least two feet square is necessary. Line this with a couple of thicknesses of sacking on the front face to stop the leakage and fill with sand and you will have a perfectly satisfactory indoor background for a limited amount of shooting. The front will soon shoot out, but you can easily restore it by nailing a board across the face of it.

There are a number of things regarding the operation of an indoor range which must be carried in mind. Be careful whom you invite in to use the range. Do not allow anybody to stand in your basement with cocked and loaded gun pointed toward the floor overhead. It is a mighty poor place to serve strong drinks also.

Another thing is that it is also a mighty poor place for a novice. Remember you have folks overhead at all times, and that while a basement range is safe in your hands, it might be decidedly dangerous with an amateur.

The next article will deal with the sport of revolver shooting for ladies.

Florida's Remnant of Frontierism

(Continued from page 15)

know that burning the woods is an unpardonable sin, an insult to the intelligence of the nation and a hindrance to its future."

"That is primarily the duty of the forest agencies the State maintains," replied the Floridian wisely.

"It is primarily the duty of every intellectual individual in Florida," cut in the Californian. "No group of five men can influence the customs of centuries."

The Floridian twisted his lip in amusement. "Even you go-getters from California cannot reconcile the people of Florida to such restrictions in a day. Such a course would require years."

"It is not so difficult," I said, laying a restraining hand on the Californian. "The very ones you are preserving your piney woods for will take care of that."

"You refer to the younger generation?" asked the Floridian, a flash of interest in his eyes.

"Sure, why not? The future of Florida is their future. Make them see the fallacy of woods burning and you've turned the trick."

"But there are other influences. Everybody in Florida does not think as you do."

"Rot!" I broke out bluntly. "It is not a matter of thought. It is a matter of truths and facts. Educate the young generation, the present generation too, for that matter, to these truths and facts and your fires will disappear, and your wild life return."

The Californian could not be denied longer. "A little more judgment, a little more education and proper application, my friend, will make Florida almost as strange and as wonderful as California."

The Wrath of the Raped

(Continued from page 9)

sheep—even down to dogs and cats. No, sir, Gorse doesn't miss an opportunity. Even a dog or cat's got a little grease in it."

He rumbled at his own humor.

"Where is this plant—on the river?" I was beginning to remember an odor; the sight of floating scum; the black smokestack that reared itself above the river trees. . . .

"Yes, sir, on the river, mile and a half below town. That way the smell (it's rather smelly process, see?) doesn't bother folks. Oh, a few of 'em kick now and then. But Gorse can tell 'em to go to hell if they don't like it. He's got a legitimate business, and he's making a darn' good thing out of it."

I asked, automatically and not because of any interest: "I suppose you've been over to Eagle Falls to see your friend Gorse?"

"Sure. Didn't I tell you?" His face was suddenly very sober. "Tough on Gorse—awful tough on him. I've been back there to a funeral. His kid died. His boy."

"Died?" was all I could say.

"Yes. Died on Tuesday night. It was his only son, too—he's got a couple of girls. Gorse had the best doctors in the state, but no use. The kid died of a—a—what you call it—mastoid infection, I think. Infection in his ear. It was a funny thing; nobody could figure out how he ever got it."

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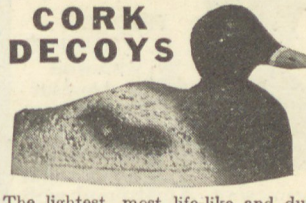
CORK DECOYS



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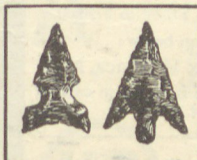

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My Boy and I

Following is a letter from Mr. Harry C. Goodwin who donated the three prizes for the MY BOY AND I contest. The contest has proven so popular that in the May issue we shall continue it with further prizes.—EDITOR

THE first prize should go to Ormsby Phillips because I feel that he has accomplished most with his boy along the lines I had in mind in suggesting the "Boy and I" contest. While occasional trips are fine and to be encouraged, I am a great believer in constant companionship not only for the good it does the boy but the greater good it does the father.

You will notice that by this constant companionship young Phillips is an all round outdoors boy and will grow up into an all round out-of-doors man who will have boys that will learn to love the things so many of us are losing. The work of the League is of immediate benefit so far as possible but beyond that we must do much to conserve for the future and such conservation will come through the future—our children and our children's children.

The greatest contribution a man can make to the League is to so train his children, be they boys or girls, that conservation will become second nature. And this means that we must teach our boys to swim, to shoot, to cast the fly, live and love outdoors.

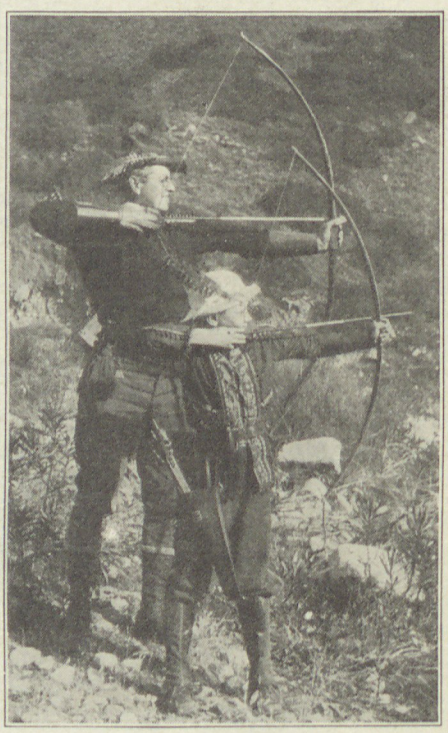
The second prize I award to Mr. Otterness because he brings mother into the picture. Too few women get out-of-doors because too few men make it pleasant for them to do so. Again, I am looking toward the future to carry on and improve the work of the League. Mothers who get the inspiration will give us more sons and daughters who will turn from city streets and a declining race to the fields and streams, the woods and hills.

Mr. Bendorf deserves third prize. There is no reason why girls should not have the companionship of fathers as well as boys. With such training as June is receiving, she will be an ideal mother and her sons and daughters will carry on.

I am more than pleased with the results of the contest. The publicity given it will turn the minds of many fathers, and I hope as many mothers, in the right direction.

HARRY C. GOODWIN.

First Prize



I BELIEVE in constant companionship with one's boy on countless trips to mountain, desert and sea, increasing the lad's keenness for study and arousing interest in all natural phenomena. I am forty-three. My boy is nine. John loves animals, rods, model yachts, bows and arrows and guns. He swims, rows, rides, shoots, casts a fly and is eager and alert on the trail. His pet rod was made by his great grandfather and was handed down along with many interesting stories. There are no happier companions afield or afloat than John and I.

ORMSBY PHILLIPS,
Pasadena, California.

Second Prize

HERE is a picture of Dad and Son and also Mother.

Bob, junior, is the youngest of four children and was fourteen years old when this picture was taken. Bob, senior, was fifty-one.

We are both Waltonians and strong believers in outdoor recreation such as hunting and fishing, both of which abound plentifully in our Minnesota lakes.

We have been making camping trips together for years. This has given Bob, senior, ample time to instruct Bob, junior, in the proper way to handle fishing tackle

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and also to avoid accidents with firearms, which so frequently occur.

Space will not allow me to mention the many interesting trips we have had together. But they undoubtedly have been beneficial to us both in mind and body.

ROBERT B. OTTERNESS
Willmar, Minn.

Third Prize

My "Boy"

And I

I LOVE the outdoors, have been close to Nature all my life. From the time when aged six I sat on the head of a twenty-pound fish on the shores of the Susquehanna. Attaining man's estate, I promised that my boy, when he came along, would be instructed in the art of the outdoors. I became married to an outdoors girl; we camped, swam, and hiked together till the child arrived—it was a girl.

After the baby's birth, we continued to camp each summer, but June, because she was a girl, stayed at home.

Last summer she said: "Daddy, why can I not go along with you and mother on your camping trip?" Knowing of no real objection, I assented.

We secured for her a pair of water wings, a small rod and line, boy's overalls and boots. She surely was excited, asking questions such as: Daddy, are there Indians in the woods? Will we see bears? Can I bring a chippy home? etc.

Well, the great day arrived. Going in, June was all eyes expecting to see a bear or an Indian behind every bush or tree.

Surprising as it may seem, she was never in my way when I set up camp. Always a little to one side or just behind, watching everything.

She learned to dive, partially learned to swim and almost learned to scull a boat.

But, best of all, with the rod I gave her, she one day, hooked and landed a pickerel.

What care I for a boy now—She has taken the special place in my heart I reserved for the boy, and my pal shall be June, who has proven herself.

Yours,
CHAS. E. BENDORF
Camden, N. J.

This con[illegible] con-
tinue with further prizes.
Short articles, not exceeding 300 words and photographs of you and your boy (or your girl). Details in May issue.

Self-cleaning
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FOR your .410 gun you can now get Climax Heavies, as well as regular Climax loads, with the self-cleaning type of non-corrosive primer. Thus are brought to these little shells the clean shooting qualities which won instant favor for U. S. Self-Cleaning Cartridges and which have given them an enviable reputation for keeping barrels as clean as a whistle.

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

Boat and Motor Development for 1929

THE outboard motor and boat manufacturers are more than hitting their stride as evidenced by 1929 creations. A summary of the field reveals many startling and interesting developments with more radical improvements in hull design and a great advancement in more efficient and powerful motors.

Boats of the runabout or family type seem to have been given greater consideration for there is an offering of fast and comfortable models which will give the larger inboard powered craft a little competition. This type is advantageous in many respects, namely, initial cost, operating economy, reliability of new type motors and seaworthiness which will permit cruising in wide and shallow expanses of open water with ease, safety and comfort.

Speed has not been sacrificed by incorporating comfort, seaworthiness and increasing passenger capacity. Many of the newly designed hulls are capable of 35 miles per hour when powered with the new large motors and several of the new family boats will turn up to 35 m.p.h. with Class C motors. Carrying a load of four passengers they will maintain a speed of 30 m.p.h.

The Mullins Manufacturing Corporation are bringing out a new fifteen footer known as the Steel King which is identical with their Steel King de Lux model except that it is more elaborate in appointment and equipment. In addition to these two models their line will include the 16-foot Sea Hawk Standard and 16-foot Sportsman with rib improvements and triple keel construction as embodied in the new fifteen footer. This improvement will enable the Sea Hawk to carry class C and D motors and withstand the strain of the larger outboards. Both the King and Hawk models are offered in either aluminum or armco metal hulls.

The new Acme Wasp will appeal to the racing enthusiast for it offers plenty of speed and seaworthiness. This craft is an ultra modern racer of single step design. The length is approximately 11 feet overall with a 48 inch beam. The bottom is called a triple vee and is designed for a planing position with less than 36-inches of water contact while under way. Both chines being off set, the Wasp design will allow the operator to turn at full speed, the boat automatically banking inward thus realizing the full advantage of side stabilizers. Construction is of the rigid seam batten type, brass screws and copper nails for fastenings. Cedar or mahogany planking over spruce frames is used in both models which are decked over to the driver's cockpit. The equipment includes full steering wheel control, paddle and fin.

The Acme runabout will appeal to those boating enthusiasts who are not primarily interested in speed. It is a sturdy craft 16-feet long with a 54-inch beam, built with vee bottom and combining strength, seaworthiness and safety together with a satisfactory speed of 25 to 30 m.p.h. with class C and D motors. The foreward part of the hull has ample freeboard with a beautiful concave flare, giving the appearance of a regular 26-footer. The deck is properly crowned and fitted with slanting cowl. The runabout may be had in either cedar or mahogany planking over spruce frames. Fastenings are brass screws and bolts throughout, all planks being screwed to battens instead of being nail clinched. The equipment includes bronze deck hardware, running lights, flag pole, fire extinguisher and paddle.

Aside from their extremely popular line of light racing hulls, the Penn Yan Boat Company are offering unusual improvements in a larger type boat. Their Marathoner is a long distance racing hull, weighing 155 pounds, with a length of 14-feet and a width of 54-inches overall. It is built for motors of highest speed and horsepower and is equipped with driving seat, steering gear, electric gasoline system, and foreward cockpit for passenger.

The progress of the outboard motor boat industry and their offerings for 1929 is so extensive that space will not permit mentioning all of the many startling and interesting developments. To summarize the improvements, they are, greater speed due to radical improvement in hull design and faster motors; lower price in many instances because of modern methods of quantity production; greater safety and stability and reliability of motors permiting greater cruising radius which has necessitated comfort and increased passenger capacity. Here is a list of the boat manufacturers that will enable boat fans to secure detailed specifications of the particular type of boat or motor they may be interested in. Acme Boat Company, 52 Gay St., Miamisburg, Ohio; Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc., West DePere, Wis.; E. M. White & Co., 156 Walter St., Old Towne, Me.; Kalamazoo Canvas Boat Co., 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.; Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co., 21 R. R. Square, Waterville, Me.; Mullins Manufacturing Corpn., 291 Depot St., Salem, Ohio; New England Airship Co., 511 Chappel St., New Haven, Conn.; Old Towne Canoe Co., 316 Middle St., Old Towne, Me.; Penn Yan Boat Co., Inc., 13 Water St., Penn Yan, N. Y.; Pioneer Manufacturing Co., Middlebury, Indiana; Pneumatic Boat Co., 103 Murray St., Newark, N. J.; Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co., Peshtigo, Wis.

1929 Motors

Granting that all makes of outboard motors are good and that all of them are fast as evidenced by each manufacturer's monthly proclaim, we will without discrimination attempt to point out the new salient features of the leading makes.

Caille

The 1929 Caille program consists of two service and two racer models which are in many respects similar to the present series of motors. The range consists of two class B motors, one the model 32 a service motor and the other, a model 34 racing motor. In class C there are models 42 and 44, the former designed for service and the latter for racing.

The Champion Racer Model 34 is in the main similar to the Commodore Model 32. This motor developes 14 horse power at 6000 r.p.m. A patented feature of the Caille racing engines is the method of mounting the propellor on the housing. Caille racing propellors are mounted on the front of the housing which permits the wheel to operate in solid water. The ignition is Bosch magneto installed in the flywheel. The carburetor on these motors is a Tillotson unit with complete throttle and choke controls together with the necessary attachments to permit control of the steering handle.

1929 ushers in class, speed and comfort.

The larger Class C motors are also for service and racing. They are models 42 and 44, differing in power capacity and speed. Otherwise the dimensions are the same. The 42 is designed to turn up to 4000 r.p.m. while the 44 is good for about 5000 r.p.m. more or about four more horsepower which totals twenty. This model 44 has a two blade propeller which is mounted in front of the gear housing while the 42 service type engine has a three blade wheel mounted on the rear of the housing.

Elto

Perhaps the most marked change in the design of utility motors is the new Lightweight folding Elto. This is a light, practical easily handled motor for use on fishing boats, family boats and canoes, and designed to meet the requirements of the fellow who must transport his power unit. Its notable feature is compactness. This is gained by folding the lower housing much the same as a pocket knife. A few turns on a single nut enables this motor to be folded and placed in a carrying case two feet long by a foot square, leaving room for fishing tackle or other small pieces of equipment. This motor weighs 39 pounds, is well muffled, turn up 3000 r.p.m. and has the standard Elto ignition. Rudder steering is optional at a slightly higher cost. The rudder may be easily removed and regular motor steering used instead.

Next or perhaps equal in importance among the new Elto creations is the Quad. With the piston displacement increased 25 percent, the Quad now jumps from D Class into E Class. Compression has been greatly increased and a big improvement in piston and cylinder head design has been effected. Cylinder heads and spark plugs are now completely water jacketed, with the exception of one hot-spot directly over the chamber where incoming gases are compressed and fired. The Quad is again being built in two models. The power effectiveness of the service Quad has been increased by a 2:1 reduction gear propeller. This in average service is equal to about 16 per cent increase in power.

The Speedster model is now being produced in two new models. The Service Speedster features rudder steering as optional equipment. The Hi-Speed Speedster has new capacities that should keep it well to the front in B Class racing.

Evinrude

Greater power, more speed and other improvements usher in Evinrude's Twentieth Anniversary. Many refinements in every twin model in the Evinrude line have been created by the engineering staff. Full ball and roller bearing equipment in the power heads of the Speeditwin and Fastwin, and complete ball and roller bearing equipped gear housing in the Speeditwin, Fastwin, Fleetwin and Sportwin.

One of the outstanding developments is the new Torpedo streamline gear housing on the Class C Speeditwin and Class B Fastwin models, now rated at 20 horse power and 14 horse power respectively, increases of 4 h.p. and 2 h.p. over last year. Evinrude engineers have produced a lower unit for high speed models which should materially increase speed and give the boat greater stability which is so desirable for the 45 mile speed predicted for the coming season.

The straight ahead steering lock will be standard equipment on the Speeditwin and Fastwin models. An improvement in magneto design gives a fat spark at a cranking speed of 50 r.p.m. and a new waterproofing process assures good ignition under most adverse weather conditions.

Johnson

The Johnson Motor Company have released their Sea-Horses in the form of a four cylinder Model 32 and a new twin Model 16. Both motors are entirely new

The SEA-HORSES

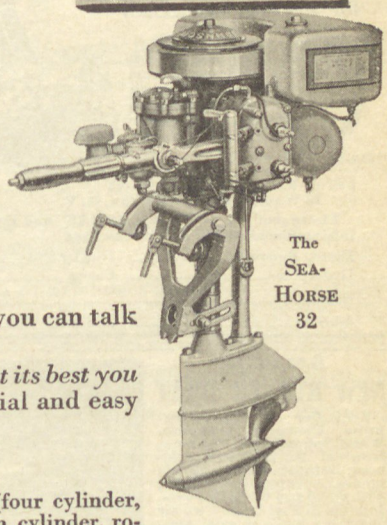
Aristocrats of Outboard Motors

Certainty and Ease of Automobile Starting

No Exhaust Noise No Exhaust Fumes

STARTING difficulties, heretofore the bane of outboard motoring, are overcome once and for all with the Johnson Release Charger. This wonderful new invention adds a hundredfold to outboard motoring enjoyment by insuring easy starting ... positive starting ... under all conditions ... even when the motor is stone cold or flooded with gas. The *Johnson Underwater Exhaust* eliminates exhaust reports and gases. It provides a sense of quiet luxury you've never experienced in an outboard! Now you can talk and be heard while driving at full speed.

If you want to enjoy outboard motoring at its best you must have a SEA-HORSE. Sold on free trial and easy payment plan. *Write for Catalog.*



The SEA-HORSE 32

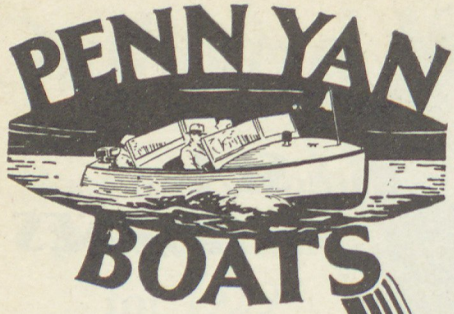
There are 6 SEA-HORSE models; the "32" (four cylinder, rotary valve type) at $325; the "16" (twin cylinder, rotary valve) at $250; the "14" at $230; the "10" at $185; the "3" at $150; and the "Single" at $115. Special Underwater Exhaust available as accessory for all old Johnson models except Light Twin and Single. Prices F. O. B. Waukegan.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 1281 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

In Canada: Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.
Distributors for British Columbia: Hoffars, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

Johnson Outboard Motors

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS



"WATER THRILLS" Our new 48-page catalog, reproducing many new models in full color, goes to you on request. Don't decide on your new boat until you have read this important book on the latest in outboards. You'll be amazed at what your Penn Yan dollar will buy—in speed, comfort, and accommodations.

The New Aristocrat

A big, roomy, fashionable runabout, with automobile control, for large motors, seats six, speed 30 M P H, $560. Other fast family runabouts at $455, $225, $190, and $163.

The Marathoner

A racing and sporting craft with extreme speed (over 40 M P H), real seaworthiness and complete driver comfort, $340. Other racing craft, motor, sail and rowing dinghies, auto canoes. All reasonably priced.

Penn Yan outboards plane evenly at all speeds. They cannot leak. Enjoy a new thrill! Send today for WATER THRILLS.

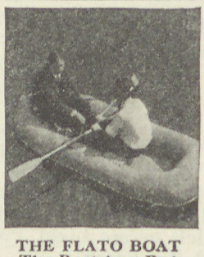
PENN YAN BOAT CO. Inc. PENN YAN N.Y.

Let this coupon pilot you to new improvements in the greatest sport of the century.

PENN YAN BOAT COMPANY
13 Water Street, Penn Yan, N. Y.
Please send me "WATER THRILLS" and special information about the models checked:
Family Runabout..... Dinghy.....
Hydroplane..... Canoe.....
Name.....
Address.....

Amazing NEW RUBBER BOAT

NEW! For Fishing, Swimming, Camping, Trapping, Water Sports, Duck Hunting, Rowing. As a Tender, Lifeboat, Bathtub. Rolls up like a blanket. Toted in duffle bag with pump and takedown oars. Inflated in 5 minutes. Two air chambers make it safe, non-sinkable, non-capsizable. Ideal for children. Used by Government here and Europe. Thousands in use. Through your dealer or direct from factory. Write for Catalog and 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.



THE FLATO BOAT
The Boat in a Bag

The New England Airship Company, 105 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

KENNEBEC RUNABOUT $344 f. o. b. Waterville

A Leader in the Outboard Speed Boat Field

A rugged boat. All wood construction, caulked seams, round chines. 16-ft. length. 3 seats. Hardwood or mahogany finish. Brilliant colors.
Write for catalog.
The Kennebec Canoe Co., Dept. 23, Waterville, Me.

and embody marked changes over previous models.

Important developments in these two new models are, detachable aluminum cylinder heads, straight connecting rods and offset cylinders, circular disc crank arms, heavy section lynite pistons, new carburetor suitable for rotary valve, four cylinders cast in pairs in Model 32 also single carburetor and magneto on this model. The three outstanding features of the new Johnson motors are the rotary valve, the release charger and the underwater exhaust.

The rotary valve controls the admission of gas from the carburetor to the crank case and is driven by gears from the crank shaft at crank shaft speed. This valve opens and closes the passage from the carburetor to the crank case for approximately 180 degrees which permits a greater fuel charge into the crank case at high engine speeds. The release charger releases compression from one cylinder and supercharges the other by opening a release valve in the first cylinder and closes its intake passage at the same time. This operation forces a charge into one cylinder that normally is distributed to the two cylinders. The low compression in the inactive cylinder increases the spark in the supercharged cylinder all of which tends to easy starting. The underwater exhaust accomplishes quiet and eliminates the exhaust fumes. The water for the muffler cooling system is carried up from a point at the rear of the propeller to the muffler shell. After circulating around the muffler shell it drops into the exhaust pipe where it assists in silencing the exhaust by partly condensing the hot gases. The water and exhaust gases are discharged below the anti-cavitation plate. The underwater exhaust will be standard equipment on the models 16 and 32, and optional equipment on the models 10 and 14.

Lockwood

Lockwood offers the Silent Chief, the Racing Chief, the Ace and the Flying Four to the boating public for 1929. The Chief models are further improved and refined by improved carburetor control and steering handle. The handle is longer and more convenient. The lever is connected to the carburetor by a wire and tube system. The choke is now semi-independent of the throttle. Remote bowden-wire control is easily attached. Improvement has been made in ignition and a transparent gasoline gauge in the tank shows fuel level at a glance. The new Chief develops 10.85 H. P., an increase of 14 per cent with silencer on or off.

The Racing Chief has the same bore and stroke as the Silent Chief, however it is timed for more revolutions per minute which gives it an increased power range of 25 per cent with the two added improvements of fresh oil lubrication to the main and connecting rod bearings and dual carburetion.

No radical changes will be made in the Ace for 1929. This powerful little motor weighing 50 pounds and developing about 7 h.p. will continue to stand on the merits it gained this past season.

Details of the new Flying Four Lockwood are not available at present and we can only tell you that it promises to be a larger motor of sensational performance.

The outboard motor enthusiast has a big field to choose from this year. Motors ranging from the little 39 pound twin to the big and powerful fours will satisfy the requirements of the most critical speed and utility users. We are fortunate in that the motor and boat manufacturers have so well synchronized their respective development that the outdoorsman may comfortably and economically enjoy the highest efficiency in water travel.

Notes on the Convention
April 18-20
International Sportsmen's Show
April 17-20

THE Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League will take place April 18 to 20 at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago.

The Sports Show will open Wednesday evening, April 17, and will continue until the end of the Convention.

The Convention proper will start Thursday morning, and the program will be completed by Saturday noon or shortly thereafter.

The big banquet of the Chicago chapter will be held Friday night instead of Saturday night as heretofore, thus enabling out-of-town Waltonians to make early trains if they so desire.

Indications are that the program at the banquet will be widely broadcast.

Speakers on the program will include many of America's outstanding conservationists. Some of the most significant events scheduled for the Convention cannot yet be made public. A few of the speakers are listed below:

George E. Scott, President Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation—Progress of the Foundation During the Year.

George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Scout Executive, New York City—The Walton League and the Boy Scouts.

Paul G. Redington, Chief U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey—The Welfare of Our Migratory Waterfowl.

Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries—Federal Fisheries Administrative Problems.

T. Gilbert Pearson, President National Association of Audubon Societies—Federal Bird Reservations.

George D. Pratt, President American Forestry Association—Forests.

A Modern Ulysses

(Continued from page 20)

In his "World's Revolutions" Skipper devotes 18 pages to this experience and heads the chapter in which the account is contained "The individual and the universe." To him that victory over the sea and the winds is a complete refutation of the individualistic philosophy. I quote him in part as follows:

"Individualism? No! Let the individual thinker try this experience. It is a sure cure for the rampant conceit of his ego. When my flesh and blood jumped ashore on Mindanao beach, flesh and blood of millions of ancestors landed with me. It was the past, present, and future of humanity, crystallized in one passing personality, which sobbed on that forlorn coast in the Philippine islands, happy to have rescued one line of human evolution from premature interruption.

"But," Skipper admits, "I was too young then and too much taken up with the ever changing panorama of the sea and the task of holding the heavy steering oar with one hand and pulling the straining sheets with the other to do much philosophizing.

"I encountered storms, drenching rains and scorching heat, grabbed snatches of sleep when I was able to awaken in a raging sea, and landed my boat only by guiding it through a narrow opening into a calm lagoon from a wild northeast monsoon and a white surf that roared and dashed against the coral reef two miles out. Still, I believe the loneliness of this day and night vigil tried my nerves and physical endurance more than anything else."

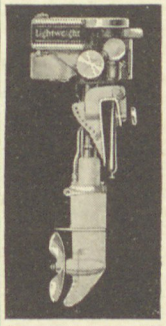
It's too bad Skipper didn't postpone that cruise until this more appreciative age. A stowaway in a zeppelin gets offers from the stage and the newspapers, a famous violator of Uncle Sam's liquor laws has become a national personage, and others whose notoriety has thrown them into the national eye are given the opportunity to earn small fortunes. As for Skipper, but a handful of his fellow Milwaukeeans know he ever sailed a boat—and he'll never get into the movies (and I doubt that he'd sign to appear in the silent drama if he had the chance).

After serving in the German navy he shipped for East Africa where he expected to be a commercial agent. He landed at Dar-Es-Salaam at a time when the Masai and Waha tribes, stirred up by the Arabs, were on the warpath. Believing that the Germans meant to help the lowly blacks, he rushed to the colors, though he learned long ago of the exploitation of these helpless natives by Germans—and English, and French, and Portuguese. He was unfortunate enough to get into the way of one of the bullets that the natives fired from the hip in the general direction of their enemies, and as a consequence had his hip

"Folds Like a Jackknife!"

Snap! When your Elto Lightweight is through with its work for the day, you snap it "closed" — simple as shutting a pocket knife — and slip its compact 1½ cubic feet into luggage case or locker—and forget you have a motor!

The Super Elto hinging device (*patents applied for*) is the greatest boon that outboard engineering has yet developed for sportsmen, yachtsmen, and average users of outboard power.



Super Elto Lightweight Price, $150.00

The Lightweight develops most power for weight . . . *liberal 3 horsepower; 38 pounds!* No other motor starts so easily . . . *a finger tip flip of the fly wheel starts it!* It is unbelievably quiet . . . *at a few yards distance the murmur of its exhaust cannot be heard!* Send for the Lightweight booklet!

The Super Elto Lightweight

MAIL COUPON FOR CATALOG

Elto Outboard Motor Co.
Ole Evinrude, *President*
Mason St., Dept. 42,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Send me the Lightweight Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

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FOLDING PUNCTURE-PROOF CANVAS BOATS

Light, easy to handle; no leaks or repairs; check as baggage, carry by hand or auto; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable, stronger than wood; used by U.S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.

KALAMAZOO CANVAS BOAT CO., 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Waltonians: Patronize manufacturers who help support Waltonism by advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA and TELL THEM you saw their ads in your magazine. Thank you!

A faster way to bring home the bacon

"Some bacon!" says Joe, holding up his string. Every one over fifteen inches! And they're heading for the frying pan as fast as the motor-driven Old Town will take 'em.

There's surprising speed in this square-stern canoe. Especially designed for a portable motor. Quick response to rudder; light draft; and carrying capacity make it ideal for lake fishing. Sturdy and dependable too.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors — racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 934 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

THOMPSON BOATS

CATALOG FREE!

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS—A complete line of strictly up-to-date racing models. Also some entirely new models for general pleasure use with speed of a racer. Built strong, staunch and durable, and absolutely safe.

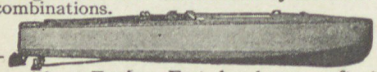
Rowboats $44.00 and up—

The most complete line ever offered, at real money-saving prices.

Canoes $48.00 and up—

Some all wood, others canvas covered. Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

Motor Boats—



With or without Engine. Fast, handsome craft at money-saving prices.

CATALOG FREE — SAVE MONEY — ORDER BY MAIL

Please state the kind of boat you are interested in (30)

→ TWO LARGE FACTORIES ←

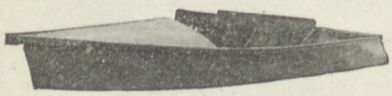
THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.

205 Ann St. PESHTIGO WISCONSIN

(*Write to Either Place*)

105 Elm St. CORTLAND NEW YORK

Pioneer Long-Life Metal Row Boats and Outboard Motor Boats



Will outlast several ordinary boats
9 mode'ls—31 sizes
Non-sinkable—safe—sturdy
Low in price—high in quality
Real proposition for dealers

Pioneer Manufacturing Company
624 Perry Street
Middlebury Indiana

Another February Celebration

(Continued from page 33)

of the bill speak for it was thrilling, but to have a unanimous vote of 219 to 0 was a knockout! I shall never forget the supreme satisfaction and peace with the world in general which swept over me. It likewise must have been a thrill to you (because you had an important part in this battle) when you read the outcome in your paper the next day.

"This is indeed a great conservation victory," said Senator Norbeck, who stood the brunt of the long bitter battle in the Senate. "A bill like this never could have passed in the beginning. The entire effort so far was certainly a great educational campaign, and the results fully justify the ten-year fight. Due to the work of the conservation organizations, and especially the concerted efforts of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, the people of America have made their wishes known, and Congress acted favorably."

"The importance of this measure," said the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation in a press statement, "does not lie in the $8,000,000 authorized for expenditure during the next ten years, but in the fact that at last the government is definitely committed to a policy of establishing such a system of inviolate refuges at federal expense."

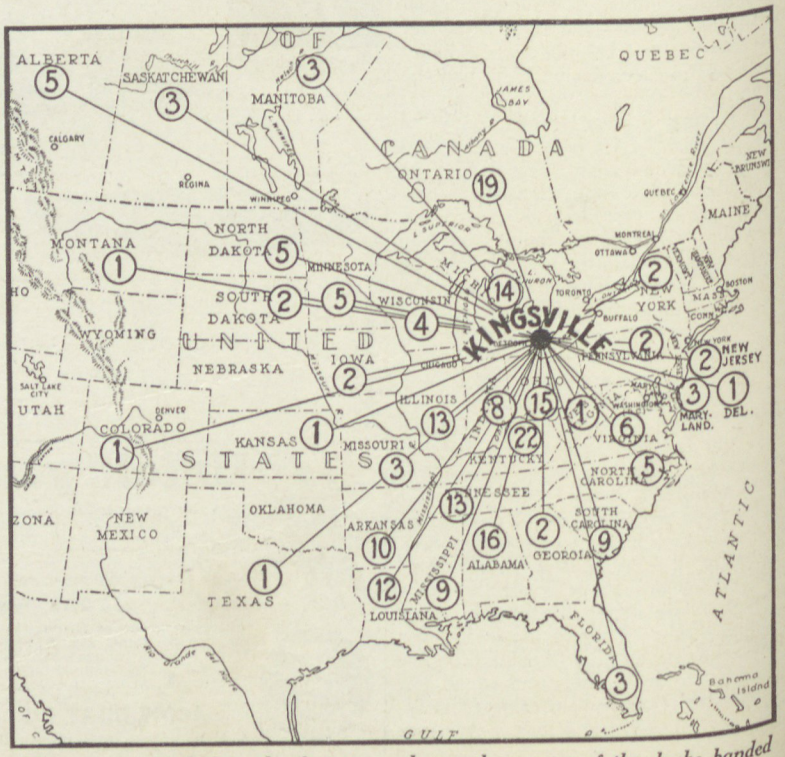
Secretary Jardine Much Pleased

THE provisions of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill will be administered by a commission composed of the Secretary of Agriculture, as chairman, the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of the Interior, two members of the Senate and two members of the House, but most of the work will be done by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. The senators appointed on the commission are Senator Norbeck of South Dakota and Senator Hawes of Missouri. At the time of writing the House members had not yet been selected.

Secretary Jardine, of the Department of Agriculture, considers that the Norbeck-Andresen migratory bird refuge bill is one of the most important wild-life conservation measures that have been written on the statute books of any nation. The outstanding exception is the related migratory-bird treaty act of 1918, which the present law is designed to supplement.

"The measure as passed," explained the secretary, "is a national acknowledgment of the tremendous importance of the birds of America as aids in the development of agriculture. It acknowledges also the will of the American people to give adequate protection to the beautiful and harmless creatures that are heard in season from every forest, copse, and hedgerow in the land. And it further recognizes the importance of the migratory game birds as a food supply and primarily as an incentive to the healthful sport, outdoor study, and recreational activity so essential in the development of a sturdy American manhood."

"Without the unanimity of support which was brought about by the organization of the National Committee, and without the personal aid rendered by members of your committee in Washington in the crucial situations which were encountered, I doubt very much if the fine result which has been obtained would have been possible," said Paul G. Redington, chief of the Biological Survey, in commenting upon the outcome. "I think all will agree with me that this act constitutes an outstanding achievement in wild life conservation, and your committee is to be congratulated for the great part it played in the enactment of this law."



This map, published for the first time, shows where some of the ducks banded at the Miner refuge were taken between 1909 and 1915. It demonstrates what distribution centers such refuges become.

States Must Do Full Share

THE fight for this legislation has already spurred many states into action. The refuge idea is generally accepted everywhere. The Upper Mississippi Refuge and the Bear River Refuge are glowing examples of what can be done. This recent measure will accelerate this endeavor more than many tons of printed matter.

Since the federal refuges will be inviolate feeding, breeding and resting areas, it is up to the several states to supply any public hunting areas that may be needed.

The next year will be spent in mapping out a definite federal program, and the states should prepare at once to meet the government half way. State refuge systems must be started immediately in every one of the forty-eight states. If the federal government will provide the refuges, the production areas, certainly the states should see to it that the adjacent territory does not fall into the hands of wealthy private gun clubs. Mr. Average Citizen must not be left "holding the bag."

Let me warn you, however, that even though an appropriation of $75,000 has been authorized (and will undoubtedly be included in the deficiency appropriation bill) for the year beginning July, 1929; then $200,000 for the year beginning July, 1930; $600,000 for the year beginning 1931; and thereafter $1,000,000 annually for seven years; *such authorizations are not appropriations by a jugful!* We must continue our interest and see to it that the money is actually appropriated.

What Refuges Will Do

WHAT, in addition to protecting song and insectivorous birds, will such a system of refuges do? Well, the best answer is, what others have done, and the best proof is the returns from banded waterfowl. Banding maps with the Bear River Marshes, or the Cheyenne Bottoms, or the Rainey Refuge as the hub, would be eye-openers, but I prefer to use a small but very well known refuge as the "test of the pudding"—the Jack Miner refuge near Kingsville, Ontario.

With this article are published two of Jack Miner's waterfowl banding return maps. Miner was a pioneer in this work. One map, published for the first time, shows ducks banded at this refuge and reported killed between 1909 and 1915. Jack Miner banded ducks long before he started banding geese—his "Aerial Missionaries"—every band contains a scripture reference. Just look at the duck map and see how far they spread, and the number returned from each section.

Mr. Miner later learned how to trap wild geese, and the smaller map shows the returns from banded geese which were killed during 1925, 1926 and 1927. Just look at it!

I asked Jack for information on the number of ducks and geese banded, and here is what he says:

"Between 1909 and 1915 I tagged hundreds and hundreds of ducks, practically all the ducks I ever tagged. This gave me the positive facts as to where the ducks were being killed. Then in 1915 I started catching geese and concentrated more on them. From 1915 to 1924 I had tagged between 500 and 700 geese. Then I perfected my net and up till last December, 1928, I had caught 3,260 wild Canada geese—**1345 of these were tagged this last year, 1928.**"

If one small inviolate refuge, with plenty of food always available, will produce such astonishing results, what will 125 inviolate refuges scattered throughout the United States accomplish?

A great victory indeed! Another day to celebrate in February!

The HEDLITE

—is the *handiest* type of light for fishermen and sportsmen. A 2 oz. headpiece fastens comfortably around your head or hatband with a wide web elastic band. It tilts at any angle, turns with your head and throws its light instantly wherever you look. Battery slips handily into your pocket and leaves you free to untangle lines, carry your canoe, beat through the woods at night or do any of the hundred and one outdoor tasks that call for a bright light while using both your hands. Made in two styles.

B-1430 Focusing (360 ft. range) - - $2.95
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BEAN'S New Tan Trouting Boot

Lightest wading boot made, comes almost to waist and when rolled will go in coat pocket. Cut at left shows new improved way of holding leg in place when worn below knee. Same strap also holds boot at full length. This is a big improvement not found on any other boot. Perfectly adapted for stream fishing, duck hunting, swamp hunting, washing car and general dull weather outing. Made of special compound twice as tough as that used in other boots.

Send for free sample of this new boot and try to puncture it with stick or pencil. We also have the same boot in black.

Price; Tan $7.15. Black $6.85
Extra long or extra large legs, 25c extra

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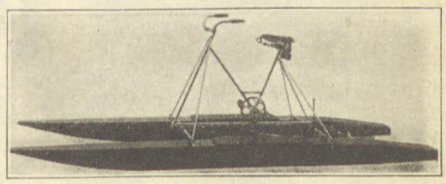
A Water Bicycle safe for children or adults. Rigidly built, but at the same time light in weight. Can be compactly folded and carried anywhere. No practice necessary to operate. Cannot tip disregarding weight of passenger.



Pontoons painted red or green. (Optional.)
Width, when open, four feet. Length of Pontoons, eleven feet. Width, when folded, sixteen inches.
Weight, uncrated, approximately 90 pounds.
Price, complete, $100.00, F. O. B. Milwaukee, cash accompanying order.
Same as above with high compression, 1 cylinder, 4 cycle motor, developing about two H. P. Easy starting, easily attached. $100.00 additional.

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The Kidney Boat for You!

You can depend on every Kidney Boat as being the best that money can buy. Skilled workmen, equipped with knowledge gained by over 45 years of fine boat-making experience, produce Kidney Boats from select seasoned lumber. Model illustrated can do 27 M.P.H. and more, with outboard motor. Boats built to individual order.

Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dept. A, West DePere, Wis.
Chicago: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.
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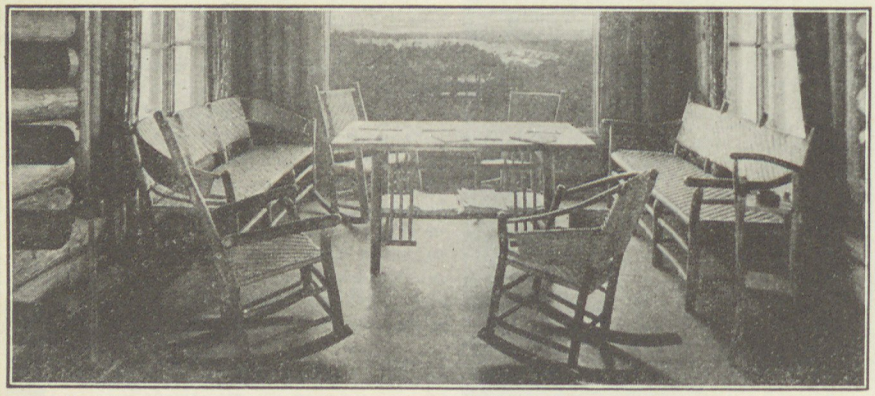
Send 6c in stamps for catalog showing complete line of Kidney hand-built boats.

SAFE!

Rustic Hickory Days Are Here!



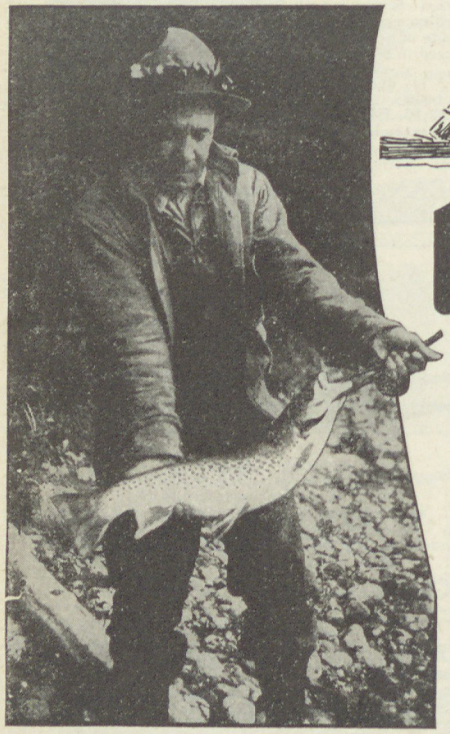
Time to air out the old cabin and get the boats in the water again, for the best time of all—Vacation time—is at hand.

Vacationists in all parts of this continent have shown their preference for Rustic Hickory Furniture for the past 27 years. Wherever Nature smiles you will find this rugged, comfortable, harmonious furniture—in summer home, lodge, resort, country club or dude ranch. Every inch of it is hand built. Only the choicest saplings of Northern hickory go into it. There are over 150 styles to choose from, both for indoor or outdoor use—in natural wood finish or in the latest mode of lasting color combinations.

There is no summer furniture to compare with Rustic Hickory Furniture. For your protection, and ours, we have burned the Rustic Hickory brand in every piece. Look for it.

Your copy of our big catalog is waiting for you. Send for it today. Ask for catalog E.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO.
LA PORTE, INDIANA



Beauties like this...

Let the reports of our fishing scouts help plan a trout fishing trip that will surpass any in your experience. They will direct you to the most promising spots for big league sport.

And Canada has more than game fish—its magnificent forest stretches, its ideal summer climate, its abundant wild life will all contribute to make your outing an unequalled recreational treat. Write or wire for latest scout tips. Name the kind of fishing you want—we'll tell you where to get it—trout, bass, muskies, "wall eyes" or Great Northern pike.

For latest reports and full information, address A. O. SEYMOUR, General Tourist Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway, 3754 Windsor Station, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Canadian Pacific
World's Greatest Travel System

A Modern Ulysses

(Continued from page 67)

its perpendicular walls encircling a veritable hunter's paradise.

The desire to see his mother and his native country, and to add to his knowledge of biology led him back to Germany for the last time in 1890 when he was 25 years old. He studied at the University of Berlin and also worked for the "Linnaea," a firm that prepared zoological and botanical specimens for schools and museums. He assisted in mounting the animals and also carried on correspondence for his employers with their English, Spanish, French and Italian clients.

It wasn't Skipper's nature to handle sharks' teeth, tropical butterflies, and the carcasses of pumas and tigers without becoming imbued with a burning desire to shake the domestic dust from his shoes and see for himself in their native environment the animals with which he came in contact in his workshop.

And away he went. This time to the east coast of South America. As he had obtained his first-officer rating at the Hamburg Naval School during this last stay in the fatherland, he felt equal to anything land or sea could demand of him. Still in his late twenties, he undertook, alone, to enter the Amazon jungles and the Chaco district in Paraguay and Bolivia. As explorers like Commander George M. Dyott and Colonel Fawcett, among others, have learned, adventuring in those regions is no picnic, like slaughtering big game in Africa in a company of twenty or more and with a crew of negroes to make things safe and comfortable.

Only by hacking his way through the dense tangle of bushes, trees, and vines can a man penetrate many parts of this jungle. The moisture laden air carries the germs of disease more dangerous than natives or animals he may meet, and insects are a continual menace to his life.

Skipper's experience with the natives was contrary to that reported by Commander Dyott. He found them a simple people, friendly and easy to manage. Tact and generosity were his passports in this dangerous labyrinth where more than one explorer entered and was never heard from again. He collected rare orchids that let down tubes from the trees in which they were growing to obtain their water supply and then drew them up again, and other specimens of this coveted flower for which men have endured hardships and even lost their lives; blue enamel butterflies, Goliath beetles, giant moth caterpillars that crash against glass with the sound of a thrown rock, bird-catching spiders with webs three feet in diameter, wild pigeons, gray, blue, and white cranes, brilliant colored flamingoes, herons, and a host of other animals and plants.

Marriage, which adventure he encountered after quitting South America, failed to anchor his roving soul. He remained in North America after 1890, but that stay saw him cruising in a 16 foot boat along the Florida coast, and crossing the continent from north to south and from east to west as homesteader, geologist, and lecturer on political economy.

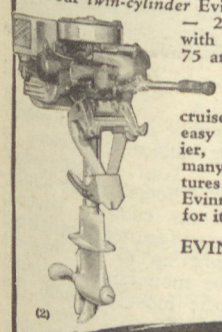
Incidentally Skipper spent 18 months with Jack London at the great novelist's ranch at Glen Ellen, Calif. London's first wife, Charmion, who has written a book about her illustrious ex-husband, mentions Mr. Untermann and gives him due credit for the tutoring in the sciences which he gave to London.

As you may have suspected, Skipper was

"Drive" the Waters this Year

FOR about half the cost of a low priced car you can "drive" the waters this year. It's more fun than flying, with a powerful, smooth running Evinrude at the stern of a sleek, trim runabout! Room for the whole family. Away from crowds, traffic.

Four *twin-cylinder* Evinrudes, to choose from — 2½, 6, 14, 20 H. P., with light weights of 44, 58, 75 and 95 lbs., respectively.



A size for any craft from canoe to small cruiser. Waterproof ignition, easy starting made still easier, torpedo-streamline and many other new 1929 features fully described in new Evinrude Year Book. Send for it today.

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For fishing or racing—to get there quickly or just poke along—there is a WHITE model to meet every requirement. A WHITE will make your vacation and week ends the best ever. Every WHITE embodies finest materials and equipment with the expert craftsmanship of canoe and boat builders having 40 years experience. Know our attractive prices for the WHITE models shown below. Write for complete catalog and folders of these "and a dozen others."

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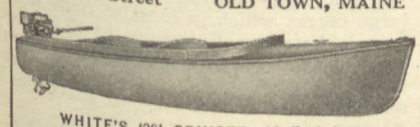

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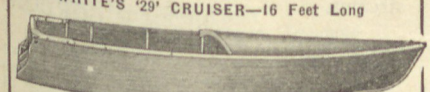

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All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents.
INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Ind.

more interested in science and in the romance of strange lands and the sea than hunting and fishing. But this does not mean that he never felt the urge to fight it out with a scaly monster of the deep or to bring down a charging jungle cat. While practically all his hunting and fishing has been done to replenish his larder, that larder has been empty so often and in so many climes that his experiences with rod and gun compare very well with those of the most favored sportsmen.

How would you like to land 40 bonitas, each weighing about 35 pounds, during a morning's fishing? That's what Skipper did while on his first cruise on a sailing vessel, in the Atlantic in 1882.

"We needed food," he mused, "and that accounts for the big haul. The bonitas were caught easily. A canvas rag attached to a hook was all we needed to land them. Trolling or simply dangling a hook from the side of a boat would get them. They weren't what we'd call fighters. After I had all on ship we salted down what was not eaten—and bad tasting stuff that salted bonita was. We had to eat every bit of it, however.

"We always had a trolling line in the water while sailing in those days, and landed bonitas, sailfish, sawfish and the seven to eight foot long gold darades by this simple method. Sharks and barracudas we caught by baiting a large hook with a piece of meat."

Skipper does not believe in William Beebe's theory of harmless sharks. Says he, "I've seen too many men mutilated and do not doubt their word that those scars were left by sharks. South Sea islanders, who certainly come in contact often enough with sharks to know their habits, would often mutilate a shark and then free him in the waters in which they were about to dive for pearls."

He can testify to the viciousness of the pirana, that savage little fish, six to ten inches long, that will attack a man without provocation. He tested the temper of this fish while in South America and found it would rush at a hand or foot as soon as it saw it. He met natives with toes and fingers bitten off by this little man-eater. In South America he also ate the flesh of that strange animal, the manatee, or sea cow, which, in the last century, was a frequent visitor in our southern waters and even ascended the Florida and Louisiana rivers. He found the flesh fairly palatable, tasting something like veal, but very oily.

The South American lion, the puma, is not the ferocious king of the jungle some may believe, says Skipper. "I have seen pumas on the edge of our camp, yes, even close to our tents," he recalls. "They are really harmless and run at the sight of man. The natives call them 'bicho sin verguenza,' bug-without-shame."

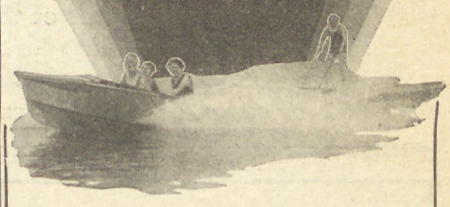
While he found Africa a far better game country than South America, he had no serious kick to register at the scarcity of game in Brazil, Paraguay, and Bolivia. Small deer, hares and rabbits, ducks and geese he found quite plentiful, while the rivers contained plenty of edible fish. Schools of porpoises and mullets that came up from the sea furnished excellent fishing, he declared.

Instead of marking the larger forest visitors as lawful game, Skipper delighted in observing them and studying their habits. He recalls with keen enjoyment how he outwitted one of those noble sportsmen who must shoot everything within range.

"A German officer in East Africa took a notion to shoot one of those wild friends of mine, a white rhinoceros, whom I had observed for weeks and had become accus-

(Continued on page 75)

Racing speed! Launch comfort! Lifeboat safety! ..at outboard cost.....



STEP into a lithe, graceful Mullins Steel King and head for new horizons of pleasure at 25 to 30 miles an hour. Skim the summer seas in a steel boat that responds to your fancy like a living thing . . . a boat that is puncture proof and carefree . . . that will never give you a moment's worry or a minute's work.

For a fishing trip or a family outing . . . a breathless race or an hour's idling . . . the Steel King will do the work and let you have all the fun. And it will keep right on doing it year after year, without any scraping or calking. (Why waste the summer patching and puttering with a wood boat?)

You'll revel in the launch-like comfort of the Steel King . . . thrill to its buoyancy and ease of handling. Here is a boat that will crowd your summer with new delights, at trifling cost.

If you want to make this summer mean more than any you have ever known . . . if you'd like to see how handsome, safe and comfortable an outboard boat can be . . . send for descriptive material showing the full line of Mullins Metal Boats . . . outboards and rowboats.

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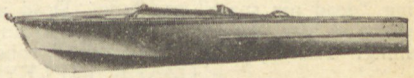
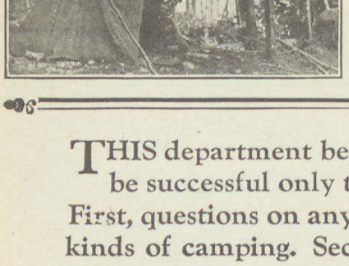
408 Depot Street Salem, Ohio



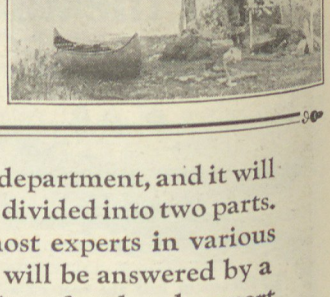
All Mullins Boats are made with a corrugated bottom. This exclusive Mullins feature gives the Steel King greater strength, speed and buoyancy . . . the boat literally rides on air runners. In making sharp turns the corrugations act as brakes, eliminating all danger of side slipping, even at top speed

MULLINS STEEL BOATS



Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Blankets or Robes?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I have been wondering whether blankets, such as the Hudson's Bay kind, or down sleeping robes, are the warmest. Perhaps you can help me in this. Also, can you get such robes cool enough for summer camping? It seems to me three or four blankets would be better than a robe because you can use as few as you want to, or as many. Am I right? Of course I mean real wool blankets. And are the closely woven, hard finish kind as warm or warmer than the fuzzy kind?

E.E.G.

Decatur, Ill.

Down robes are warmer than blankets. This can be taken as a general statement. Winter travelers can sleep with comfort in down robes of heavy manufacture when enough blankets to keep out the cold would be so heavy as to cause uneasy slumber and even chill through hindering circulation of the blood.

The lightest down robe is too warm for summer camping generally, but it has been found very satisfactory in the mountains and in the north woods in mid-summer. It is ideal for fall fishing and for hunting trips, for June camping in high altitudes and northern states.

The adaptability of blankets is their best recommendation. But if you can use a robe, don't forget that you cut the matter of weight into fifths or thereabout. The warmest blankets are those which strike a medium between loose weave and close weave. Those of close but heavy weave, with plenty of "fuzz," and made of long, pure wool, are best. Thin close weaves, such as the army blankets, are worst of all. But in selecting thick weaves, look out for the loosely woven blanket of shoddy or short wool. As a general thing, those with the greatest capacity for storing "dead air space" are best. Dead air space is what makes the warmth in anything. That's the secret of the down robes.

OZARK RIPLEY

Aluminum

Camping Department
Outdoor America:

Please give me the dope on aluminum dishes and cooking utensils for general camping use. I'm going to get a new outfit of this sort and would like expert opinion in the matter. I plan to use the outfit for motor camping and also for canoeing and to take to the hunting shack in the fall. If it is feasible to get a complete set at once, which make do you recommend?

John Nast.

Detroit, Mich.

Aluminum has advantages and drawbacks. Its advantages are its light weight, ease of cleaning, and its freedom from rust. Its disadvantages are its conductivity of heat, which makes it unpleasant to handle and which cools the food, and its tendency to bend easily. These things should be considered in selecting the individual utensils you wish. In the first place get heavy aluminum or none at all. This applies not only to cooking utensils, but to dishes, especially plates.

Heavy aluminum is good for kettles, plates, spoons. Unless the very heaviest aluminum is used, it is not suitable for a skillet. Cups should be of granite wear or of heavy tin, since the aluminum cup burns the lips even when the content is cool enough to drink. Any dishes in which food is to be kept warm should not be of aluminum. This applies in a measure to plates, but if heavy aluminum alloy is used it is satisfactory.

Cheap aluminum camping "sets" soon become worthless through bending, which destroys the nesting qualities. It is best to pick up small nesting sets made of heavy material and consisting of limited pieces. Don't try to get too much for your money, because all the trimmings will have to be discarded anyway. Some sets are excellent, and they are recommended if you can afford the best ones. It is not feasible to recommend certain makes.

RICHARD ROWLAND

Where to Camp

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Is there any canoeable water in Pennsylvania? Pardon my ignorance in the matter, but I have no idea whether one could take a canoe trip in that state or not. Are there any chains of lakes in the mountains, perhaps with short portages between? Are there any rivers on which a trip of a week could be taken? Are conditions wild enough so we could feel "at home" in camping out during these trips? Anything you can tell me will be appreciated.

R. C. Coe.

Atlanta, Ga.

There are hundreds of miles of canoeing waters in Pennsylvania. Most of the rivers and larger creeks are full of rapids, because the fall of the streams is very rapid, but with an average stage of water most of the rapids may be navigated safely; the balance of them offer fairly good portages.

There are no chains of lakes of any consequence except in the Pocono Mountain plateau of northeastern Pennsylvania, but due to high waterfalls and rapids for long distances between the lakes an extended lake-to-lake canoe trip would not be feasible.

There are many public camps and plenty of camp sites along canoeable streams in the Keystone state. Your correspondent will feel perfectly "at home" if he appreciates pretty mountain country covered with forests and young forest growth from the stream bed right up to the highest crags. None of the mountains are more than 3,400 feet high; most of them run from 1,800 to 2,500 feet.

Many of the best canoeing streams flow right through the heart of most beautiful farm country in case some tenderfoot does not want to go back into the wilderness.

The old Delaware River is a gorgeous stream from its headwaters down and one can make the trip any length desired; the Schuylkill River is navigable from White Haven all the way to the City of Brotherly Love; the Susquehanna River is navigable from the New York State line at Sayre all the way to the Chesapeake Bay; and the west branch of the Susquehanna is good canoeing water most of the way from Clearfield or Lock Haven.

In the western end of the state the Allegheny River is a fine stream from the New York State line to Pittsburgh, and the Monongahela and the Youghiogheny are both navigable for quite some distance from the Smoky City toward their headwaters.

In addition to these larger rivers, there are numerous smaller rivers and many large creeks which in most sections would be called rivers. Every one of them rises in the mountains and the nearer one goes to the headwaters, the more rapid the flow and the less desirable they are as canoeing streams.

SETH E. GORDON

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am very much interested in a vacation trip north of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and I shall be grateful for information on the following points:

1. Availability of automobile roads north of Sault Ste. Marie.
2. Respective desirability of the country around Achigan or Agawa.
3. Reduction of expenses.
4. Fishing equipment.
5. Different kinds of available fishing.
6. Maps.

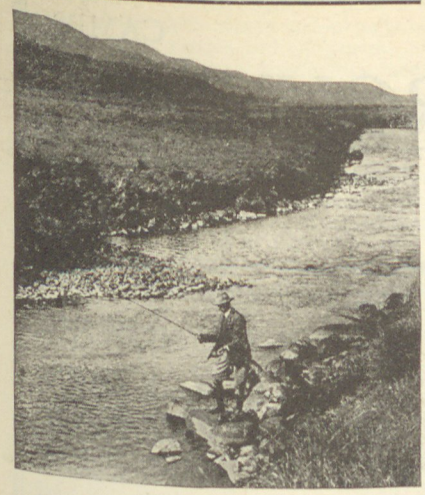
Herbert L. Pierce.

Beloit, Wis.

1. I am advised that an automobile road is open for some thirty miles, to Searchmont on the railroad, and to Batchewana Bay, about fifty-five miles north of Sault Ste. Marie, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

2. I do not think it makes any difference which territory you select. Excellent black bass and trout fishing can be had at Achigan as well as at Agawa.

3. This country should not be expensive. Of course, if you hire a guide you



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where you can stand upon the jagged rocks and fish in the surf for hard fighting, fast moving "big ones."

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South Africa

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Ralph Allan - Augusta, Montana

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The Naomikong Club, a Waltonian Community, invites all red-blooded boys between twelve and twenty years of age, who qualify, to be their guests at their camp established and conducted for boys, and supervised by competent directors, who will instruct wood lore, boating, archery, swimming, canoeing, sailing and other sports.

Boys, you can earn this wonderful vacation, with all camp expenses paid for thirty days, by devoting some of your spare time to delightful easy work.

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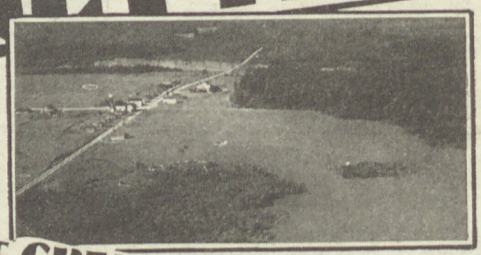

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will have to pay him $4.00 or $5.00 a day, but with that price would undoubtedly come the necessary canoes and equipment, and a good guide is a very satisfactory member of a party. There are a number of resorts in this country with which you can get in touch as soon as you arrive at your particular railroad station.

4. You would need the same general fishing tackle which you would use in southern Wisconsin. Take along, of course, your own equipment of flies and lures, but I suggest that you withhold any new purchases along that line until you arrive at your particular railroad station, as you will find that the local people can tell you immediately just what you need.

5. This country abounds in bass, gray trout, and speckled trout fishing. The precise method of taking each fish is somewhat seasonal, and again I suggest local inquiry at your destination, to find out just what kind of fishing is then most successful.

6. You can obtain maps in Sault Ste. Marie, either upon inquiry at the Canadian customs or by inquiry at the passenger depot of the A. C. and H. B. Railway Company.

This trip ought to make a nice trip. It is not very far, yet the country is quite unspoiled.

Pete Bolduc at Achigan is a very reliable guide, and George Coutu, 26 Pardi Avenue, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, has a camp at Agawa Canyon. Bert Overland, 147 Wallace Terrace, Sault Ste. Marie, has a camp at Tawagama, which is also in this territory.

Be sure to take suitable rain equipment, and some mosquito dope.

Do not forget to report at the Canadian customs, and get your necessary licenses and other requirements.

I am indebted for much of the foregoing information to Mr. J. P. Mader, General Passenger Agent, at Sault Ste. Marie. I suggest you call on him when you enter Canada.

SETH W. RICHARDSON.

A Modern Ulysses

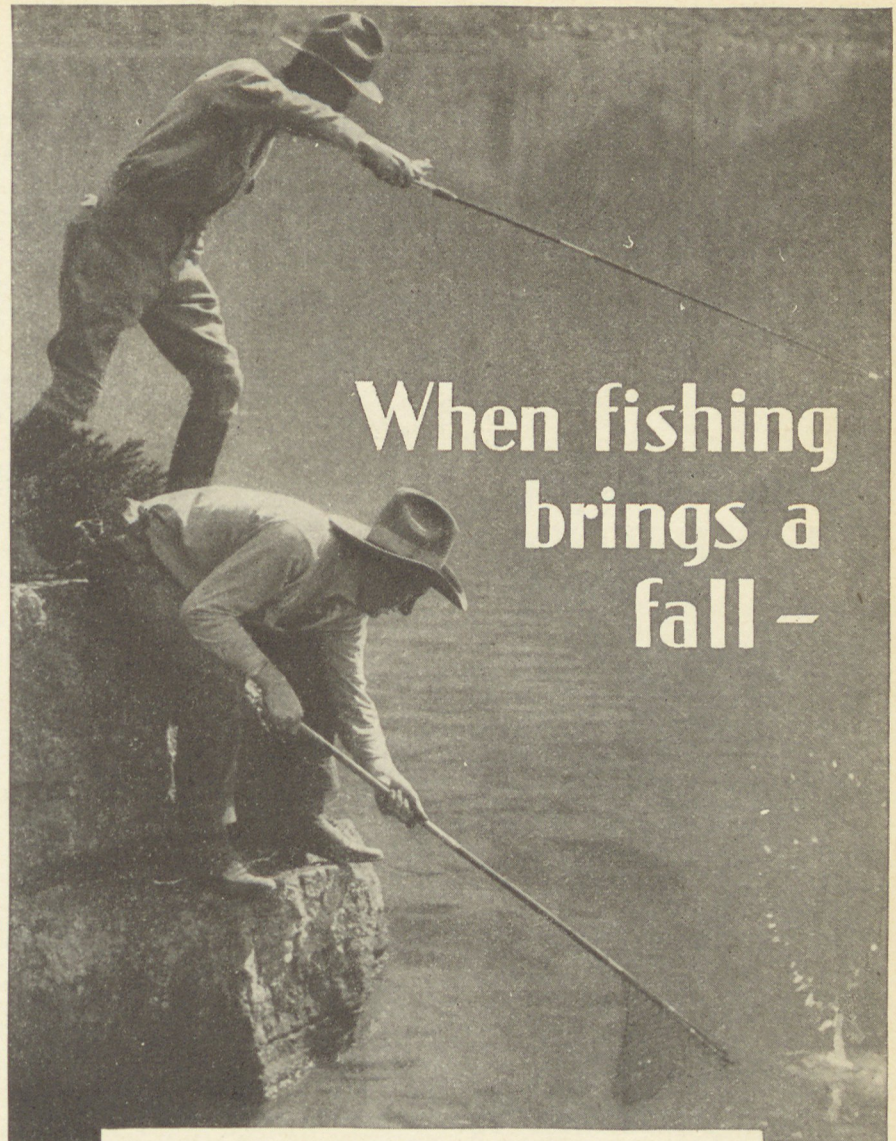
(Continued from page 71)

tomed to watch for. When I learned the officer had heard of the animal and wanted to bag him, I volunteered to help locate him and drive him to where this sportsman was safely waiting in ambush. As I knew the rhino's haunts, I soon spotted him, then tossed a stone at him and sent him scurrying away.

"It seems the officer had a suspicion I deliberately ruined his sport, and as my sorrow probably appeared a bit synthetic, this idea became firmly fixed in his mind. He cussed me roundly in his best—or worst—German, but," and Skipper's eyes took a merry twinkle, "what did I care for a little cussing. I had saved the poor rhino's life."

That incident gives you the key to Mr. Untermann's attitude toward the outdoors and everything in it. He loves it, loves it more sincerely than that hunter or camper for whom it means merely a favorite recreation. When he is in the forest he is a part of it. For him to kill needlessly, tree or animal, is sacrilege. The religion of nature is his religion, and no zealot lives up to his faith better than Skipper does to his.

Understanding, in a measure, this passionate love of his for nature, I can appreciate with what yearning he is looking forward to that next big adventure which he is determined will take him to the wild, "where there is no road and you must understand nature to survive."



WHEN you slip and fall in the excitement of fishing, rely upon Absorbine, Jr. to soothe the bruises and relieve the aches and stiffness which follow. Put a bottle in your pack this season. After a bad fall, rub it on at once. Your aches will be soothed, the pain and soreness relieved, any inflammation soon allayed. If your muscles object to working after winter's inactivity, try a rub down using Absorbine, Jr. Massage your body vigorously. It starts active circulation immediately, cleanses the pores of poisons, revitalizes tired tissues. Apply Absorbine, Jr. full strength for cuts, skin wounds and burns. Its antiseptic properties greatly minimize the danger of infection. Your druggist has Absorbine, Jr.—ask him how *good* it is! Send for "Timely Suggestions," a booklet describing other camp and home uses.

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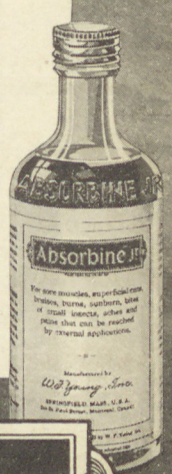
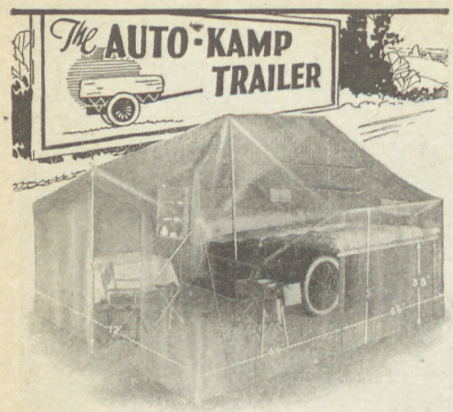


Absorbine Jr.



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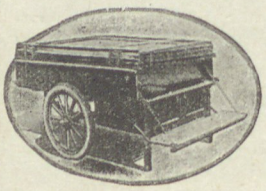

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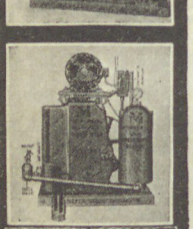

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MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER *from the Wilderness*

In camp, Lake of the Woods.
Mid-Winter, 1929.

IN town, banal comments on existing weather sometimes become tiresome, but, to all creatures that live out of doors, weather is the topic of paramount importance. To me, any letter from the wilderness that contains no reference to the weather, lacks "atmosphere"—a subtle quality, but essential to both realism and interest.

During January, this region didn't suffer from lack of atmosphere. Although there were no extremely cold days, temperatures ranged between zero (Fahrenheit) and thirty degrees below. Uncomfortable, no; merely stimulating, invigorating and thoroughly enjoyable to the active, well-clad outer.

On two occasions, moderately high winds made foot travel, in the open, a rather strenuous exercise, but, taking the season as a whole, I cannot remember one more favorable to winter camping. There is only seven inches of snow on the stumps and considerably less on the ground. In the woods, snowshoes are unnecessary, but the snow covering on the lake is almost perfect for skiing.

Several times recently, I have been on the lake trail from the first hint of dawn until after sunrise, and these mornings will not be forgotten soon. The effect a spectacular sunrise has on me differs radically from that produced by an equally gorgeous sunset. The latter always imparts something of the sadness of a beautiful requiem; the former uplifts, like a song of praise to a triumphant warrior.

The big tent (14'x16', with 6 ft. walls) is a real luxury and the warped, rust-eaten ruin of last year's stove heats it satisfactorily. A dozen lengths of six-inch pipe give added, and sometimes very welcome, radiation. It takes a lot of wood but that causes no pangs. I really enjoy the cutting and fairly gloat over the fact that no bill will ever be presented for what is used.

At this camp, I burn green birch and aspen, also, a very little dry pine. A small armful of the latter is more than enough to last me for twenty-four hours. During sub-zero weather, I use birch, exclusively; at other times, aspen gives heat enough. Dry wood is used only to hurry a sluggish fire. A shoulder load—carried from a distance—is ample for two weeks. Before moving from the open-front tent, I burned nearly all the dry fuel within a hundred yards of the fireplace. That may have something to do with my present parsimony regarding it. But the chief reason is the weakened condition of the stove.

It is a little too good to discard and hardly good enough to keep. A steady diet of dry wood might cause it to collapse, but, by feeding it with little else but frozen saplings, I hope to make it last until spring. So far, it has served very well. Its unusually large capacity (12x13x28 inches) enables it to consume, with relish, stuff that could not be burned in an ordinary-sized tent-stove. In fact, I seldom split for it a stick of a smaller diameter than six inches, although I use all but the small branches of every tree I cut. The rabbits feast on these.

Putting up the stovepipe was something of a feat. Fitting together, unassisted, fourteen straight sections and four elbow joints; spanking them into a semblance of rigid unity and wiring the whole unstable, pernicious, refractory, temperamental and unwieldy mass to an almost inaccessible ridgepole, required patience, resourcefulness, time and the withdrawal from "dead storage" of some pack-trail language I haven't emitted for twenty years. Luckily, the day was mild.

A month later, I had to take it down, move the stove, subtract two elbows and rearrange the whole pipeline. This time the weather was not so favorable. In fact, it was quite cold. For several days the draught had been weakening and I intended to find and remedy the trouble as soon as the weather moderated. But, when the suction failed to carry off the smoke while I stoked the stove, prompt action became imperative.

That night, I allowed the fire to burn itself out, so, when daylight came, the temperature inside the tent closely approximated the eight degrees below zero that the outside thermometer indicated. I considered building an outdoor fire and cooking breakfast, before starting on the pipes, but decided against it. I fancied I knew where the obstruction was and that the removal of a single joint would enable me to reach it.

I was mistaken. The stoppage was at the *last* place I examined. Outside the tent, and about three feet from the rear wall an elbow changed the pipe's direction from horizontal to vertical. During the nights, when the damper was closed, moisture had gathered and congealed at this spot until the joint was nearly full of frozen soot.

By removing this elbow and the vertical sections above it, I eliminated all chance for a repetition of the trouble and greatly improved on the original draught. Now, the pipe sticks straight out from the rear wall and I have no intention of trying to make it look more symmetrical.

It was three o'clock when, in the midst of dirt and disorder, I lit the fire and started to cook "breakfast." I had eaten nothing since the night before. Hunger, cold fingers, a task I loathed and numerous exasperating incidents had put me in vile humor. Had the day ended then, my memory of it would have been anything but pleasant. But it was less than half gone.

As soon as I became thoroughly warm, my natural cheerfulness returned. A hearty meal and a pipeful of "Natural Leaf" soothed my temper. Order was soon restored and the soot wiped from its most prominent resting places. Then, a hot bath, a shave and a change of underwear gave me a consciousness of renewed well-being that fully compensated for all the annoyances and discomforts of the day. And the stove throbbed joyously as the flames zoomed through the unobstructed flue. All was well.

Later, as I lay in my cozy bunk smoking a bedtime pipe and reading McKown's article in the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, I was profoundly gratified to see that good old Louis had generously refrained from telling *everything* he knew about me, and, by golden reticences, shielded my reputation and preserved the amenities of a close, life-long friendship.

A Bass Is Caught

By
BURR LICHTY

DOC SCOTT lived ten days past the opening of the bass season, too stricken to wet a line or to throw one of his famous "e" casts. Tillison, dear old Ed, followed him four days later, the victim of a marine mishap.

"Foolish folks," I mused, "forego the pleasures that were common to the dear departed. Only sensible people pursue their pleasures with as much avidity as before. Come! Let's be sensible people."

Midsummer found us back on the CED —Larry and me—pensive and meditative; reflecting how Scott would have whipped this water; how Ed would have manoeuvered the boat for that. Idols both that we had set up in the wilderness, not to worship, but as censors of our methods and our conduct.

We put in at LaBelle's landing on a glorious morning. The river seemed more heavenly than we had ever seen it before. There is no grandios intended in that word "HEAVENLY." It is a wish and a hope of fulfillment.

"Heavenly rivers!"

Give the long white robes and the starry crowns to Noah, Jonah and Cap'n John Smith, but "Heavenly rivers"—what an idyllic fantasy.

Larry raised the first smallmouth before we were fairly started, but was late on the retrieve and I was asleep at the oars.

Later he struck a good one and played it with quite the master hand of Doc Scott. And though I say it boastfully I admit I behaved with the oars just as Ed would have.

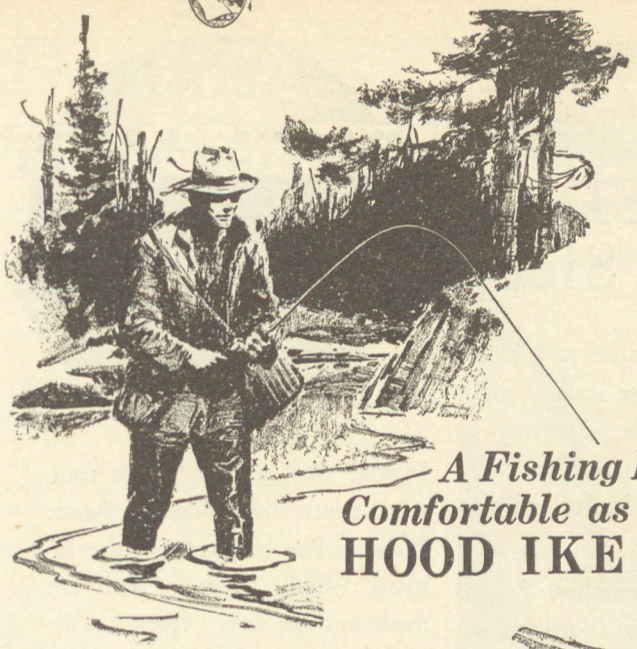
The left bank was steep and rocky. It was draped with alders and small shrubs at the water's edge, with an overdraping of maple, elm and aspen. Scott had related the many times it had yielded good fish for him. Larry and I approached it with utmost caution but our casts went awry or fouled on over hanging branches. The ones we laid well back were of the kind to flatter our cunning but were without the echo of a strike.

My second cast just missed the outer branches of a leaning maple and carried to a foot of shore against an old stump. A fish struck with that delectable *furioso* that is sweetest of all music to an angler. Larry pulled out to midstream where we fought it out 'til the two pounds of bronze fury were spent and he reposed peacefully in the net.

The bass were taking bass-bugs today. We tried every pattern and color. White worked best for me, yellow for Larry; probably we returned to those favorites and presented them more times than all the others. I tried a "new wrinkle" a friend had given me, over a mile of good water without a ripple, only to return to the "Clark's Fancy," and took a fine bass on the first cast. Larry changed to a Clark's Fancy and whipped it into every likely spot for an hour only to return to the yellow "Bob Davis" and hooked into a two-pounder the next minute. This partly proves that the most effective "bug" is the one *you* like best. What the bass thinks about it has nothing to do with the scientific side of angling.

Larry proposed we stop for lunch. I cleaned a couple of nice bass while he unpacked the basket and built a fire.

"Where's the pan?" I asked.



A Fishing Boot that's as Comfortable as an Old Shoe
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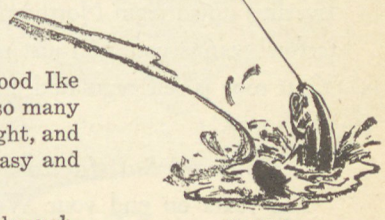

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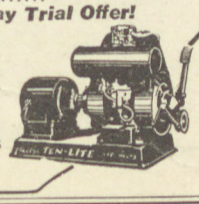

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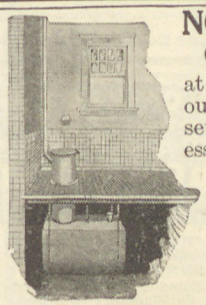

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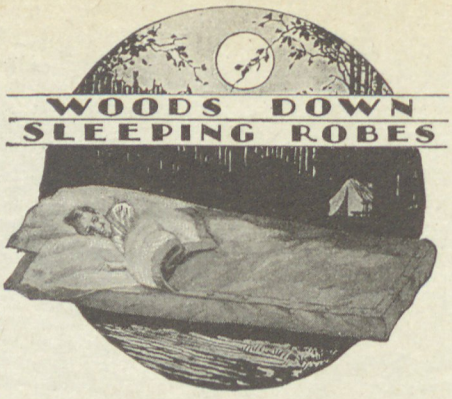

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"Damn Uncle Bill," he roared as he sought frantically for the missing utensil.

"We'll have to roll 'em in clay and bake 'em," was his solution.

"Sure," I acquiesced, "but where are we going to find any clay in this country? There isn't enough clay in the county to make a flower pot."

"Mud, then," he offered petulantly.

"Point it out to me and I'll get it," I answered vindictively. Sand—oozy sand was the most available material we could use. We plastered the fish with it and built a roaring fire over them. Take my word for it and use modern utensils if you cook in the open.

The afternoon wore on as all must, while we passed familiar scenes which to the untutored eye remain ever the same, but to the eye of an angler disclose the whims of nature's ever changing mood. I began to muse on the beauty all about us.

"Can't you hold me thirty or forty feet off shore like Ed used to?" Larry asked irritably. "I'm not a discus thrower.

"Back me into that ford," he continued. "There's a good bass in there."

It didn't look especially bassy to me, but I complied. Overhead the yellow bug traveled back and forth with each false cast. Presently Larry made ready to drive, and the "Bob Davis" struck me a resounding blow on the left ear that all but tore it off.

"Can't you keep your casts out of the boat?" I protested. "Scott always did." He apologized, I thought, without sympathy. The next cast brought forth a "goggle-eye" whose scant five inches offered slight resistance to the strike and it rocketed overhead and dropped free behind us in midstream.

"Let me have a last whirl at the pool just below that elm," Larry said, indicating a large tree below the saw-mill landing. I backed him into casting range. Three casts he laid without result. The fourth brought a smash that for all the world produced a sound effect not unlike that of bathing a recalcitrant Saint Bernard. Four times that bass walked on his tail and shook himself before I could pull to midstream. Four times he showed the barb heavily sunk into his upper jaw. I pulled at last into the seven mile current, dropped anchor and took in the oars.

"He's your fish," I said, passing the net to the stern, lolling back to take a smoke. "Net him yourself."

"Aw, come on and net him for me," Larry pleaded.

"I won't raise a finger," I answered gruffly.

"Be a good sport," he continued to plead. "The penalty for taking my ear off is to go it alone."

"But," he pleaded, "he's the biggest smallmouth I ever hooked."

"That's your tough luck, not mine," I answered unrelentingly. "Scott always netted his own fish, large or small."

Larry was too busily occupied for reply. A dozen times he worked the fish up to the boat only to have him thrash wildly before he reached the net.

"No hurry," he said resignedly. "I think I'll take my time."

"Think?" I scoffed. "You will or you'll lose him."

After many minutes Larry cautiously led him within reach and slipped the net under him.

"Wow! What a bass!" chuckled Larry. "Weigh him."

"He's not so good," I said. "Scott has caught bigger ones with his eyes shut."

I hooked him onto the spring scale.

"Four pounds eight ounces—just," I said.

(Continued on page 80)

Trail of Dreams

By DABNEY OTIS COLLINS

ONE morning when June was abroad on the mountainsides I learned the secret of the May fly, that amazing and often pitied insect whose entire life cycle is compressed within the short space of twenty-four hours. I learned that an hour or two can unfold a store of beauty rich enough for the soul to draw on through eternity. I learned anew the truth of the old saying, that the story of the universe is encompassed within a grain of sand.

As I set foot on the little rustic bridge that spans Club Creek and marks the beginning of the Mount Evans Trail, a mighty Voice seemed to thunder out of the forest, echoing and re-echoing down the valley, "Abandon care, all ye who enter here." With this song in my heart I swung up the Trail that leads almost to Never, Never Land.

As a prelude to the grand symphony with which the Trail was to serenade me, a blue columbine arose in solitary splendor beside an old moss-covered log, a clump of white violets nodded their dainty heads from a shady bank, and a cluster of ferns clinging to a crevice in the rocks softly waved their lacy fronds.

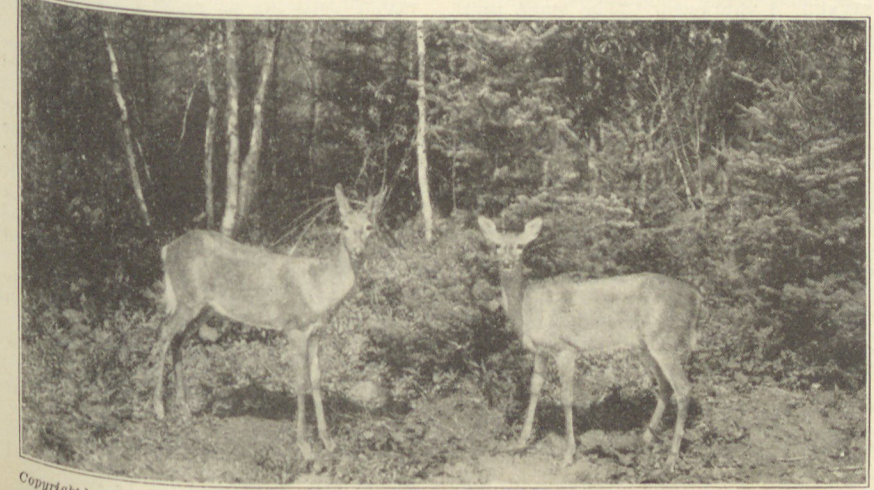
Then the forest of spruce enveloped me, folded me in its perpetual shadows, and the world departed like some evil dream. Up the tilted aisle between trees hoary with age I trod a carpet as soft as an Ispahan and of infinitely richer pattern. This primeval gloom was but rarely penetrated by sunlight, shadows clung to the scaly trunks and to the nether sides of the sparse branches like mourning veils. From a gaunt limb a gray squirrel peered unafraid, and a somber hued bird looked at me solemnly as I passed. As though in recompense for this plethora of pensive beauty the gods had emptied all the incense of Olympus down on the forest, the pungent, resinous, sun-bathed odors of pine floated softly through the treetops, filtered to the darkest corners, saturating the stillness with miraculous perfume.

But the Trail holds as many moods as life itself. It now opened into a miniature forest of aspens, gleaming in the sunlight like an emerald of ten thousand facets, the tender young leaves a-flutter with the utter joy of being alive and beautiful. (For I have never believed that foolish legend of the Savior's cross and the quaking asp). From the fresh, sparkling grass about their feet the greenish-white, sun-splotched fairylike boles arose straight and sheer, resembling ghostly giant tallow candles.

Beyond, and to the right, a field of pea flowers spread out in a gorgeous pageant of bright, almost transparent yellow, extending to the fringe of pines where they were met by white-flowering juneberry bushes and syringa-scented raspberry roses. To the very edge of the Trail crept a host of tiny golden buttercups, blue-eyed grass, white petaled starwort, wild strawberries, and a dainty little plant bearing peculiar trumpet-shaped blossoms of the deepest blue I have ever seen, the pentstemon.

Passing through a glade where the sunlight shifted between needled branches and fell in a checkered pattern over the floor, the Trail dipped sharply to the water's edge. Between the trunks of aspens and hanging over the clear water, Narcissuslike, as though never tiring of their mirrored loveliness, thick-stemmed waterleaves grew to immense size, their bell-like flowers bits of blue from a Colorado sky. Out of the lush grasses sprang a galaxy of shooting stars, pinkish-lavender blossoms poised like rockets on their delicate stems. And every depression in the rocks large enough to contain a spoonful of earth bore witness of waxlike yellow-flowering sedum or gray-green sage. Dense patches of tender-leaved spreading kinnikinic and scale-like juniper lay close to the earth's bosom.

As the Trail wound gently along the bank of the laughing stream or climbed abruptly to gain an eminence from which the colorful little valley lay like an animated map, wherever it went, the wild-flowers came with it. Came trooping out of the shadows of the forest with banners unfurled, the lavish paint pots of June. Stately little wallflowers, prim in their new canary yellow dresses. Vivid crimson, exotic Indian paint brush. Parsley holding aloft its golden umbrella, and its modest cousin, the wild mustard. Purple and lavender iris, charming miniatures peeping shyly from sheltered rocks, as though lifted intact out of some little garden in faraway Japan. Furry, padded catsfoot. Odd skull-cap with diminutive pendants of purplish red. Clumps of



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juicy-stemmed larkspur flaunting pyramids of violet blue. Pink, geranium-like cranesbill. Luxurious masses of blue lupine. Little armies of feathery white and lavender daisies no larger than baby buttons. And, standing apart from their fellows because of size which begets a certain degree of independence, the bush clematis gaily decked with drooping, violet bells, the pulpy, delicately colored coral root, "poor relation" of the orchid, yellow-flowered bladder pod beloved of bumblebees, and the magnificent evening primrose.

In harmony with the spirit of the Trail, the crowding trees opened to admit a velvety stretch of grass above whose starred loveliness butterflies hung motionless on silken wings. Here might the traveler lie on his back, pipe between teeth, and gaze beyond the giant aspens starkly outlined against the backdrop of spruce trees into the bluest sky the Master has ever painted. Such a blue, such a pure expanse of Heaven that no one may behold without feeling a closer kinship with the Infinite.

Beneath a mighty pine, three feet in diameter and rearing its rugged arms far overhead, the Trail paused to look across the valley. Thick, dark green treetops marched in solid ranks towards the sky, only broken now and then by an ungainly, red-barked pine soaring high above them, until the entire gigantic range was clothed in its evergreen mantle and filmy clouds sank behind it. Patches of bright green aspens shone where gulches would be.

Great masses of reddish granite now thrust themselves through the treetops, startling in their grandeur, awful in their death. A large bird circled high above the crags and was lost in a cloud. To counteract this glimpse of the sublime, a group of shell-pink roses, so fragile they could scarcely bear the weight of the bees humming over them, nestled at the foot of an aspen. Sheltering the roses on three sides and mingling its sweet perfume, was a mass of choke cherry shrubs covered with greenish-yellow, cattail-like flowers.

Down to the creek bed the Trail descended to leap over painted rocks, brush against perfect gems of blue spruce trees and surprise graceful ferns hiding in the dense shade. Across the creek, in a little meadow seemingly selected for the tragic purpose, lay the ruins of a giant pine, all in a heap, as though in one splendid moment it had crumpled to the earth like a house of glass.

Just ahead, a noisy waterfall plunged out of a thicket, tumbled high over a rocky cliff, roaring, splashing, foaming into stony pools and rivulets, hurrying madly on its course. The Trail was ended.

That short walk had yielded more beauty than a hundred-mile motor trip ever could, storing many a gem in the treasure house of memory to be taken out and enjoyed on a Winter's evening. Such a spell of enchantment had been cast over me that it seemed I had been on the Trail for ages. There came to mind the fabled inscription carved above the entrance to Fairyland,

"Here a thousand years is but a day,
And a day a thousand years."

A Bass Is Caught

(Continued from page 78)

"A four and a half pound smallmouth, WOW!" howled Larry. "We finally got the old bull we've been trying for years to get."

The ride back to camp was a thirty minute series of jolts. Otherwise it was uneventful. We arrived after most of the guests had left the dining room and were lounging on the broad benches by the lake front. We unpacked hurriedly. Larry lifted his splendid bass from the butter tub we used for an ice-chest and placed it tenderly on the cover. Carefully he shaped it into a truculent pose, raised its dorsal fin, spread the broad tail and inserted a stick upright between the massive jaws. I sensed what was coming.

"I'm going to show it to Joe Badger," he said jubilantly, raising the cover on one hand as a dining-car waiter carries a tray.

"Wait!" I cautioned. "The stage isn't set. Let me do the publicity stuff first. We've got to arouse curiosity. Let me handle the ballyhoo."

"What do you mean, ballyhoo?" he ridiculed.

"Just this," I said, piqued. "I'll breeze out front with a stereotyped 'Good evening, Joe; any luck today?' When he talks himself to death for the benefit of the guests he will finally sign off with 'Did you boys do yourselves any good?' Then leave it to me to tell 'em. 'In conformation and color, a perfect specimen. Not the record smallmouth of the world, but the largest that has been taken in these parts in years.' Then I'll give 'em a song and dance about you. 'Your dexterity with a fly rod; your marvelous skill; your inherent modesty in publicly displaying so ordinary a trophy.' You get the idea? No vulgar ballyhoo. Just dignified publicity. Then I'll signal you for the 'come on.' I won't mention the dirty one you did to my ear. Do you get me?"

"Do you call that advertising?" he laughed. "Boy, I grew up in that business."

With that he stalked proudly off, bearing his trophy aloft, while I dejectedly sought a back path to the cabin. Ten minutes later the storm broke.

"If I ran this dump," he exploded, "that bird Joe Badger would get the gate. I'd give him the bum's rush out of here before morning, with instructions never to come back."

"But, Larry," I pleaded with mock sincerity, "Joe is the camp's star customer. He brings his family in June and stays 'til September. He hasn't missed a summer since the big wind. What's the matter with you? I supposed you were the best of friends?"

"The bass," he groaned, purple with rage. "I thought he would be interested."

"Well, what did he say?" I asked.

"Say?" he bellowed. "He showed about as much interest as a traffic cop."

"What did you expect him to do," I mocked, "kiss you?"

"No, I didn't expect him to kiss me," he retorted. "But I expect a man who calls himself a fisherman and brags about it, to have more to say than a halfwitted 'S all right.' Said he was sorry I wasn't here sooner to see his kid catch a snake pickerel off the end of the dock on a worm. He nearly threw a fit when an old hen asked me if it was a 'blue gill.'

"Do you know what this country needs more than anything else?" he roared.

"Bigger'n better elephants?" I asked.

"NO-O-O-O-O!" he fairly shouted.

"More and better publicity," I guessed again.

"Not by a damn site," he exploded.

"Well, you name it; I can't," I said.

"More Doc Scotts and Ed Tillisons," he answered, as he slammed the screen door and disappeared. Aces were easy.

Billy Bowlegs

Being an account of a two weeks hunting trip into the Florida Everglades of a ten-year old white boy and the greatest of all the Indian hunters, long before the coming of the railroad

By W. C. KYLE

As Told to August Burghard, Jr.

"BILLY BOWLEGS was the best hunter of the Seminoles, a tribe famous for its skilled woodsmen. Besides that, he was a personality. His uncanny skill with arms and his intimate knowledge of animal life had established his reputation with white settlers and Indians alike all over southern Florida in the 1880's and '90's. I was 10 years old and the year was 1891 when Bowlegs took me to the edge of the Everglades on a two-weeks hunting trip.

"Whether or not it was the excitement of penetrating the wild Florida hunting grounds with the big Indian, or the thrill of getting my first deer, or the shock of burning out the huge rattlesnake, or the taking of the otters, or Billy's phenomenal exhibitions of riflemanship which have made me remember every small detail of the trip for 30 years I do not know. Perhaps it was all these things."

The speaker was a middle-aged business man with several near-grown children. He was harassed and beset with the usual post-boom and post-hurricane problems of the average resident of his section, but he warmed to the telling of the Florida that was, before the coming of the subdivider—and of the hunting it afforded when Billy Bowlegs was in his prime.

"Flagler's railroad had been pushed as far as Cocoa. Palm Beach was to have been its terminus. At Jupiter a roadway gang of a hundred negroes was throwing up a fill for the anticipated coming of the line. There were five or ten white families in the section. My parents had brought me to Jupiter from Titusville on the old Mississippi river type sternwheeler, 'The Sebastian.' The 250-mile trip had required seven days.

"At that time, just west of Jupiter, was the state's largest encampment of the Creek division of the Seminole Indians. They depended for livelihood largely upon hunting the 'plume bird' (the egret), alligators and otters. Between Jupiter and Lake Okeechobee there was low, flat wooded pine country. The Everglades started thirty miles west of Jupiter, gradually turned to the southeast near Hungry Land, east, to west of Palm Beach, then due south almost to Miami, southwest to Everglades, then due north to Lake Hickapochee (small lake)—embracing an area of 5,000,000 acres of saw grass and muck.

"The 'Glades is a much misunderstood area. It is a saw grass section covered usually with a muck soil. The grass is four or five feet high and there are no jungles or trees, as many seem to think. It was on the edge of the 'Glades lands that game abounded. In the 'Glades were otters, coons, alligators, fowls and literally thousands of the small striped water moccasins.

"But about our hunting expedition—Bowlegs, who was a strapping big fellow, six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds, hitched a pair of oxen to a two-wheeled cart and we slowly ambled fifteen miles due west from Jupiter to the hunting camp. He was a half breed, his father having been an Indian and his mother a full blooded negress. Her name was Funco and she had been captured in the Indian war in 1845. Because of his mixed blood the Indian law never permitted him to marry.

"It was usually a rule that the best of the Indian hunters were the laziest and most shiftless men of the trip. Not so Bowlegs. He was energetic, thrifty, and most unusual characteristic of all, he was cleanly. He dressed as the old Seminoles did—five or six gaudily striped shirts, buckskin moccasins and leggins, and surmounted the whole with a tremendous turban of shawls wrapped round and round his head. This turban easily weighed twelve or fifteen pounds.

"He replaced my shotgun with a 30-30 Winchester rifle, saying that he wanted me to learn to hunt as the Indians hunted. Deer fed during that glorious period the same as cattle, in the day time. They were 'still' hunted—no dogs. Now they are scarce and shy and only feed between dark and dawn.

"We found two deer soon after we started our hunt, standing in a marshy place near a pond. They were a hundred and fifty yards away and twenty feet apart, watching us, ready to run at the first disturbance. Bowlegs indicated that I was to shoot. I aimed at the larger, a handsome eight-point buck. Naturally, I missed. The smaller, a spike-horn or one year old buck, continued to stand. I turned my gun and fired at it twice. Young spike-horn took after old man eight-point. Bowlegs motioned me to shoot again and I emptied my rifle. Both deer were still perfectly healthy.

"The Indian then took quick aim. His second shot killed the big fellow two hundred and twenty-five or two hundred and fifty yards away. His third shot broke the hind leg of the younger animal and it took refuge in a clump of palmettos. It was a simple matter for me to dispatch it from ten feet away when Bowlegs frightened it from cover.

"Both deer were cleaned and prepared in the Indian manner for transportation back to camp. The bone from each foreleg was removed, the carcass placed on the carrier's back, and the four strips of leg skin criss-crossed and tied in front of the chest. This threw the animal's weight well up on the back and one could walk for miles without feeling it. Bowlegs always protected his back with broad palmetto palm leaves.

"We were well on our way back to camp when Billy suddenly stopped and whispered, 'Penewa.' I couldn't see a thing at first, but after he had pointed, I located eight or ten turkeys feeding on the edge of the 'Glades. 'Penewa e-towe, you kill 'um. Me no shoot,' meaning that I was to try for the gobbler.

"Stalking the big birds was made easy by the rough. We skirted to within twenty feet of them. Taking careful aim after resting my gun on the brush I pulled the trigger. I missed the gobbler but accidentally hit a hen turkey in the side.

(Continued on page 83)

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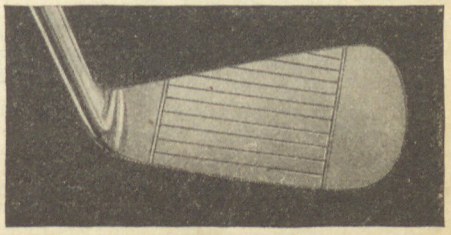

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Billy Bowlegs

(Continued from page 81)

"The frightened birds began to run at lightning speed. Unless flushed they will not take wing, but seek escape from danger by running. Their speed is surprising and as they tore through the low growth with their heads close to the ground their glistening backs looked like large black snakes streaking along. At a distance of one hundred and fifty yards Bowlegs fired and brought down the big gobbler. His second shot stopped a hen. Again we were on our way to camp. Plenty of meat. Two bucks, three turkeys.

"There was one more amusing incident before we finally reached camp. Two fox squirrels which were as large as housecats, climbed a tree in front of us, ran out on a big limb and lay with their heads over the edge impudently looking down at us. One of them was silently swearing at me. I could see it in his small, bright eyes.

One of the greatest of the Seminole Indian hunters.

"Curing deer meat was a simple matter for the Indian. After skinning the carcasses he took a rope and hoisted them a number of feet into the air to keep flies and other insects away. Next morning he lowered them and removed the meat by jerking it from the bones, always following the grain. Without salting it he placed it on boards in a palmetto thatched hut built for the purpose. The shed was open on all sides, had a palmetto roof and pine flooring and was four feet from the ground. No salt is used at any time during the process. In four or five days the meat is thoroughly cured. It is tasty and similar to dried beef.

"Otters were considered at that time the most valuable fur bearing animal in Florida. We had plenty of venison and turkey meat. Therefore an otter expedition was in perfect order. Bowlegs had a yellow cur dog trained in the work. We proceeded to the edge of the 'Glades near the old Indian settlement at Hungry Land and began the hunt. We walked in muck, mud and water from knee to waist deep for about an hour.

"The dog, which had been swimming and wading with and around us, began baying. We worked our way over to him and found that he had halted two big males of the black variety. It is the most valuable breed and the skins were then worth from eight to ten dollars. They are dangerous to dogs. In fact, because of their ability to swim and because of their long sharp teeth they can annihilate practically any dog that lives when in their 'Glades habitat. The specimens at bay were about five feet long, had short legs, long bodies, flashing teeth and dog faces.

I raised my gun to end the fracas, but it was knocked aside by Billy. How he was going to kill such formidable creatures without a gun puzzled me completely. I wasn't kept long in doubt. Taking a jack knife six or eight inches long from his belt he made his way around back of the otters while the dog kept them entertained in front. Taking the blade in his hand he reached over and gave each the gentlest sort of tap at the base of the skull with the heavy knife handle. The tap was all that was needed. He explained that he killed them in that manner to save the skins and to save ammunition—which was scarce.

"We were already a mile and a half from camp and I did not favor any more wading and fighting my way through saw grass and muck. We began our return. Passing a high bit of ground our exploring dog dashed into a thicket of palmettos. Almost as quickly he came running back out with his tail between his legs.

"'Snake,' said Billy.

"I expressed doubt, thinking it was some large animal, but Billy proceeded to show me. He set fire to the palmettos and soon a huge rattlesnake, all of six feet long, calmly crawled out of the smoke and made off for another thicket some distance away. My hair stood on end—but once more, just as I was about to shoot the venomous looking creature, the Indian knocked my gun up and took it away.

"'Indian no killum.'

"'Why no killum?' I demanded.

"'You no hurt them. They no hurt you.'

"That is the Indian philosophy. He had said 'snake' when the dog ran out with his tail between his legs. I had been a skeptic, had doubted his knowledge. He had shown me. He had no further interest in the reptile and it made the second clump of bushes in safety.

"'Snake bite Indian—Indian killum. No bite—no hurtum.' That was all there was to it. He had finished with the subject.

"The Indians use the root of a certain milk weed in case of snake bites. The secret of this remedy is kept sacred. No white person has ever learned it. It is not even known whether the herb is taken internally or applied locally. The Indians will not tell. Only one Indian has died of snake bite in the last forty years. She was an eight-year-old girl who was struck in the calf of the leg by a rattler as she was picking berries two miles from camp.

"She ran all the way back, but died ten minutes later, before any remedies could be acquired.

"Back into our camp once more Billy prepared the meal of a life time. Some of his cooking ability and his habits of cleanliness he must have inherited from his slave mother. Other Indians put everything they had to eat in a big pot and made a sort of what-is-it pudding.

"Billy, after bathing, cooked hot biscuit, venison back straps, rice, coffee and savory turkey breast. He wound his big turban about his head and we dined formally and in style."

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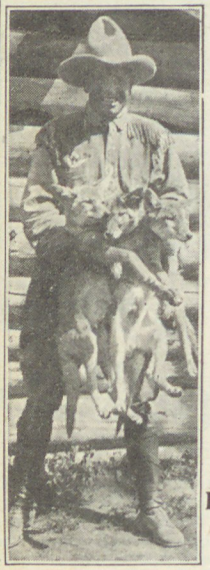

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The Snake River Indians of Idaho who made the buckskin shirt for this gentleman with the Will Rogers smile and the Nematilla Indians who beaded it call him "Buckskin Bill." But he is known to anglers the nation over by the name he will autograph for *you* in his profusely illustrated (more than 100 photos!) best-seller on the art of overhead casting, striking and playing and *finding* fish:

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

THE CRUISE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT, *Explorations and Hunting in the Alaskan and Siberian Arctic by Mrs. John Borden—portrait and illustrations—317 pages—The Macmillan Company, New York—1928—$4.50.*

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago members of Chicago Chapter were privileged to have as the guest of the evening a girlish looking young woman, gowned in simple white, who in easy conversational tone, held us in rapt attention with stories of adventures above the arctic circle.

In "The Cruise of the Northern Light" Mrs. Borden has given us a very interesting and informative "log" of the Borden-Field Museum Arctic Expedition, sailing from San Francisco in April 1927 and returning some five months later. Eight Sea Scouts of America, boys from fifteen to twenty—post graduate Boy Scouts, made part of the crew, and efficiently performed the duties of able seamen.

Captain Borden was master and navigator, and among the guests were three ladies in addition to Mrs. Borden. The handy map within the covers shows the course of the yacht inside the islands from Vancouver to Juneau, thence to Unalaska, the Pribiloffs, Nome, East Cape Siberia, Wrangel Island, and back by way of St. Lawrence Island, Bogoslofs to 'Frisco—some eleven thousand miles.

At Unga where they outfitted to hunt the Alaskan Big Brown Bear, they learned that one cannot hunt without a local guide. Wages are not regulated; there are not enough guides to supply the demand, and each asks what he thinks he can hold you up for. They were compelled to pay $20 a day for guides and $10 a day for packers, and guarantee payment for forty days although but twenty-eight days of the season remained! Happily there is a law prohibiting the sale of bear skins, or the big beast would soon follow the buffalo and wild pigeon. As I recall, each lady got her bear, doing all the rough work of hiking, sprinting and stalking, enduring cold and constant pitiless rain as manfully as to the manner born—although without previous "breaking in."

The vicinity of Wrangel Island appeared to be the chosen home of the Polar Bear, upon which the fair nimrods again scored. Eleven bears were seen the first day and nineteen the remaining three days of their perilous stay at the rim of the polar ice pack.

The men of the party secured several huge walrus upon the ice floes by close-up shots in the eye—the only vulnerable point of aim.

Mrs. Borden pays a fine tribute to their two Eskimo guides from King Island. "Every one on board liked the quiet, gentle little men who were anxious to follow white man's ways! . . . . For every present we gave them they reciprocated twofold. . . . . They gave us farewell presents of a carved polar bear and walrus, also a drawing of the yacht on an ivory tusk. . . . . It was hard saying goodby to these two who had meant so much to our trip. We will never again know such complete devotion."

A Chuckchee settlement upon the Siberian mainland was visited, but no landing made at Wrangel whether on account of the adjacent treacherous shifting ice pack, or doubtful of friendly reception by the far flung outpost of the Soviet government, is left to conjecture.

Mrs. Borden may well be proud of her first effort at authorship. Her book is full of interest. She sees every changing phase of Nature and knows how to picture it in words: "We left the village at 10:30. The schooner lay off the island in a sea of enchantment. The water shimmered a pale violet blue and the sky shone the hues of a fragile hot-house orchid. As we steamed north into Bering Sea a large full moon shed its glittering rays across the dancing waters. The afterglow of the sun still streaked across the sky golden rays which changed to pale orange and lavender as the night wore on. We sat on deck until midnight, spellbound by the heavenly beauty. Still not a ripple on the placid Sea disturbed the peace of this wonderful Arctic night. The men who remained on watch saw the rays of the setting sun change from one tone to another until two o'clock in the morning when they were dimmed by a new sun which rose out of the east."

And again: "We had been sailing for many weeks along the white upper crust at the 'Top of the World,' and were the first white women ever to reach Wrangel Island. . . . . A magical lure gripped our senses. A fresh breeze blew almost caressingly, the flapping of the sails filled one with passionate ecstasy, a moment when one could easily appreciate a sailor's love for his ship far greater than his desire for home. A fair wind, a fine ship and we were homeward bound! I thanked God for having brought us safe so far. Life—how glorious it is!"

There is a profusion of illustrations from photographs, all good and some striking.

"MAÑANALAND," *Adventuring with Camera and Rifle through California in Mexico by John Cudahy—Illustrated—250 pages—Duffield & Company, New York—1928 $3.00.*

JOHN CUDAHY of Milwaukee, not content to settle down in the packing business of his fathers, has figured as soldier, explorer, author, and after writing this book, left for Africa on the Masse-Milwaukee Public Museum Expedition to collect specimens in the Kenya district.

"Mañanaland" has to do with that little known, seldom visited region, Lower California, extending like a ragged vermiform appendix from God's Country southwest into the Pacific Ocean. A land without railroads or highways, a meagre sprinkling of settlements along the east and west coasts, scantily timbered, well nigh waterless, given over to cacti and other spiney or scrubby growth, except in the mountainous region of the north where the timber is much like that of upper California.

The game consists of quail, turkey, antelope, deer and big horn sheep, of which a fair number were brought to bag, one red letter day yielding five antelope, one to each member of the expedition.

A map and many photographs add to the attractiveness of the interesting and well-written description of a little known corner of our Continent, its wild life and kindly inhabitants whose characteristic indolence gives title to the book "Mañanaland."

"If not today, there is tomorrow,
And after that another morrow still remains."

"With Dog and Canoe," *a Story of the Big North Woods by Dillon Wallace—Illustrated—269 pages—Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago—1928—$2.*

THE latest and therefore the best of Dillon Wallace's tales of the North woods, the scene laid in that Labrador made familiar to us by the adventures of Wallace and his lamented companion Hubbard.

The story is woven around a lounge lizard and "vodvil" devotee, son of a wealthy father, who sent him to a factor friend away up North, to be made into a *man*.

Attached to a sled and dog party bound for James' Bay he rebelled at the hardships of the journey and the third night out slipped away thinking he could easily find his way back to the Post but didn't. Coming suddenly upon a bear in the brush he killed it by a lucky shot which revealed his whereabouts to the searchers. That was the awakening of Stanley and the beginning of the making of the dormant man in him; and how he reached the Hudson's Bay Post and eventually found his way back by dog sledge and snow shoes to the settlements in the South together with adventures that befell him upon the way may be read in the pages that kept me awake for hours that should have been devoted to needed sleep.

"Danger Ahead," *More Automobile Adventures by Ralph Henry Barbour—illustrated—265 pages—Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago—1928.*

A STORY of two boys, or three, counting the one "kidnaped," Dad's touring car and the highways and byways of Georgia. I shall give no synopsis of the story. Buy the book for the Boy on my recommendation, and let him have it first for if Dad dips into it Boy will have to wait until Dad has devoured it to the last page—"Gr-r-reat goodness!"

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A Visit from a Cougar

By Beatrice Chapel

THE veracity of our son Kenneth has never been questioned, so, therefore, I do not hesitate to say that the following is a true story. It happened when he was about twenty. He laughs at it now, but I know that whenever he goes into the woods if even to fish he always carries a gun with him. He has trapped for a number of years since, sometimes going far from civilization, but has never up to this time had a similar experience.

A year before we entered the World War and he went to France, Kenneth one spring had the position of camp tender at the National Pole Company's camp near Meadow Creek, Idaho. The camp was not running, so he was all alone only for an occasional visitor. As well as the horses to care for he had a number of pigs which were being fattened against the time when the camp should open again. Often after dark Kenneth would hear the pigs squealing as if in fear of something and he would take his gun and go out to investigate.

On several occasions he caught the gleam of fiery eyes back in the darkness, and although he aimed at the place where they appeared he never got the marauder.

One day after a light fall of snow he harnessed up a team and, taking his axe, went down in the woods not far from the camp to swamp trails. After he had worked awhile he left the horses standing in the trail and walked around a large boulder and finding a convenient log he sat down and filled his pipe and lit it. He had not been enjoying his smoke very long when he heard a rustle in the bushes and an immense cougar leaped into the trail and sat facing him about twenty feet away. Kenneth said he looked to be about six feet long with a tail of the same length. *Of course*, he could not be sure as he did not *measure* him; anyway, he LOOKED that large to Kenneth. Kenneth did not have a gun with him and his axe was around by the horses. It was all very startling as he was only about three miles from Meadow Creek and the wild animals around that section had never been bold. The cougar sat in the trail and stared at Kenneth and Kenneth returned the stare. He of course knew that the human eye can control some wild animals and as there was not even a stone within reach with which to defend himself, he tried his best to hypnotize the cougar. The big cat settled himself down in the road in the position that his domestic cousin does when he is getting ready to spring at a mouse. Every few minutes the cougar would twitch its whiskers and lash its tail around. Kenneth thought sure he was done for, but determined to stick it out as long as he could, so he did not move the least bit and stared steadily into the animal's eyes. This at times proved too much for the cougar and he would turn his head away and shake it a little, then he would return the stare again. Several times he seemed on the point of gathering his muscles for a spring, but the power of the human eye proved too strong. After about a half hour of this silent visiting the cougar grew tired of sitting and looking at this silent thing whose eyes made him uneasy, and anyway he could not have been very hungry or he would have finished matters in short order. Perhaps he felt bored. At any rate, he suddenly disappeared in the brush as quickly as he had come. Kenneth sat perfectly still for several minutes after the animal had gone. Then he glanced around and saw him taking a drink at a little creek quite a distance away. The cougar seemed undecided whether to return or go on about other business. He must have decided for the latter as he soon vanished in the brush. Kenneth, as soon as he was gone, lost no time in getting to where the horses were and securing his axe.

Now you would naturally suppose he would have made for camp which was a short distance away and got a gun, but he did nothing of the kind, he calmly worked the balance of the afternoon and returned home about dusk.

The next day when a friend called he told him of his experience, and taking their guns they went down the trail on which Kenneth had come home the night before. They saw nothing of the cougar himself but in the snow were his tracks where he had followed Kenneth all the way to camp.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

The False Pointing Evil

ONE can not help feeling after due deliberation, how germain false pointing on the part of a dog is to the extremely human frailty which is generally termed four flushing. The dog endeavors to make you feel that he has achieved something which he has not done, and the four flusher in the two-legged race in a way acts just the same. Neither is delivering the goods satisfactorily to the requirements of their boss.

Granting that a dog has a capable nose, the habit, on the part of a bird dog, of pointing falsely is due most times to the way in which he has been developed by his master. If, however, he has been properly trained, the fact is obvious that his scenting abilities are not of the best and that his bird brain has slipped a cog.

You often hear people praise their dogs when they false point, actually bestowing upon them praise for an over-keen olfactory organ, and claiming always that the birds have just been there; though the dog commits the same error time and again, each hour of the day. Personally, my experience with false pointers has included many individuals which were so set in doing it when they came in my hands that they were almost incurable and I decided on ways and means that no dog that I ever handled would be guilty of this fault.

One of the first false pointers that came to my hands was my personal property. I had read a splendidly composed advertisement, whereby, for a small sum, I could become the possessor of a female bird dog with every desirable capability imaginable. What actually caused me to seize the bait offered, like a hungry bass, was the statement that she was absolutely staunch on point in every way. In this the seller did not exaggerate. She was staunch on point, and then some! Willingly I parted with my precious horde of fifty dollars and immediately I sent it off in the mail for the supposed-to-be-incomparable pointer bitch. In fact, if I remember well, I was in haste to do it, through fear that someone else had seen the ad as soon as I and acted more swiftly.

Shortly after my remittance of cash departed in care of Uncle Sam's mail service, I was notified that I was the lucky chap, telling me what day the prized female would be shipped so that I could meet her at the depot and save her unnecessary incarceration in a crate.

The time that elapsed between the day of her being shipped and her arrival witnessed restless and sleepless hours on my part and many visits to the country railway station lest the train should arrive ahead of time, or that too expeditious shipping arrangements might have brought her in ahead of scheduled time. Of course, this did not occur. But eventually she did arrive, a sleek looking, middle-sized pointer of the feminine gender, solid liver in color, very amiable of disposition, with a healthy appetite and big brown eyes, which I thought attested to my combined luck and good judgment in making the purchase.

I followed every instruction the seller transmitted by mail; keeping her five days without hunting her, to have her become fully acquainted with me before taking her afield; using only those commands told me by her former owner and instructor to which she showed a marked aptitude in responding. That dog was the personification of obedience. She would retrieve everything inanimate I tossed from me around the yard, and veritably I was in the seventh heaven of possession, so well, for the time being, did that afterwards-impossible animal please me. Every wag of her thin, switchy tail I translated into some great quality.

The first morning afield I started out with no misgivings. The bitch was seemingly eager for opportunities. I put her down in a short growth of ragweed in a big field and hardly had she gotten warmed up for a good wide cast when I suddenly stopped in transcending admiration, as she wheeled up into the most spectacular point I had ever seen, head high, muscles tensed, statuesque in pose, nostrils aquiver. Who could ask for more in a bird dog? Right there she went up still more in my esteem. At that moment I would not have parted with her for a seat in the president's cabinet. Before the day was over I would have given her away to the first gullible one who would have accepted her. That first was one of the possible ten thousand points she made that day, on everything but game! She false pointed all the time without let-up at about every step she took. And, when she was not actually pointing at nothing, she divided her time with sight pointing sparrows, meadow larks and rabbit forms left in the tussocks of grass. What she included as game in her mental repertoire I could not comprehend. At least of this much, however, I was certain. She never once froze up on a game bird nor displayed any indications that she could find one without assistance. The few bevies we found that day I walked up. She was not aware of their presence until after I had flushed them; then, knowing nothing else to do, she went to pointing so staunchly that I had to drag her away by sheer force to make her renew her efforts at hunting again for a few moments. That day was enough to make me abhor false pointing. I can never reconcile myself to a false pointing dog, though it may do other very clever work.

The early lessons given dogs, while well intended, often cause them to get into bad habits. After they get going well in their field career, instead of depending upon their scenting ability alone, when a bird puzzles them, they revert to their instructions of pointing. They argue to themselves when in doubt, point, for the act pleases the master and it ought to occur when something resembling a game bird is wafted to their nostrils.

The master seldom thinks that anything, except obedience to commands, amounts to as much in a dog's early career as the act of pointing. Doubtless, this is due to the inability to distinguish the quality of a point rather than to anything else. Furthermore, the majority of amateurs obviously define the quality of a point, not by the intrinsic performance represented, but actually by the pose of the dog at the moment. The inordinate haste to have a youngster pointing early causes many a great prospect to become mediocre in later days, when he should be performing in most capable and stylish fashion.

The mental reaction in a dog to false pointing comes from too much senseless training to pointing in early days. This reaction is most pronounced in animals with inferior noses and a definite shortage in bird wisdom.

The amateur first has his young dog, in the yard at home, standing staunchly on pigeons, poultry and, occasionally, dead game birds—acts that most times, in themselves, are sight pointing. Very soon, in the field, the master's obsession is increased and the youngster is made to be steady to wing on everything that flies. He is never permitted to chase any bird, and, when he points a lark or stops fast on the footscent of quail, chicken, pheasant, woodcock or grouse, he is praised and rewarded in the orthodox fashion of the amateur.

Eventually the pointing habit is fixed on many things. If intense interest or sight pointing persists through being held up on non-game birds, when a dog hits a hot footscent, he begins to point. Also, he does the very same thing when in doubt or, if

A group of Eight Winners owned by W. D. Albright, Jefferson City, Tenn.

any indications of the presence of a game bird remain on the ground, though what has caused it has disappeared. Again, this pointing trait becomes so perversely dominant that it often causes the brain to work in a fanciful manner. The dog becomes gifted with an extraordinary imagination, often to the degree that shapes of grass resembling a crouching quail or a bevy of quail demands pointing. Another sort of reaction occurs when a dog wheels up staunch on the commonly called stink bird, the field sparrow, because of a bit of scent possibly having some resemblance to that of quail, woodcock or grouse.

Self hunting, too, is an admitted cause of some false pointing. The delicious habit of self hunting gets a firm hold on a dog's mind and eventually leaves bad effects. These are almost unavoidable. If you have ever observed dogs self hunting undoubtedly this statement is obvious to you. The animal reverts to instinctive type in all its movements. Seldom do dogs self hunt alone to any great extent. Usually they have a companion in this indulgence. When they are out self hunting, I say they revert to instinct because they hunt almost everything, and the tendency of a dog to capture what he regards as his rightful prey causes him to conduct himself like most predatory creatures, with stealthy, creeping habits, and a momentary pause before pouncing on the prey.

In the list of the things to which self hunters gradually respond are field mice, moles, sparrows and all sorts of game or non-game birds, as well as the outstanding one of rabbits. A land turtle is regarded as something desirable in their itinerary. I remember one particular lone self hunter of my acquaintance that always concluded his self hunts in summer by bringing home a turtle. If he found it early in the day immediately his hunt ended. Sometimes he was gone three days before he discovered the object of his quest. When fall came around and the crop of land turtles disappeared, he changed his objective to young pigs and goats, either of which, when found, he proudly bore to me, rarely harming one but causing me lots of distress, for it was difficult for me to find the place to which I had to return his prize.

Overcaution naturally develops with self hunting. If dogs self hunt together they back each other well. Every step on the part of one is backed by the other and always on any sort of game. Overcaution to capture their prey, in itself, is a bad enough expansion of their interest, but the equal evil of finding things any old way and, especially, by footscent, is also liberally indulged.

Later on everything picked up during the self hunting hours becomes conducive to false pointing. No great flight of the imagination is necessary to visualize this. The real treat in the self hunter's experience is the seeking and finding of rabbits. They become absorbed in the idea of capturing the festive bunnies, not only on account of the excitement which the chase provides, but because of the ultimate festival of devouring the agile creature's body. Young rabbits are regarded in high esteem by all self hunting bird dogs.

In these hunts almost every undesirable trait is developed. Overcaution from the tense strains of excitement to be sure of their prey is one of the evils sure to happen in the end and footscenting attacks a high class dog, nolens or volens, the more he participates in unbridled self hunting liberties. He can not avoid it because his questing of rabbits ultimately causes him to seek for footscent left by cotton tails, and later, to follow it after he has started the game from its lair or comes upon its track during its ramblings.

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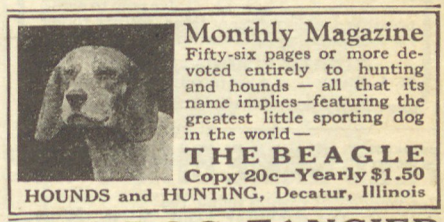
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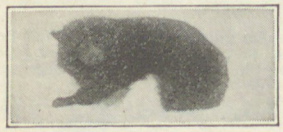

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The habit of momentary sight pointing is a sure forerunner to false pointing, and is always an auxiliary to indulgence in self hunting cotton tails. There is no evading this by the self hunter who follows his objective bent for bunnies. Lest anything of the sort escape him, he falls into the habit of stopping at the least indication of this fascinating game. He has to be exceedingly cautious to trap his victim. Therefore, anything that looks like it attracts his attention in the grass. Even meaningless flickering scents will cause the dog to pause.

Even blinking on quails is frequently traceable to this self hunting. The dog reacts in the field with the master to the very things he has learned while self hunting. Birds in the open demand excessive caution. Add to excessive caution the presence of a handler who has been rough with dogs and immediately the animal backs off through sheer lack of confidence in himself. He has grave doubts of his ability to hold these particular birds, and backs away from them through fear of committing a flush.

There is nothing so exasperating as to see an experienced dog, endowed with class, go out with a slashing gait, reaching out wide and, when coming to a likely spot, wheel up into a most spectacular point and then, when the owner reaches the spot, lo! it is false or only indicates the presence of a tantalizing stink bird.

You can never justify false points or find a good reason for one—except to excuse your pet. A high class bird dog that false points regularly is no more deserving the name than a sportsman who hates dogs. Seek into the sportsman's makeup who does not love some kind of a sporting dog and you will immediately find grave flaws in his supply of things that go to make a sportsman, especially that outstanding one of possessing any of a sportsman's sentiment. The false pointing dog has no right to the name of high class, for he decidedly lacks accuracy and something is wrong with his claims for prestige.

Pointing stink birds, rabbit forms, or places where birds are supposed to have been a few minutes before are never excusable. A bird dog of experience which can not determine instantly the falseness of these things has a weakness in his makeup, however much his owner tries to give natural causes for the act.

The only occasion when I can forgive a dog for a momentary false point is when one of the wise old chaps, sophisticated in bird ways, uses the meager stoppage for a place of reasoning and actually knows that birds were there just a moment before and something has flushed them. They stop just a fraction of a second to speculate to which piece of cover the birds probably went and lose no time getting out to these spots to find them. The way some of these old campaigners use their brains to locate the whereabouts of flushed birds of this sort is simply amazing.

Few dogs would ever become false pointers if handlers used their brains more during the early day of the animal's career. If they would only let the animal's instinct prevail, few false pointers would occur. Steadying dogs to wing too early and often on birds that are not game birds leads to this bad habit. Curtail the self hunting proclivities and when you see a dog becoming too overcautious make it chase birds for a while, even though you have to do the training stunt over and over again. You can eradicate from its system false pointing and footscenting if you cure him of following footscents.

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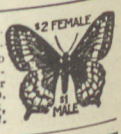

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Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pup, eight months old, which has developed a siege of warts in his mouth. There are now a hundred or more all the way from the size of a pin head up to a half inch in diameter.

The warts are on his lips, gums, tongue, cheeks, roof of mouth, and are now showing up in his throat. I would greatly appreciate your help.

Yours respectfully,
A. L. KITZ,
Nebraska City, Nebr.

Dear Mr. Kitz:

Change at once the diet of your dog and do not let him have soft food. Treat him with Fowler's Solution of Arsenic internally, giving one drop the first day and increasing a drop each day until you reach ten drops; then decrease one drop each day until you return to zero. Then write me.

I have treated dogs affected in the mouth with warts, such as your dog's, and every one was cured in this manner. With a stout thread pull out all the larger warts and every small one you can pinch out with your fingers. They are soft and the act does not hurt the dog much, though he will bleed some. Follow this by rinsing the mouth out with a weak solution of Listerine.

Be sure that your diet contains plenty of fresh meat.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

A FIELD TRIAL

Dear Ozark Ripley:

The Lee Wallis Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of Centralia, Ill., are going to hold what will be known as the First Annual Field Trial of Southern Illinois. For Pointers and Setters, on Quail. The dogs to enter, are both Registered and shooting dogs, regardless of age. This Field Trial is to be held near Centralia, Ill.

We would like to have some of your good advice on Field Trials, such as, how could the Judges grade the dogs, what Entry Fee should be charged, and all other information that you feel free to give us.

We are a bunch of big-hearted sportsmen, looking for all the thrilling KICK we can get out of a field trial.

Yours truly,
D. R. SHREVE,
Centralia, Ill.

Dear Mr. Shreve:

Make your field trial a success by having an all age stake of one hour heats, derby of half an hour, and puppy stake twenty minutes. If you have a small number of entries you can increase the length of the heats. Have a field marshal lay out the course. Make a ruling on dogs off the course must be on in ten or fifteen minutes or else they are out of judgment.

Membership fee five dollars. Entrance and starting fee, puppy three dollars, derby four dollars, all age five dollars. Total entrance divided 50-30-20 each stake. Any dog not placed in an open stake eligible to run. You can change this to open to all.

All age dogs must be judged on birds, speed, range, bird work and bird brains counting, as well as style. Derby and puppy stakes to be judged more by the natural ability than anything else.

Get competent judges, everybody abide by judges' decision. If I can be of any further service please advise.

Also drawings must be made for braces in each heat.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

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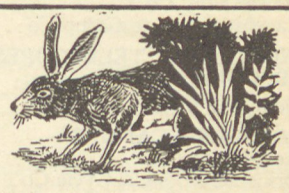

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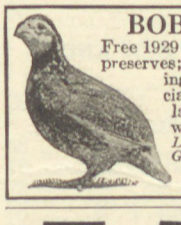

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APRIL, 1929, ISSUE

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ANTIQUE Firearms. Write for price list. Dexter, 910 Jefferson, Topeka, Kansas. (3-5)

Fish and Game Attractions

FOODS attract ducks—game—fish. Plant water plants—wild grains—berry-bearing shrubs—60 kinds. Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 33 years' successful experience. Planting helps—folder free. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 91L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

DUCK foods that are good the year round. Plants or seeds. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C. (3-5)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

WILD Rice Seed from Land O' Lakes, Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

TROUT Flies: Best quality wet trout flies, 10, 12 and 14 eyed hooks to looped gut, 60c per dozen. Best quality double winged eyed dry flies, without gut, 10, 12 and 14 hook, 76c per dozen. Gut Leaders, one yard, 12c each. Gut Leaders, two yards, 24c each. Tapered Leaders, two yards, 24c each. Tapered Leaders, three yards, 36c each. Double tapered waterproof silk trout lines, H.E.H. 30 yards @ $3.00 and $4.50 each. Built cane rods, salmon flies, bass flies, fly books, eyed fly boxes, silkworm gut, waders and fishing tackle of every description. Catalogue mailed free. L. Keegan, Specialist in fly tying, Fishing Tackle Manufacturer, 3 Inns Quay, Dublin, Ireland. (3-4)

TACKLE Bargains: 10c Trout Flies, assortment of 20, $1.00. 25c Bass Flies, assortment of 8, $1.00. $1.00 Casting Plugs, 3 for $1.25. Catalogue free with purchase. Satisfaction or money back. Fisherman Supply Company, Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (6-9)

"BEST Yet" Catfish Bait, a little better than the best, for throw lines and pole fishing. A liver bait and stays on the hook. The product of W. W. Hughes. One jar 60 cents, two jars $1.00 prepaid. Hughes Bait Company, Niobrara, Nebraska. (5-7)

BELT Tackle Bag: Fine leather. Hand made. Compact, Light, Serviceable. What you need, when you need it. Right on your belt. Write for illustrated information. You will be interested. James Hawes, Henryetta, Okla. (3-5)

AIR Fed Minnow Buckets keep your bait lively for many days by replacing oxygen automatically supplied. Catalog free. Air-Fed Mfg. Co., Box C-3, Quincy, Illinois. (3-6)

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. New goods. This season's manufacture. Try us. We sell direct to consumer. Inclose stamp for sample card and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K., Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-6)

BARGAINS in rods and tackle—We save you 25 to 50 percent. Also strictly hand made rods, and rod materials. Stamp please. Hoag Fly & Tackle Co., 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif.

SPRING casting rod holder for still fishing or trolling "Catches the fish." Only $1.00. Dealers wanted. Circulars. Graham, Windfall, Indiana. (3-6)

Flower Bulbs

FLOWERS beautify your home or summer cabin. Dahlias are easily grown anywhere. Twelve bulbs, choice named varieties, labeled, $2.98 postpaid. Order today. Payne Farms, Dept. O, Shawnee, Kansas. (3-5)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock, fresh from Maine Forest, twenty 5c packages $1, postpaid. Eastern Gum Co., Monson, Me. (3-5)

PURE Maple Syrup, $3.75 per gal. postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

For Sale or Exchange

OFFER 150 rifles, all kinds to trade for shot guns, trap guns, mounted game rugs, diamonds. What have you? Satisfaction guaranteed. State Bank Bldg., Granville, Illinois. (3-5)

MASSIVE stocks musical instruments, wrist watches, classy radios. Want guns, anything good. Guarantee Deal. Dept. A, State Bank Building, Granville, Ill. (3-5)

GUNS, rifles, revolvers, outboard motors, cameras, binoculars, musical instruments, stamps; anything of value bought, sold and exchanged. Wanger's, 522 A Market St., Phila., Pa. (3-6)

Game, Birds and Animals

PHEASANT eggs and chix. Now booking orders. Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolors, Melanotus, Swinhoe and Manchurians. America's finest bred production stock. Large, fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Valuable information and full instructions free. Stamps appreciated. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (2-5)

COMFREY Fur Farm is now booking orders for immediate delivery some of the finest dark mink, raccoon and split cap skunk. Also taking orders for June, July and August delivery for young mink, raccoon, skunk, muskrat, beaver, silver blue cross and red fox and chinchilla rabbits at right prices. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-4)

PHEASANT Eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver: all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-5)

MINK our specialty, booking orders for July, August, and September delivery. High grade stock, low prices. Also dark northern raccoon, black skunk, Silver, cross and red foxes. Book on mink raising $1.00 postpaid. Write us your wants. Rice Lake Fur Ranch, Wells, Minnesota. (6-9)

FOR sale live catch muskrat trap and dark Hudson seal muskrats, pen and ranch raised. Sex and live delivery are guaranteed. Write for our prices before placing your order. Write for literature on our trap and let our trial offer convince you what it will do. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minnesota. (2-5)

95% FERTILITY Guaranteed in our pheasant eggs because we pack them so they cannot be jarred. Write for free bulletin. Send 10c for "Small and Large-Scale Pheasant Breeding," only booklet containing complete plans of coops and pens. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wisconsin.

CHINCHILLA, Himalaya, Havana, White New Zealand, Silver Marten, Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Silver Fox. Tell us how you are situated and we'll show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado.

BREEDING stock for sale: Genuine big black silver tipped fox rabbits, from the original herds. Reliable and largest breeders of fox fur rabbits, also French chinchillas. Quality Fur Farms, Route 1, Box 36, Greenbay, Wis. (3-6)

REGISTERED Silver Foxes, proven breeders, $500 for pair. Karakul Sheep, 1 Ram, 2 Ewes, trio for $200. Quebec Mink $150 pair. Safe delivery guaranteed. Charles Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario, Canada.

MUSKRATS. Finest Minnesota stock. Extra large full grown for breeding stock $15.00 for single pair. Discounts on quantity lots. Guarantee sex and live delivery. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-4)

FINEST quality eastern mink. Write for prices and terms for fall delivery 1929. Successful Mink Raising, illustrated book of practical information mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-6)

LIVE Muskrats. Delivery now. Black, $25.00 per pair. Extra males $7.50 each. Brown, $15.00 per pair. Extra males $5.00 each. Live delivery at destination, and sex guaranteed. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 3-D, Chester, Pa.

LIVE Muskrats, Spring delivery, extra large, very dark ranch and pen raised. Prices on application, live delivery and sex guaranteed. Thompson Fur Farms, Motley, Minn. References, City National Bank, Staples, Minn. (3-4)

PHEASANT Eggs—Ringnecked, Golden, Amherst, Silver, Reeves. Order at once to insure delivery. White Silkie, Buff Cochin and Black Tailed Japanese Bantam and Wild Mallard Eggs. Twin Spring Farm, Penllyn, Penna. (5-7)

MUSKRATS; Mink; Chinchilla Rabbits; breeding stock; priced right; sex and live delivery guaranteed. Columbine Muskrat and Fur Co., Box 1541, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

ENGLISH Ringneck Pheasant eggs from guaranteed, unrelated, healthy stock, $4.00 per 12, $25.00 per 100. Perry Brothers Game Farm, Bloomington, Illinois.

WILD Turkey, Mongolian, Ringneck, and Ornamental Pheasant eggs and chicks for spring delivery. Bulletin. The Grimmer Game Farm, Delafield, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale: Pheasants, English Call Ducks, and Jap Silkie Bantams eggs. Wild Geese, Snows, Blues, Canadas and Hutchins. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-4)

MUSKRATS and Mink. Are you interested in farming these animals? Write us for free literature. LaBar's Fur Farms, Austin, Minnesota. (3-4)

MUSKRATS, black, silver, golden, hudson seal. Bulletin 8 free, bulletin 5 one dollar. Feed chart for pen raising method $2.00. Pete Wilson, Chadron, Nebr. (3-5)

PHEASANTS—Ringneck and Golden. Also Japanese Silkies. Eggs and stock. Ewry Poultry Farm, R. 1, Portland, Ind.

90 VARIETIES hair animals and feather birds. Lowest prices. Description 60 page book 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa. (3-6)

PHEASANT eggs for sale. Mongolian and Chinese. Fertility guaranteed. Prof. A. Vincent, Walworth, Wis.

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-9)

SELECTED Victor Muskrats. Free instructions to customers. Victor Ranch, Box 495, Peoria, Illinois. (3-6)

DOGS, Ferrets, Minks, Muskrats, Rabbits, 20 breeds. Circular free. Fairview Farm, Elmore, Minn. (11-12)

JUNKIN Pheasantry, R. 6, Box 654, Portland, Oregon, offers: Pheasants and 4,000 ringneck eggs. (3-4)

PEAFOWL, Pheasants, Bantams, Wild Geese, Ducks, Birds. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-7)

RINGNECK and Fancy Pheasant Eggs. Prices reasonable. Sandberg Pheasantry, 1302 Carson Ave., La Junta, Colo. (5-6)

SUPER-ALASKAN and fine dark northern minks for immediate delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (1x29)

CHINCHILLA Rabbits—all ages, from imported and domestic raised stock. Moose Trail Fur Farms, Hackensack, Minnesota. (3-5)

WISCONSIN Muskrats a specialty. Excellent breeders. Young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Taylor County, Wisconsin. (3-5)

FERRETS for rats, other vermin or breeding, $6.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

100 BREEDS—fowls, bantams. Catalog 5c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-6)

Help Wanted, Instructions

WONDERFUL Jobs with U. S. Government for Men—Women, 18-55. $125-$250 month. About 40,000 openings yearly. Are you eligible? We advise you free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (4x29)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

FOREST Rangers; Park Rangers; start $1620 year; vacation; steady jobs. Patrol forests; protect game. Qualify now. Details free. Write Bradley Inst., B-21, Denver, Colo. (5-8)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1515 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

OLD Arms, Indian Relics, Miscellaneous curios, illustrated lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-4)

Milk Goats

SWISS Toggenburg. Produce gallon of better milk per day for 2 cents qt. Charley Wiggins, Scottsbluff, Nebr. (3-6)

Miscellaneous

SLEEPING Robe, Genuine blown Eiderdown. Guarantees perfect rest on your spring trout fishing trip. Weight 9½ pounds. Just right for camp or sleeping porch. Outside covering, brown khaki, lined with beautiful tan plaid all wool blanket and filled with Genuine Eiderdown. Opens out into comforter 78x84 inches that can be used in the home. Snaps closed into a bag 39x84 inches. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Price complete with carrying bag $35.00. Made by Gus K. Tillotson, Greenville, Pa.

GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue and sample trap tag. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 15-D, Chester, Pa.

SNARES—The famous Kleflock Steel Snares the choice of expert trappers. More humane than traps. For fox 45c each, $3.75 per doz.; for wolf 50c each, $4.00 per doz.; for timber wolf and small bear 65c each, $5.00 per doz. Illustrated setting instructions with each order. Kleffman Lock Snare Co., Dept. F., Hibbing, Minnesota. (3-5)

FREE: Full size cake "Antiseptine," the modern medicated soap. Prevents Ivy-poisoning, wonderfully healing, toilet, bath, shampoo. No obligation. Just write, Antiseptine Co., 120-12th N. E., Canton, Ohio. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Sportsman game carrier; most complete game carriers ever invented; demand by sportsmen. Will sell patent or place on royalty. J. F. Calvert, England, Ark. (3-6)

COUNTRY Hams and Tobacco. Smoking 10 lb. $1.50 pipe free. Chewing 5 lb. $1.00. Brown Sweet Hams, 33c lb. Pay postman. Community Farmers, Lynn Grove, Ky. (3-6)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-6)

TRAPPERS: Advantages of box-trapping, and to make the best stretching-board; free. Herman Bleck, 415 Eaton St., Hammond, Indiana. (3-6)

BUNIONS or ingrowing nails. Prompt relief and real correction without knife or pain. Information free. Eugene Eaton, D104, Bandon, Oregon. (3-5)

THE first real scale model airplanes motor or rubber driven. Send 5c for catalog. K. A. Pouch, 83 Low Terrace, New Brighton, N. Y. (3-5)

$1.00 SURPRISE package! Useful articles and novelties. Value guaranteed! Postcard will bring package C. O. D. Varallo's, 638 Christian St., Phila., Pa. (3-5)

GOLD Fish, Japanese and Chinese fish. Artistic aquariums. Aquatic plants. Interesting circular free. Pioneer Gold Fish Propagators, Racine, Wisconsin. (3-4)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-5)

OPPORTUNITY. Let us show you how to make your back yard produce from $1500.00 to $6000.00 a year in your spare time. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-5)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-6)

PALMA Brava Wood for rods, bows and stocks. Send for sample piece. International Agencies, 1557 Sixth Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-6)

ADVERTISE in "Outdoor America's" classified columns to get results. 130,000 outdoor enthusiasts and their families read "Outdoor America," which is more than 15,000 greater circulation than any other A. B. C. outdoor magazine. Yet its classified advertising rates are lower per word per thousand circulation than those of any other A. B. C. outdoor publication. 15c per word for one insertion. 10c per word per insertion for 3 or more consecutive insertions. Cash payable in advance. Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Music and Musical Instruments

CONCERTINA plays by rolls. Other novelties. Pamphlets free. Pittle, New Bedford, Mass. (3-5)

Name Plates

HAND engraved name plates for dog collars, gun cases, etc.; with rivets 50c each. Name Plate Co., Box 662, Elkhart, Ind. (3-5)

DOG Collar Name Plates, 20c each; six for $1.00. W. H. Earnest Company, Export, Pa. (3-6)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography. Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-10)

ENLARGEMENTS 5x7 beautifully colored 20 cents. Send best negatives. R. K. Whitney, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE samples. Meyer, OUR-GPO, Box 471, N. Y. (3-5)

Poultry

PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Ind. (5-4)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

125 LETTERHEADS and 125 envelopes, $2.20, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1042, Chicago. (3x29)

Rabbits

CHINCHILLA fur rabbits make good profits anywhere. The kind that wins the blue ribbons. Reasonable. Parshalls, 1317 So. 11, Lincoln, Nebraska. (3-4)

MAKE big profits Chinchilla Rabbits. Guaranteed plan returns your investment. Real money makers. H. Mueller, 633 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

SILVER Fox and Mastodonic Giant White Rabbits are real money makers. Booklet free. Adams Fur Farm Company, Fremont, Nebr.

CHINCHILLA, Blue and Silver Black Fox rabbits. Mink. America's best. Booklet. Stamp. Brogden Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-6)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-6)

CHINCHILLA-BLUE, silver black fox rabbits. America's best. Booklet. Stamp. Brogden Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-4)

FUR Rabbits. All kinds. Write for prices. Olive Street Fur Farm, Baldwin Park, Calif. (3-5)

Raw Furs Tanned

RAW furs tanned and made into neck pieces, fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood New Jersey. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

CANADA Tax Sale. Seized and sold for taxes. $54.00 buys 10 acre Hunting Camp. $81.00 buys 10 acres on Quebec River. $157.50 buys 80 acres British Columbia. $180.00 buys 126 acres Mineralized. $360.00 buys 160 acre farm Manitoba. $360.00 buys 200 acres Ontario. $540.00 buys 100 acres large lake frontage. These properties, with several hundred others, are offered at the prices stated, no mortgage, no further payments. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the new North; also farms in old Ontario, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia offered at a small fraction of their value and on terms of $5 or $10 a month if desired. Our 12th annual list just issued in the form of a 20-page illustrated booklet describes these properties and gives full particulars. It is mailed free on application. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. These properties won't last long at these prices. Send no money but send for booklet today so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 614, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto 2, Canada.

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

FISH and Game Preserve for Sale: Seven hundred acres of Primeval Forest in the Blue Ridge Section of North Carolina—nature's masterpiece in scenic beauty and utility—Six Trout Streams converging into creek flowing by Rhododendron, spruce, azalea, holly, dogwood, poplar, oak, chestnut, hickory and white pine. Three hundred acres of blue grass adjoining. Natural home for deer, elk, pheasant, turkeys and speckled trout. Lumber men want to buy and cut the five million feet of timber, but it should be saved for a park, hence this offer. Write T. B. Finley, North Wilkesboro, North Carolina. (3-6)

IN one of the finest river sections of La., lies sixteen hundred and fifty acres of the finest land in the world with fifteen tenant houses. Seventy-five acres under hog fence. There are four nice lakes and three are extra large. Good fishing, duck shooting, squirrel, turkey and deer hunting. In fact ideal hunting preserve; but sufficient open land to pay handsome dividend if farmed. Present owner afraid of New Flood Relief plan. Can be bought for twenty-five thousand dollars. My belief is that the flood control measures will shortly make it a most valuable possession; in any event, nothing can prevent it being an ideal game preserve. Will join group to purchase. S. S. Taylor, Jackson, Miss. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Summer cottage and grounds at Three Lakes, Wisconsin. Situated on Water Lily Bay, Little Fork Lake, three and one-half miles from the village. Easy of access from the village by auto. Beautiful location. 225 feet of lake frontage. Five room cottage furnished. Boat house, wharf, two steel boats, tools, etc. Splendid well, running water in kitchen. Price $3000.00. Address, S. B. Allison, 6148 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (3-6)

FOR Sale: 4000 acre tract wild woods, Chippewa County, Wisconsin. Twenty-five lakes. Good fishing. Well stocked with beaver, deer, partridges. Several tracts of good farm land included. Heavily wooded. A bargain, and recommended by us. If interested, send for accurate topographical map. Banzhaf & Watson, Inc., agents, Mitchell Bldg., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. (3-4)

IN Northern Adirondacks. Private lake estate over 900 acres, adjoining State Game Refuge 10,000 acres. Speckled trout, deer. Part side of mountain. Also plane landing ground. Adjoins main auto road. Perfect control. Genaway & Briggs, Adirondack Properties, Malone, N. Y. (3-6)

FOR Sale: All or any part of eighty acres on Teal Lake, Wisconsin. 2225 feet of lake frontage, sand beach. Three new log cabins, furnished, ice house. Seventy thousand feet of Hemlock and Birch. Inquire of R. S. Headley, 33 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, % V. L. A. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Fifty acre fur farm, forty acres fenced, house with telephone, three car garage, ice house, poultry house and all necessary equipment. More than 500 muskrats estimated. For particulars write Joseph Hengel, Staples, Minn. (3-4)

CHOICE Lake Frontage on Gun Lake, Mason County, Michigan. Lots, Island, Peninsular or Acreage. All wooded. Hard, sandy beach. Most beautiful and best fishing lake in the State. Trout Streams nearby. Isenbarger, Freesoil, Mich. (3-6)

SPLENDID double lot beaching on beautiful lake Wissota. Well elevated. Wooded. On mail route. Splendid Musky, Wall-eyed Pike and Bass fishing. Six miles from Chippewa Falls. Ralph Kienholz, Stanley, Wisc.

FOR rent—Summer cottage, four rooms, fully equipped, inc. boat, all new. Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minn. $200.00 for season May to Nov. L. W. Hackbarth, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

EXCEPTIONAL opportunity to purchase fine Canadian fishing and hunting lands. Descriptive list free. Robinson, 35 Burris, Hamilton, Canada. (3-5)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-5)

MUSKRAT Marsh 75 acres Northwestern Pennsylvania. Spring fed. Wonderful location. Ralph Brant, 1502 Buenavista, Pittsburgh, Pa. (3-6)

CHOICE Cabin sites. Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park region, Minnesota. Terms. Write Guy E. Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: New log cottage, furnished, 3 acres. Beautiful lake. Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

FOR Sale—Farms, 40 a., Mo., $5 mo. Own a home, Jarrell, Mount Vernon, Ill. (3-6)

MEXICO, 800,000 acre Big Game Hunting territory. Write E. A. Hatton, Del Rio, Texas.

FOX River. West of Antioch, Illinois. Cottage, large lot facing river $3,500.00. Francis S. Baker, 5107 Montrose, Chicago. (3-5)

COMPULSORY sale to settle estate. Assignment 160 acres. Improvements $800.00, price $1000.00. Harry Blow, Milford, Utah. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Ideal location Muskrat and fur farming. Clark Holt, R7, Baraboo, Wis. (5-5)

MUSKRAT and Beaver farms, get free list. DeCoudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-4)

Schools

TRAVEL School for Boys. A school year of travel in United States for boys of Junior High School age. Campcraft, woodcraft, scouting, and regular school studies. Address inquiries to Frederick J. Breeze, Muncie, Ind.

Stamp Collecting

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

300 DIFFERENT, 20c; 600, 50c; 1,100, $1; 2,000, $3.50. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn. (3-4)

Taxidermy

MOUNTED Specimens for sale. Satisfaction or your money back. Send for list. The Beverly Taxidermy, 2301 West 91st Street, Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Newly mounted deer heads. Geo. Link, Taxidermist, Phillips, Wis.

SALE—den of fine mountings. C. M. Hill, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (3-6)

Wanted

WANTED, Shakespeare Standard Professional reel, 60 yards capacity only. David Hinkle, Clarksville, Tenn.

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 88. (7-7)

OPPORTUNITY to prove to you what a wonderfully profitable investment a Classified Advertisement in Outdoor America is! Especially an ad in the May edition, great Pre-Convention Number, which will be in circulation April 10th and on sale at Outdoor America's International Sports Goods Show for Outdoor Enthusiasts which will be held at Hotel Stevens, Chicago, Ill., April 17, 18, 19, 20, in conjunction with the Seventh Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America. Classified Rates: 15c per word for one insertion. 10c per word per insertion for 3 or more consecutive insertions. (3 ads for price of 2!) Payable in advance. Closing date for May issue: March 25th. Cash in on this money-making opportunity. Act now.

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

you'll agree with this

when you give OUTDOOR AMERICA Classified Advertisements a trial—

February 20, 1929

Outdoor America;-
Enclosed find check to cover enclosed ad. for April, May, June issues.
After trying most of the other sporting magazines, I find that yours has them all outclassed as a selling medium.
(Name on Request)

BE Sure to Take Advantage of the Extra Pulling Power of the May Edition, Great Pre-Convention Number, of *OUTDOOR AMERICA!*

At 15c a word for one insertion—At 10c a word per insertion for 3 consecutive insertions—THREE consecutive insertions for the price of TWO!

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here!

OUTDOOR AMERICA,
549 West Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $.....for the following classified advertisement to run .....times in *OUTDOOR AMERICA*, starting in the..... issue.

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Ad must reach us by March 25th to appear in the May issue, in circulation April 10th.

DO IT NOW

The Alaskan Adventure

The greatest outdoor picture that ever has been filmed can be released through the E. & E. Dept. of the Izaak Walton League, in both the standard and 16 millimeter size.

This department, as its greatest feature, now offers bookings of this soul-stirring drama to Walton Chapters, responsible organizations and individuals.

The large, or standard size is a 5-reel feature, and is proving a money maker to the League chapters everywhere.

The small or 16 millimeter size comes in two reels and is proving a boon for chapter gatherings not to exceed 200—and for use in the home.

Because of the great demand for this super-picture orders must be received two weeks in advance.

PRICES

To Waltonians

35 mm $12.00 per night
16 mm 5.00 per night

Non-Waltonians

$15.00
6.00

Be sure to state whether you are a League member and your chapter name and number.

Send Money Order or check direct to

E. & E. DEPARTMENT
(Entertainment & Educational Dept.)
(Formerly Chapter Service Bureau)

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
549 W. Randolph Street
Chicago, Illinois

Start a Bird House Building Contest—Get Details—It's Great

.22 LONG RIFLE RIM FIRE
50 CARTRIDGES
KLEANBORE
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY INC.
AMMUNITION AND FIRE ARMS
BRIDGEPORT CONN. U.S.A.
NEW YORK LONDON
MADE IN U.S.A.
REMINGTON
.22 LONG RIFLE
THESE CARTRIDGES ARE POSITIVELY NON-CORROSIVE
THE BORE OF A FIRE ARM WILL NOT RUST IF CARTRIDGES ARE USED IN IT EXCLUSIVELY.
REMINGTON KLEANBORE
THEY ARE SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SHOOTING UP TO 200 YARDS IN RIFLES WITH LONG CHAMBERS.

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion, and pitting inside the barrel. Recommended for use in the Model 24.

Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle. Standard Grade. Price **$25.45**

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WHEN a rifle was in every home the best rifles were Remingtons. Down the years for more than a century Remingtons have held their position of commanding leadership. Behind them is a tradition of expert craftsmanship that has been handed from father to son by generations of famous artisans. The skilled gunsmiths in the Remington Plants today take the same pride in fine workmanship that inspired their forefathers.

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REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

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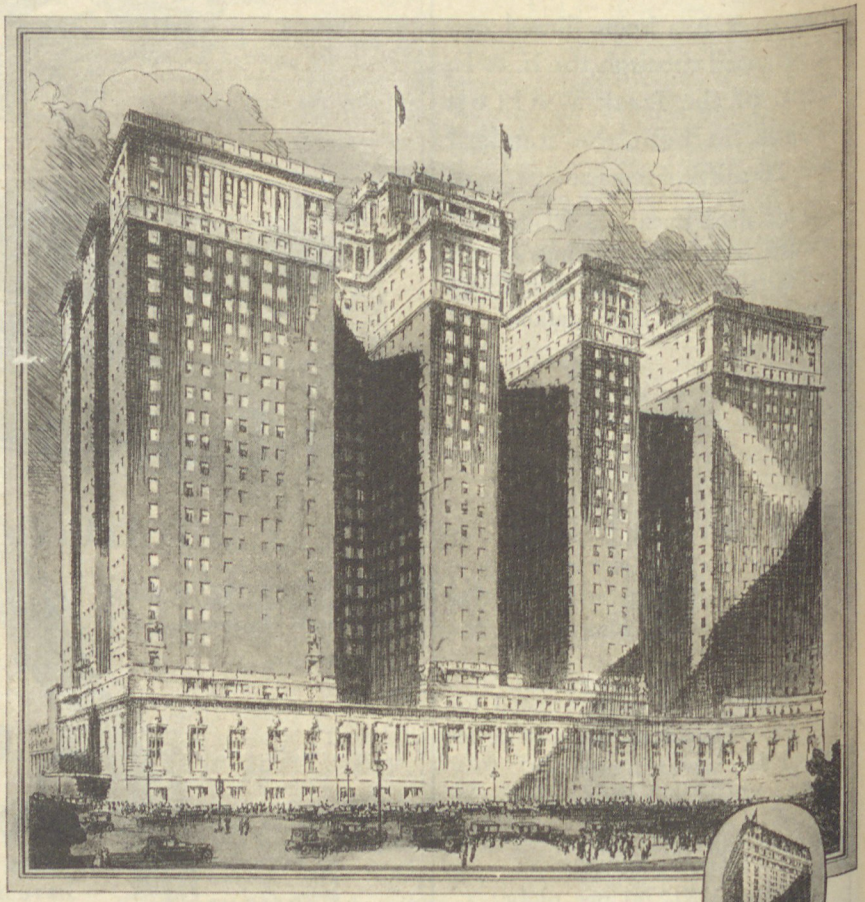

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APRIL 17, 18, 19, 20--1929

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